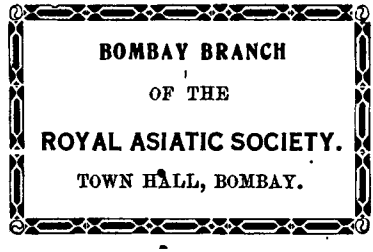
00097518



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 March, 2016

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

THE WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Lissoy Mill.

EDITED BY PETER CUNNINGHAM.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.—VOL III

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

THE WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

EDITED

BY PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

97518

VOL. III.

THE BEE.
ESSAYS.
UNACKNOWLEDGED ESSAYS.
PREFACES, INTRODUCTIONS, ETC.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1854.

Gc.1
82
Go
97518

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

00097518

THE BEE;

BEING

ESSAYS

ON THE MOST INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

Floriferis ut Apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia Nos itidem.

London:
Printed for J. Wilkie, at the Bible, in St. Paul's Churchyard.
MDCCLIX.

The first number of *The Bee*, a weekly paper wholly conducted and written by Goldsmith, appeared on Saturday, the 6th October, 1759. Its appearance was thus announced :

"Saturday next will be published (to be continued weekly, price three-pence), neatly printed in crown octavo and on good paper, containing two sheets, or thirty-two pages, stitched in blue covers, No. I. of a new periodical paper intitled—

"*The Bee.* Consisting of a variety of Essays on the Amusements, Follies, and Vices in fashion : particularly the most recent Topics of Conversation : Remarks on Theatrical Exhibitions : Memoirs of Modern Literature, &c. &c. Printed for J. Wilkie, at the Bible in St. Paul's Church Yard, and to be had of all Booksellers and of the News Venders in town and country.

"*** The Publisher begs leave to inform the Public, that every twelve numbers will make a handsome pocket volume, at the end of which shall be given an emblematical frontispiece, title, and table of contents. Letters to the author of *The Bee*, directed to J. Wilkie as above (post-paid), will be duly regarded."—*The Public Advertiser*, Thursday, 4th Oct., 1759.

After the publication of the first number, the following paragraph was added :—

"N.B. This Pamphlet is entered according to Act of Parliament in the Hall Book of the Company of Stationers. Whoever prints any part of it will be prosecuted as the Law directs."

No. II. was announced somewhat differently :—

"This day is published, &c. &c., Number II. of a new periodical paper called *The Bee*. The public is requested to compare this with other periodical performances which more pompously solicit their attention. If upon perusal it be found deficient either in humour, elegance, or variety, the author will readily acquiesce in their censure. It is possible the reader may sometimes draw a prize, and even should it turn up a blank, it costs him but three-pence."—*The Public Advertiser*, Oct. 14, 1759.

The Bee died with its eighth number on the 24th November, 1759, and in the December of the same year, the numbers were collected into a volume entitled "*The Bee;* being Essays on the most Interesting Subjects."

The Bee is here reprinted from the edition of 1759—the only omission being *four* prose translations from Voltaire.

CONTENTS.

No. I.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1759.

INTRODUCTION.

Epigram on a beautiful Youth struck blind with Lightning. (Imitated from the Spanish.)

Another on the same subject.

Remarks on our Theatres.

The Story of Alcander and Septimius. (Translated from a Byzantine Historian.)

A Letter from a Traveller.

A Short Account of the late Mr. Maupertuis.

No. II.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1759.

On Dress.

Some Particulars relating to Charles XII. not commonly known.

The Gift. To Iris, in Bow-street, Covent Garden.

Happiness in a great measure dependent on Constitution.

On our Theatres.

No. III.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1759.

On the Use of Language.

The History of Hypatia.

On Justice and Generosity.

A Sonnet.

Some Particulars relating to Father Feyjoo.

No. IV.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1759.

Miscellaneous.
A Flemish Tradition.
The Sagacity of some Insects.
The Characteristics of Greatness.
A City Night-Piece.
An Elegy on that glory of her sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.

No. V.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1759.

On Political Frugality.
A Reverie.
A Word or Two on the late Farce called "High Life Below Stairs."
On Unfortunate Merit.

No. VI.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1759.

On Education.
On the Instability of Worldly Grandeur.
Some Account of the Academies of Italy.

No. VII.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1759.

Of Eloquence.
Custom and Laws compared.
Of the Pride and Luxury of the Middling Class of People.
Sabinus and Olinda.
The Sentiments of a Frenchman on the Temper of the English.

No. VIII.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1759.

On Deceit and Falsehood.
An Account of the Augustan Age of England.
Of the Opera in England.

THE BEE.

No. I.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1759.

INTRODUCTION.[1]

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsically dismal figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease, and affects good humour. In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself, upon his first attempt to address the public in form.[2] All his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity. His first publication draws a crowd; they part dissatisfied, and the author, never more to be indulged with a favourable hearing, is left to condemn the indelicacy of his own address, or their want of discernment.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, such bodings as these had like to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at a loss whether to give the public specious promises, or give none; whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. If I should decline all merit, it was too probable the hasty reader might have taken me at my word. If, on the other hand, like labourers in the Magazine trade, I had, with modest impudence,

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765, as Essay i. (with many alterations).

[2] In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer, as I am, finds himself. Essay i. (*second edition*)—"as I am," omitted in *first edition*.

humbly presumed to promise an epitome of all the good things that ever were said or written, this might have disgusted those readers I most desire to please. Had I been merry, I might have been censured as *vastly low;* and had I been sorrowful, I might have been left to mourn in solitude and silence: in short, whichever way I turned, nothing presented but prospects of terror, despair, chandler's shops, and waste paper.

In this debate between fear and ambition, my publisher happening to arrive, interrupted for a while my anxiety. Perceiving my embarrassment about making my first appearance, he instantly offered his assistance and advice: "You must know, sir," says he, "that the republic of letters is at present divided into three classes. One writer, for instance, excels at a plan, or a title page, another works away the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index. Thus a Magazine is not the result of any single man's industry; but goes through as many hands as a new pin, before it is fit for the public. I fancy, sir," continues he, "I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little, and pay them, as Colonel Charteris[1] paid his seraglio, at the rate of three halfpence in hand, and three shillings more in promises."

He was proceeding in his advice; which, however, I thought proper to decline, by assuring him, that as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan; determined never to be tedious, in order to be logical, wherever pleasure presented, I was resolved to follow. Like the BEE, which I had taken for the title of my paper, I would rove from flower to flower, with seeming inattention, but concealed choice, expatiate over all the beauties of the season, and make my industry my amusement.

This reply may also serve as an apology to the reader, who expects before he sits down, a bill of his future entertainment. It would be improper to pall his curiosity by lessening his

[1] Colonel Francis Charteris died 1732—"a man infamous for all manner of vices," whose name continues to be remembered not so much by his crimes as by the verse of Pope, and the satirical epitaph written by Arbuthnot. Hogarth has given him a conspicuous place in the first plate of "The Harlot's Progress."

surprise, or anticipate any pleasure I am able to procure him, by saying what shall come next. Thus much, however, he may be assured of, that neither war nor scandal shall make any part of it. Homer finely imagines his deity turning away with horror from the prospect of a field of battle, and seeking tranquillity among a nation noted for peace and simplicity. Happy could any effort of mine, but for a moment, repress that savage pleasure some men find in the daily accounts of human misery! How gladly would I lead them from scenes of blood and altercation, to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity.

But whatever the merit of his intentions may be, every writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character which has excited either attention or praise, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to an happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a serjeant, and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A *bon-mot*, for instance, that might be relished at White's, may lose all its flavour when delivered at the Cat and Bag-pipes in St. Giles's.[1] A jest calculated to spread at a gaming-table, may be received with a perfect neutrality of face,[2] should it happen to drop in a mackerel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, when men of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion! If his merits are to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire

[1] This sentence was omitted when Goldsmith reprinted the paper in 1765, in Essay i

[2] Instead of "a perfect neutrality of face,"—Essay i. reads "perfect indifference."

an easy superiority, who with persuasive eloquence promises four extraordinary pages of letter press, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from nature.

But to proceed: though I cannot promise as much entertainment, or as much elegance as others have done, yet the reader may be assured he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly assure him, I was never yet possessed of the secret at once of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have are heartily at his service; which, if after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find intolerably dull, low, or sad stuff, this I protest is more than I know. I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible: he may try a second, which as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even to a fourth, in case of extremity. If he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bayes in The Rehearsal, that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance.

It is with such reflections as these I endeavour to fortify myself against the future contempt or neglect of some readers, and am prepared for their dislike by mutual recrimination. If such should impute dealing neither in battles nor scandal to me as a fault, instead of acquiescing in their censure, I must beg leave to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, happening to pass at the foot of the Alps, found himself at last in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin, like the pouch of a monkey.[1] This deformity, as it was endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest ornament of the human visage. Ladies grew toasts from the size

[1] The swelling which the French term *goître*, frequent among the inhabitants of the Alps, and owing, it is said, to the use of snow water.

of their chins, and none were regarded as pretty fellows, but such whose faces were broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday, a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed upon the stranger; but what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin! This was a defect that not a single creature had sufficient gravity (though they were noted for being grave) to withstand. Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and whispers circulated from visage to visage, and the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gaiety; even the parson, equally remarkable for his gravity and chin, could hardly refrain joining in the good humour. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object for deformity to point at. "Good folks," said he, "I perceive that I am the unfortunate cause of all this good humour. It is true, I may have faults in abundance, but I shall never be induced to reckon my want of a swelled face among the number."

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND WITH LIGHTNING.[1]

Imitated from the Spanish.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

Another, in the same spirit.

LUMINE Acon dextro, capta est Leonida sinistro,
Et poterat forma vincere uterque Deos.
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede puellæ;
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

[1] *See* vol. i. p. 94.

REMARKS ON OUR THEATRES.

Our theatres are now opened, and all Grub Street is preparing its advice to the managers. We shall undoubtedly hear learned disquisitions on the structure of one actor's legs, and another's eye-brows. We shall be told much of enunciations, tones, and attitudes, and shall have our lightest pleasures commented upon by didactic dulness. We shall, it is feared, be told, that Garrick is a fine actor, but then, as a manager, so avaricious! That Palmer is a most surprising genius, and Holland likely to do well, in a particular cast of character. We shall have them giving Shuter[1] instructions to amuse us by rule, and deploring over the ruins of desolated Majesty at Covent-Garden. As I love to be advising too, for advice is easily given, and bears a show of wisdom and superiority, I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our theatres and actors, without, on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There is something in the deportment of all our players infinitely more stiff and formal than among the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for as the English use very little gesture in ordinary conversation, our English-bred actors are obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company and in every coffee-house he enters. An Englishman is obliged to take his models from the stage itself; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance: such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he is

[1] Afterwards (1768) the original Croaker in *The Good Natured Man*.

entirely at liberty. By this he may show the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactness of his judgment; we scarcely see a coxcomb or a fool in common life, that has not some peculiar oddity in his action. These peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor. They give a relish to the humour of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illusive: the Italians, it is true, mask some characters, and endeavour to preserve the peculiar humour by the make of the mask; but I have seen others still preserve a great fund of humour in the face without a mask; one actor, particularly, by a squint which he threw into some characters of low life, assumed a look of infinite solidity. This, though upon reflection we might condemn, yet immediately, upon representation, we could not avoid being pleased with.

To illustrate what I have been saying by the plays I have of late gone to see: in "The Miser,"[1] which was played a few nights ago at Covent-Garden, Lovegold appears through the whole in circumstances of exaggerated avarice; all the player's action, therefore, should conspire with the poet's design, and represent him as an epitome of penury. The French comedian, in this character, in the midst of one of his most violent passions, while he appears in an ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, and stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat-pocket with great assiduity. Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies, and turns one of them into the socket; it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. "The Mock-Doctor"[1] was lately played at the other house. Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with an high back, and then begins to show away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought Latin by those whom he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and in the midst of his raptures and vociferation he and the

[1] By Fielding.

chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital; but the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation.

In short, there is hardly a character in comedy, to which a player of any real humour might not add strokes of vivacity that could not fail of applause. But instead of this, we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing through a whole part, but strut, and open their snuff-box; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull up their breeches. These, if once, or even twice repeated, might do well enough; but to see them served up in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose.

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe, where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiæ of dress, and other little scenical proprieties, have been taken notice of by Riccoboni, a gentleman of Italy,[1] who travelled Europe with no other design but to remark upon the stage; but there are several improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes: this immediately apprises us of the tragedy to follow: for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner, than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury-lane. Our little pages also with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess, and our awkward lords in waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility; but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty, methinks, seems a requisite qualification in an actress. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and

[1] Luigi Riccoboni, a comic actor, born at Modena, 1674, died 1753. Goldsmith refers to his "Reflexions et Critiques sur les Théâtres de l'Europe."

for my part I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive an hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural; for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity; and the person whom I can accuse for want of taste, will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum, when, for instance, we see an actress, that might act the Wapping landlady without a bolster, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and while unwieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audience that she is dying with hunger.

For the future, then, I could wish that the parts of the young or beautiful were given to performers of suitable figures; for I must own, I could rather see the stage filled with agreeable objects, though they might sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded with withered or misshapen figures, be their emphasis, as I think it is called, ever so proper. The first may have the awkward appearance of new-raised troops; but, in viewing the last, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myself placed in an hospital of invalids.

STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.[1]

Translated from a Byzantine Historian.

ATHENS, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness and wisdom. The emperors and generals, who in these periods of approaching ignorance, still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings, or increased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number: he repaired those schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolised to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765, as Essay ii.

were fellow-students together. The one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world, and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia shewed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow student, which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both. Septimius on sooner saw her, but he was smit with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder;[1] and Alcander being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict

[1] "Was love" was added when reprinted in 1765, as Essay i.

between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived to such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, he in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

Meanwhile Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for his having basely given her up, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, or his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party.

He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into the region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious subsistence. Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to fly. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long

story, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimius sat in the forum administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice: and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another. Night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for awhile in sleep; and virtue found on this flinty couch more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight, when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further enquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping, and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence. Thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing

in his own vindication: the judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illumined by a ray from heaven, he discovered, through all his misery, the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long lost, loved Alcander. It is impossible to describe his joy and his pain on this strange occasion: happy in once more seeing the person he most loved on earth, distressed at finding him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew from his tribunal, and falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honours of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, "*That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.*"

A LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER.

[The sequel of this correspondence to be continued occasionally. I shall alter nothing either in the style or substance of these letters, and the reader may depend on their being genuine.]

CRACOW, *Aug.* 2, 1758.

MY DEAR WILL,

You see, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Romelia; and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease every where, but where I am. It is now seven years since I saw the face of a single creature who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the

comforts of confidence, friendship, or society, I feel the solitude of a hermit, but not his ease.[1]

The prince of * * * has taken me in his train, so that I am in no danger of starving for this bout. The prince's governor is a rude ignorant pedant, and his tutor a battered rake: thus, between two such characters, you may imagine he is finely instructed. I made some attempts to display all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or observation; but I find myself regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall never be able to acquire a power of expressing myself with ease in any language but my own; and out of my own country, the highest character I can ever acquire is that of being a philosophic vagabond.

When I consider myself in the country which was once so formidable in war, and spread terror and desolation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the present wretchedness and pusillanimity of its inhabitants—a prey to every invader; their cities plundered without an enemy; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigour. Everything conspires to raise my compassion for their miseries, were not my thoughts too busily engaged by my own. The whole kingdom is in strange disorder; when our equipage, which consists of the prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horseback before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving, with ecstasy, about two-pence for her trouble. In general, we were better served by the women than the men on those occasions. The men seemed directed by a low sordid interest alone; they seemed mere

[1] The same thought afterwards assumed the shape of verse.

"But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own."—*The Traveller.*

machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horses. If we gently desired them to make more speed, they took not the least notice; kind language was what they had by no means been used to. It was proper to speak to them in the tones of anger, and sometimes it was even necessary to use blows, to excite them to their duty. How different these from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront sevenfold! These poor people, however, from being brought up to vile usage, lose all the respect which they should have for themselves. They have contracted a habit of regarding constraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildness, they no longer continued to perceive a superiority. They fancied themselves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them insolent; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows, at once changed their sensations and their ideas: their ears and shoulders taught their souls to shrink back into servitude, from which they had for some moments fancied themselves disengaged.

The enthusiasm of liberty an Englishman feels is never so strong, as when presented by such prospects as these. I must own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts, (perhaps, indeed, it is my only boast), that I am of that happy country; though I scorn to starve there; though I do not choose to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the ease and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a single anchor to hold by, or a friend, except you, to confide in.

Your's, &c.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. MAUPERTUIS.

MR. MAUPERTUIS, lately deceased,[1] was the first to whom the English philosophers owed their being particularly admired by the rest of Europe. The romantic system of Des Cartes was adapted to the taste of the superficial and the indolent: the

[1] Peter Louis Moreau de Maupertuis, born 1698, died 27th July, 1759.

foreign universities had embraced it with ardour, and such are seldom convinced of their errors till all others give up such false opinions as untenable. The philosophy of Newton, and the metaphysics of Locke appeared; but, like all new truths, they were at once received with opposition and contempt. The English, it is true, studied, understood, and consequently admired them; it was very different on the continent. Fontenelle, who seemed to preside over the republic of letters, unwilling to acknowledge that all his life had been spent in erroneous philosophy, joined in the universal disapprobation, and the English philosophers seemed entirely unknown.

Maupertuis, however, made them his study: he thought he might oppose the physics of his country, and yet still be a good citizen; he defended our countrymen, wrote in their favour, and at last, as he had truth on his side, carried his cause. Almost all the learning of the English, till very lately, was conveyed in the language of France. The writings of Maupertuis spread the reputation of his master Newton, and by an happy fortune have united his fame with that of our human prodigy.

The first of his performances, openly, in vindication of the Newtonian system, is his treatise intituled, "Sur la Figure des Astres," if I remember right; a work at once expressive of a deep geometrical knowledge, and the most happy manner of delivering abstruse science with ease. This met with violent opposition from a people, though fond of novelty in every thing else, yet however, in matters of science, attached to ancient opinions with bigotry. As the old and obstinate fell away, the youth of France embraced the new opinions, and now seem more eager to defend Newton than even his countrymen.

The oddity of character which great men are sometimes remarkable for, Maupertuis was not entirely free from. If we can believe Voltaire, he once attempted to castrate himself; but whether this be true or no, it is certain he was extremely whimsical. Though born to a large fortune, when employed in mathematical enquiries, he disregarded his person to such a degree, and loved retirement so much, that he has been more than once put on the list of modest beggars by the curates of

Paris, when he retired to some private quarter of the town, in order to enjoy his meditations without interruption. The character given of him by one of Voltaire's antagonists, if it can be depended upon, is much to his honour. You, says this writer to M. Voltaire, you were entertained by the king of Prussia as a buffoon, but Maupertuis as a philosopher. It is certain that the preference which this royal scholar gave to Maupertuis was the cause of Voltaire's disagreement with him.[1] Voltaire could not bear to see a man, whose talents he had no great opinion of, preferred before him as president of the royal academy. His "Micromegas" was designed to ridicule Maupertuis; and probably it has brought more disgrace on the author than the subject. Whatever absurdities men of letters have indulged, and how fantastical soever the modes of science have been, their anger is still more subject to ridicule.

No. II.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1759.

ON DRESS.[2]

FOREIGNERS observe, that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed than those of England. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael; but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty set off with all the advantages of dress would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex, and therefore it was wisely ordered, that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I cannot fancy that a shopkeeper's wife in Cheap-

[1] Voltaire's satire upon Maupertuis was, by order of Frederick the Great, burnt by the common hangman, in all the public squares of Berlin.

[2] Reprinted by its author in 1765, as Essay xv.

side has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are made in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion, only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

Our ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard for grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other, as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and the playhouses are filled with ladies in uniform, and their whole appearance shows as little variety or taste as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the same artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion of dressing in the same manner. A lady of no quality can be distinguished from a lady of some quality only by the redness of her hands; and a woman of sixty, masked, might easily pass for her grand-daughter. I remember, a few days ago, to have walked behind a damsel, tossed out in all the gaiety of fifteen; her dress was loose, unstudied, and seemed the result of conscious beauty. I called up all my poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. I had prepared my imagination for an angel's face; but what was my mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than my cousin Hannah, four years older than myself. and I shall be sixty-two the twelfth of next November.

After the transports of our first salute were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap, if cap it might be called that cap was none, consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand but the hand of time, these twenty years, rose suing, but in vain, to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than an handkerchief of Paris-net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-bud, *Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella*, I should think her's most pleasing when least discovered.

As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park, when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would 'squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender as we seemed to be, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came I perceived we brought good humour in our train. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half-way up the Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and, like two mice on a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves. "I am amazed, cousin Jeffrey," says miss, "that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig so frizzed, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate those odious muffs." I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but, as I had always

a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, "I could heartily wish, madam," replied I, "that for your sake, my muff was cut into a tippet."

As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for a while to one of the seats, and from that retreat remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company, now passing in review before me, as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment the beauty had all that morning been improving her charms, the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of cousin Hannah; she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival, hated every face that seemed dressed in good humour, or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it, by observing, that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this she readily assented; "and yet," says she, "it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another." My smiling at this observation gav her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. "Observe," says she to me, "that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out even beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems, has money, and as she considers that money was never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has to herself. She is ugly enough you see; yet, I assure you, she has refused several offers to my own knowledge, within this twelvemonth Let me see, three gentlemen from Ireland who study the law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a Scotch preacher, who had like to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat, and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday,

to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

"There goes Mrs. Roundabout, I mean the fat lady in the lutestring trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters, in stuff gowns, are now taking six pennyworth of tea at the White Conduit-house.[1] Odious puss! how she waddles along, with her train two yards behind her. She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lutestring wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, cousin Jeffery, I never liked tails; for suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in a fright, instead of retiring she treads upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and then you know, cousin—her clothes may be spoiled.

"Ah! Miss Mazzard! I knew we should not miss her in the Park; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner, and might have had some custom if she had minded her business; but the girl was fond of finery, and instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on impaired her credit; she still, however, went on improving her appearance and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt."

My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy rencounter, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hackney coach at the gate of St. James's. I could not, however, help observing, "That they are generally most

[1] *See* "The Citizen of the World," Letter cxxii, vol. ii. p. 483.

ridiculous themselves, who are apt to see most ridicule in others."

SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO CHARLES THE TWELFTH, NOT COMMONLY KNOWN.

SIR, STOCKHOLM.

I cannot resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterise a people, and from them it is that I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes in general appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked, or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, the same influence upon them; as they are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe that in Sweden highway robberies are not so much as heard of: for my part, I have not in the whole country seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to be the privy counsellors of Providence; who, on their part, turn this credulity to their own advantage, and manage their parishioners as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Hearkened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of eternal rewards and punishments, they readily influence their hearers into justice, and make them practical philosophers without the pains of study.

As to their persons, they are perfectly well made, and the men particularly have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys whom I saw in the country had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair nor such even complexions, and their features are much less delicate; which is a circumstance different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed that the women are

generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an instance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my surprise, when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disagreeable distemper. The careless manner in which she exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object, sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no very extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks—which probably you may think trifling enough—I have made in my journey to Stockholm; which, to take it all together, is a large, beautiful, and even populous city.

The arsenal appears to me one of its greatest curiosities; it is an handsome spacious building, but, however, illy stored with the implements of war. To recompense this defect, they have almost filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was at least enough to suffice half a dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted. I saw besides, some very rich furniture, and some of the crown jewels of great value; but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the north ever produced. What I mean are the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus, and the intrepid Charles XII. died, by a fate not usual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword, have nothing in them remarkable; the meanest soldier was, in this respect, no way inferior to his gallant monarch.

I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of

the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious king, companion, and master.

Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapt too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously, but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, whom he knew intended no injury.

At another time, when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. "A blow," replied Charles, "I do not remember any thing of it: I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow, which brought him to the ground."

What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction! Charles, with proper instructions, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age.

Happy those princes, who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction: who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their royal pupils the real value of fame: who are ever showing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty; that a peasant who does his duty is a nobler character than a king of even middling reputation. Happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them; but those to whom such an education is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or increase their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

But not to moralize when I only intend a story; what is related of the journeys of this prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last, none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus, consequently, rode the greatest part of these journeys quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses he underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding thus post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and thus accoutred marches on to the next inn, which by good fortune was not far off. Entering the stable, he here found an horse entirely to his mind; so, without further ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse, was apprised of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the king, whom he had never seen,

bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one; for you see, continued he, if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself. This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the king was not much behind-hand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural to see arms in the hand of a subject against his king. Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who taking him by the hand, assured him he was a brave fellow, and himself would take care he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled, and I have been assured the king made him a captain.

I am, Sir, &c.

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver—
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch or toy,
My rivals give; and let 'em;
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion—
Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
A transitory passion—

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil![1]

HAPPINESS IN A GREAT MEASURE DEPENDENT ON CONSTITUTION.[2]

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives can no way compare to that I had received from a country wag, who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of Mattei[3] is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night,[4] or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in

[1] *See* vol. i. p. 95.

[2] Reprinted by its author in 1765, as Essay iii.

[3] In 1765 (Essay iii.) "Mattei" was altered to "the finest singer." Colomba Mattei, retired from the stage in 1762.

[4] "If I go to the opera where Signora Colomba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lissoy's fire-side, and Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night from Peggy Golden.—GOLDSMITH *to Mr. Hodson*, Dec. 27, 1757.

Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! An happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.[1]

They who, like him, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a ridiculous or pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good-humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception; if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her,

[1] When reprinted in 1765, as Essay iii., the following sentence was added, "For all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means."

and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, and was confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements and even the conveniences of life, teazed every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good-humour, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that philosophy can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good-humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.[1]

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it *seeing life*. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. I leave my second son Andrew, said the expiring miser, my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal. Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is

[1] When reprinted in 1765 as Essay iii., the following sentence was added:—"For my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people, who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition."

usual on these occasions, "prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself." I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds. "Ah! father," cried Simon, (in great affliction, to be sure) "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick; "as for you, you always have been a sad dog, you'll never come to good, you'll never be rich, I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and Dick is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

The world[1] in short may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball: at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour they can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others; by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict. The only method to come off victorious, is by running away.

ON OUR THEATRES.

MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON,[2] a celebrated actress at Paris, seems to me the most perfect female figure I have ever seen upon any stage. Not, perhaps, that Nature has been more liberal of personal beauty to her, than some to be seen upon our theatres at home. There are actresses here who have as much of what connoisseurs call statuary grace, by which is meant

[1] Yes, let the world.—*Essay* iii.

[2] Claire Josephe Leyris de la Tude Clairon, born 1723, retired from the stage 1765, and died 1803.

elegance unconnected with motion, as she; but they all fall infinitely short of her, when the soul comes to give expression to the limbs, and animates every feature.

Her first appearance is excessively engaging; she never comes in staring round upon the company, as if she intended to count the benefits of the house, or at least to see, as well as be seen. Her eyes are always, at first, intently fixed upon the persons of the drama, and then she lifts them by degrees, with enchanting diffidence, upon the spectators. Her first speech, or at least the first part of it, is delivered with scarce any motion of the arm; her hands and her tongue never set out together; but the one prepares us for the other. She sometimes begins with a mute, eloquent attitude; but never goes forward all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice. This observation, though it may appear of no importance, should certainly be adverted to; nor do I see any one performer —Garrick only excepted—among us that is not, in this particular, apt to offend. By this simple beginning she gives herself a power of rising in the passion of the scene. As she proceeds, every gesture, every look acquires new violence, till at last transported, she fills the whole vehemence of the part, and all the idea of the poet.

Her hands are not alternately stretched out, and then drawn in again, as with the singing-women at Sadler's-wells: they are employed with graceful variety, and every moment please with new and unexpected eloquence. Add to this, that their motion is generally from the shoulder; she never flourishes her hands while the upper part of her arm is motionless, nor has she the ridiculous appearance, as if her elbows were pinned to her hips.

But of all the cautions to be given our rising actresses, I would particularly recommend it to them never to take notice of the audience, upon any occasion whatsoever; let the spectators applaud never so loudly, their praises should pass, except at the end of the epilogue, with seeming inattention. I can never pardon a lady on the stage who, when she draws the admiration of the whole audience, turns about to make them a low courtesy for their applause. Such a figure no

longer continues Belvidera, but at once drops into Mrs. Cibber.[1] Suppose a sober tradesman, who once a year takes his shilling's worth at Drury-lane, in order to be delighted with the figure of a queen, the queen of Sheba for instance, or any other queen; this honest man has no other idea of the great but from their superior pride and impertinence: suppose such a man placed among the spectators, the first figure that appears on the stage is the queen herself, courtesying and cringing to all the company; how can he fancy her the haughty favourite of king Solomon the wise, who appears actually more submissive than the wife of his bosom. We are all tradesmen of a nicer relish in this respect, and such conduct must disgust every spectator who loves to have the illusion of nature strong upon him.

Yet, while I recommend to our actresses a skilful attention to gesture, I would not have them study it in the looking-glass. This, without some precaution, will render their action formal; by too great an intimacy with this, they become stiff and affected. People seldom improve, when they have no other model but themselves to copy after. I remember to have known a notable performer of the other sex,[2] who made great use of this flattering monitor, and yet was one of the stiffest figures I ever saw. I am told his apartment was hung round with looking-glass, that he might see his person twenty times reflected upon entering the room; and I will make bold to say, he saw twenty very ugly fellows whenever he did so.

[1] Susannah Maria Arne, daughter of Dr. Arne, and wife of Theophilus Cibber, died 1766. There is a fine print, by M'Ardell, of Garrick and her as Jaffier and Belvidera. She was called "the nightingale of the stage."

[2] Thomas Sheridan (died 1788), son of the friend of Swift, and father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

No. III.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1759.[1]

ON THE USE OF LANGUAGE.

THE manner in which most writers begin their treatises on the Use of Language is generally thus: "Language has been granted to man, in order to discover his wants and necessities, so as to have them relieved by society. Whatever we desire, whatever we wish, it is but to clothe those desires or wishes in words, in order to fruition; the principal use of language, therefore," say they, "is to express our wants, so as to receive a speedy redress."

Such an account as this may serve to satisfy grammarians and rhetoricians well enough, but men who know the world maintain very contrary maxims; they hold, and I think with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to conceal his necessities and desires, is the most likely person to find redress, and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.[2]

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, we shall find that they who seem to want them least, are the very persons who most liberally share them. There is something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller; and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass, as the miser who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this anything repugnant to the laws of true morality. Seneca himself allows, that in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765, as Essay v.

[2] This saying, long attributed to Talleyrand, Goldsmith derived from Dr. Young, who appears himself to have taken it from one of South's sermons:

"Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind."

See a curious note on this subject in *Notes and Queries*, vol. i. p. 83.

the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his *ups and downs* in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and must know that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask his friend to lend him an hundred pounds, it is possible, from the largeness of his demand, he may find credit for twenty; but should he humbly only sue for a trifle, it is two to one whether he might be trusted for twopence. A certain young fellow at George's,[1] whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred, and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a new suit from his tailor, always made the proposal in laced clothes; for he found by experience, that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, Mr. Lynch had taken an oath against trusting; or what was every bit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home these two days.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship only to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incom-

[1] "London at that time [1751] had many advantages which have been long since lost. There were a number of coffee-houses where the town wits met every evening; particularly the Bedford in the Piazza, Covent Garden, and George's at Temple Bar. Young as I was, I made my way to those places."—ARTHUR MURPHY (*Foot's Life of Murphy*, p. 11.) *See* also article "George's Coffee-house" in Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*, and No. i. of Unacknowledged Essays in this volume.

"'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote,
At George's 'twill but cost you half a groat."

Taste, an Epistle to a Young Critic, 4to, 1753

patible with each other, and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt: the mind may for some time fluctuate between them, but it never can entertain both together.

Yet, let it not be thought that I would exclude pity from the human mind. There is scarcely any who are not in some degree possessed of this pleasing softness; but it is at best but a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance. With some it scarcely lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space, and on some of extraordinary sensibility, I have seen it operate for half an hour. But last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive, we give farthings, from others we give always pounds. In great distress, we sometimes, it is true, feel the influence of tenderness strongly; when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility, but, like the repetition of an echo, every new impulse becomes weaker, till at last our sensations lose every mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

Jack Spindle and I were old acquaintance; but he's gone. Jack was bred in a compting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him a handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which he had been brought up had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as an habitual prudence, and from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Those who had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. Jack, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife, and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought Jack to a different way of thinking; and he at last thought it his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was therefore to a scrivener, who had formerly made him

frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused.

Jack, therefore, thought he might use his old friend without any ceremony, and as a man confident of not being refused, requested the use of an hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had an occasion for money. "And pray, Mr. Spindle," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?" "Want it, Sir," says the other, "if I did not want it, I should not have asked for it." "I am sorry for that," says the friend; "for those who want money when they come to borrow, will want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, Mr. Spindle, money is money now-a-days. I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; and he that has got a little is a fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew to be the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see, you want an hundred guineas; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?" "If you have but fifty to spare, Sir, I must be contented." "Fifty to spare! I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me." "Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend." "And, pray," replied the friend, "would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know. Lord, Mr. Spindle, make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend, and when you chuse a bit of dinner or so,——You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant."

Distressed, but not discouraged at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love, which he could not have from friendship. Miss Jenny Dismal had a fortune in her own hands, and she had already made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit. He made his proposal, therefore with confidence, but soon perceived, "No bankrupt ever found the fair one kind." Miss Jenny and Master Billy

Galloon were lately fallen deeply in love with each other, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would soon be a match.

Every day now began to strip Jack of his former finery; his clothes flew piece by piece to the pawnbrokers, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine mourning of antiquity.[1] But still he thought himself secure from starving; the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered; he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner because he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw poor Jack was at the Rev. Dr. Gosling's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk to White Conduit-house,[2] where he had been that morning. He looked at the table-cloth, and praised the figure of the damask; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was overdone. All this, however, procured the poor creature no invitation, and he was not yet sufficiently hardened to stay without being asked; wherefore, finding the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace; whether in Kent-street or the Mall; whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's;[3] might I advise you as a friend, never seem in want of the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but pity, for redress. You may find relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but seldom from compassion. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth which is opened even for flattery, is seldom expected to close without a petition.

If, then, you would ward off the gripe of poverty, pretend to

[1] Altered in Essays (1765) to "livery of misfortune."

[2] "To White Conduit House" (see p. 25)—altered in Essays (1765) to "in the Park."

[3] That is, in the Borough or Pall Mall; in St. James or St. Giles'. Kent Street is in Southwark; the Smyrna Coffee-house was in Pall Mall, over against Marlborough House.

be a stranger to her, and she will at east use you with ceremony. Hear not my advice, but that of Ofellus.[1] If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease soup, and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a god of your belly. If you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark that stuffs are very much worn at Paris. If there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Sampson Gideon[2] were ever very fond of dress. Or, if you be a philosopher, hint that Plato and Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company that men ought to be content with a bare covering, since what is now the pride of some, was formerly our shame. Horace will give you a Latin sentence fit for the occasion—

"——toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat."

In short, however caught, do not give up, but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances, and appear rather to be a miser than a beggar. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the great is hateful, in the wise it is ridiculous; beggarly pride is the only sort of vanity I can excuse.

THE HISTORY OF HYPATIA.

MAN, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours. She seems, in such circumstances, like one in banishment; she appears like a neutral being between the sexes; and though she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither.

[1] "Nec meus hic sermo est; sed quæ præcepit Ofellus."—HOR.

[2] A rich Jew broker, remarkable for his slovenly dress. He died at Belvedere, in Kent, in October, 1762, and was buried in the Jews' burying-ground at Mile-end. His son, in 1789, was created an Irish peer, by the title of Baron Eardley of Spalding.

Of all the ladies of antiquity, I have read of none who was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypatia, the daughter of Theon the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what Nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her age, but the glory of her sex. From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What cannot be conquered by natural penetration and a passion of study! The boundless knowledge, which at that period of time was required to form the character of a philosopher, no way discouraged her; she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexandria understood so perfectly as she all the difficulties of these two philosophers. But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect were quite familiar to her; and to this knowledge she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking a virtue that might repress the most assuming; and though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty; though in a city, the resort of all the learning then existing in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge; yet, with such accomplishments, Hypatia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and though in a city

divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals, or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the Heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice, when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that, in spite of the opposition of their faith, we should never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypatia, were we not informed, from other circumstances, that she was an heathen. Providence had taken so much pains in forming her, that we are almost induced to complain of its not having endeavoured to make her a Christian; but from this complaint we are deterred by a thousand contrary observations, which lead us to reverence its inscrutable mysteries.

This great reputation, of which she so justly was possessed, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin. The person, who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria, was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the Christian religion, or perhaps desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the Christians with respect to some public games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The prefect who at that time commanded the city, interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch, enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, upon pain of incurring his highest displeasure

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults, in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain; at the head of a numerous

body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city, of which they had been possessed since the times of Alexander the Great. It may be easily imagined that the prefect could not behold, without pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most industrious inhabitants.

The affair was therefore brought before the emperor. The patriarch complained of the excesses of the Jews, and the prefect of the outrages of the patriarch. At this very juncture, five hundred monks of mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city with ungovernable rage, attacked the prefect in the streets, and, not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had by this time notice of the fury of the monks; they therefore assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who caused him to be put to death without farther delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body, which had been exposed to view, to be taken down, procured for it all the pomp and rites of burial, and went even so far as himself to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he classed a seditious monk among the martyrs. This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the most moderate even among the Christians perceived and blamed his indiscretion; but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made several overtures towards a reconciliation with the prefect, which not succeeding, he bore all those an implacable hatred, whom he imagined to have any hand in traversing his designs; but Hypatia was particularly destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as she was known to have a most refined friendship for the prefect; wherefore the populace were incited against her. Peter, a reader of the principal church, one of those vile slaves by whom men in power are too frequently attended, wretches ever ready to commit any crime which they hope may render them agreeable to their employer; this fellow, I say, attended by a crowd of villains, waited for Hypatia, as she was

returning from a visit, at her own door, seized her as she was going in, and dragged her to one of the churches called Cesarea, where, stripping her in a most inhuman manner, they exercised the most horrible cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burnt her remains to ashes. Such was the end of Hypatia, the glory of her own sex, and the astonishment of ours.

ON JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.[1]

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such, that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and the confusion of a request. His liberality also, does not oblige more by its greatness, than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct. Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying his creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change Alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and from its elevation attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society; and the other attracts our esteem, which

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765, as Essay vi.

too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it, without hesitating, to the latter; for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This I allow is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not, in their own nature, virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational

being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterised as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle, with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society had we more of this character amongst us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot,[1] went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him, and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went received him with contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

[1] John Godinot, an ecclesiastic, who is said to have expended more than half a million livres, in procuring for his fellow citizens a supply of pure water. He was born at Rheims in 1661, and died there in 1749.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues, of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on these supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients, to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. "It is possible that the person you relieve may be an honest man; and I know that you who relieve him are such. You see, then, by your generosity, you only rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue. And while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."

A SONNET.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight—
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why this killing soft dejection[1]
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause to fear.[2]

[1] Afterwards altered to, "Yet why impair thy bright perfection."

[2] See vol. i. p. 95. I may here add, that this sonnet or madrigal is imitated from the French of Saint Pavin, whose poems were collectively edited in 1759.

SOME PARTICULARS RELATING TO FATHER FEYJOO.[1]

Primus mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus, primusque assurgere contra.—LUCR.

THE Spanish nation has, for many centuries past, been remarkable for the grossest ignorance in polite literature, especially in point of natural philosophy; a science so useful to mankind, that her neighbours have ever esteemed it a matter of the greatest importance to endeavour, by repeated experiments, to strike a light out of the chaos in which truth seemed to be confounded. Their curiosity in this respect, was so indifferent, that though they had discovered new worlds, they were at a loss to explain the phenomena of their own, and their pride so unaccountable, that they disdained to borrow from others that instruction which their natural indolence permitted them not to acquire.

It gives me, however, a secret satisfaction to behold an extraordinary genius now existing in that nation, whose studious endeavours seem calculated to undeceive the superstitious, and instruct the ignorant; I mean the celebrated Padre Feyjoo. In unravelling the mysteries of nature, and explaining physical experiments, he takes an opportunity of displaying the concurrence of second causes, in those very wonders which the vulgar ascribe to supernatural influence.

An example of this kind happened a few years ago in a small town of the kingdom of Valencia. Passing through at the hour of mass, he alighted from his mule, and proceeded to the parish church, which he found extremely crowded, and there appeared on the faces of the faithful a more than usual alacrity. The sun, it seems, which had been for some minutes under a cloud, had begun to shine on a large crucifix, that stood on the middle of the altar, studded with several precious stones. The reflection from these, and from the diamond eyes of some silver saints, so dazzled the multitude, that they unanimously cried out, "A miracle! a miracle!" whilst the priest at the altar, with seeming consternation, continued his

[1] See vol. ii. p. 27.

heavenly conversation. Padre Feyjoo soon dissipated the charm, by tying his handkerchief round the head of one of the statues, for which he was arraigned by the Inquisition; whose flames, however, he has had the good fortune hitherto to escape.

No. IV.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1759.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WERE I to measure the merit of my present undertaking by its success, or the rapidity of its sale, I might be led to form conclusions by no means favourable to the pride of an author. Should I estimate my fame by its extent, every newspaper and magazine would leave me far behind. Their fame is diffused in a very wide circle, that of some as far as Islington, and some yet farther still: while mine, I sincerely believe, has hardly travelled beyond the sound of Bow-bell;[1] and while the works of others fly like unpinioned swans, I find my own move as heavily as a new-plucked goose.

Still, however, I have as much pride as they who have ten times as many readers. It is impossible to repeat all the agreeable delusions in which a disappointed author is apt to find comfort. I conclude, that what my reputation wants in extent, is made up by its solidity: *minus juvat gloria lata quam magna.* I have great satisfaction in considering the delicacy and discernment of those readers I have, and in ascribing my want of popularity to the ignorance or inattention of those I have not. All the world may forsake an author, but vanity will never forsake him.

Yet, notwithstanding so sincere a confession, I was once induced to show my indignation against the public, by discontinuing my endeavours to please; and was bravely resolved, like Raleigh, to vex them by burning my manuscript in a passion.[2] Upon recollection, however, I considered what set

[1] "Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound."—POPE.

[2] "His booke [The History of the World] sold very slowly at first, and the book-

or body of people would be displeased at my rashness. The sun, after so sad an accident, might shine next morning as bright as usual; men might laugh and sing the next day, and transact business as before, and not a single creature feel any regret but myself.

I reflected upon the story of a minister, who, in the reign of Charles II., upon a certain occasion, resigned all his posts, and retired into the country in a fit of resentment. But, as he had not given the world entirely up with his ambition, he sent a messenger to town to see how the courtiers would bear his resignation. Upon the messenger's return he was asked whether there appeared any commotions at court? To which he replied, There were very great ones. "Aye," says the minister, "I knew my friends would make a bustle; all petitioning the king for my restoration, I presume." "No, Sir," replied the messenger, "they are only petitioning his majesty to be put in your place." In the same manner, should I retire in indignation, instead of having Apollo in mourning, or the Muses in a fit of the spleen; instead of having the learned world apostrophising at my untimely decease, perhaps all Grub-street might laugh at my fall, and self-approving dignity might never be able to shield me from ridicule. In short, I am resolved to write on, if it were only to spite them. If the present generation will not hear my voice, hearken, O posterity! to you I call, and from you I expect redress! What rapture will it not give to have the Scaligers, Daciers, and Warburtons of future times commenting with admiration upon every line I now write, working away those ignorant creatures who offer to arraign my merit, with all the virulence of learned

seller complayned of it, and told him that he should be a loser by it, which put Sir W. into a passion; and he sayd, that since the world did not understand it, they should not have his second part, which he took and threw into the fire, and burnt before his face."—AUBREY'S *Lives*, ii. 518. The same story is told in the epistle prefixed to Winstanley's "Lives of the most Famous English Poets," 1687, 12mo.

"This treatise he [Ascham] completed, but did not publish; for that poverty which in our days drives authors so hastily in such numbers to the press, in the time of Ascham, I believe, debarred them from it. The printers gave little for a copy, and, if we may believe the tale of Raleigh's history, were not forward to print what was offered them for nothing. Ascham's *Schoolmaster* therefore lay unseen in his study, and was at last dedicated to Lord Cecil by his widow."—DR. JOHNSON'S *Life of Ascham*.

reproach.[1] Ay, my friends, let them feel it: call names, never spare them; they deserve it all, and ten times more. I have been told of a critic, who was crucified at the command of another to the reputation of Homer. That, no doubt, was more than poetical justice, and I shall be perfectly content if those who criticise me are only clapped in the pillory, kept fifteen days upon bread and water, and obliged to run the gantlope through Paternoster-row. The truth is, I can expect happiness from posterity either way. If I write ill, happy in being forgotten; if well, happy in being remembered with respect.

Yet, considering things in a prudential light, perhaps I was mistaken in designing my paper as an agreeable relaxation to the studious, or an help to conversation among the gay; instead of addressing it to such, I should have written down to the taste and apprehension of the many, and sought for reputation on the broad road. Literary fame, I now find, like religious, generally begins among the vulgar. As for the polite, they are so very polite, as never to applaud upon any account. One of these, with a face screwed up into affectation, tells you, that fools may *admire*, but men of sense only *approve*.[2] Thus, lest he should rise into rapture at any thing new, he keeps down every passion but pride and self-importance; approves with phlegm, and the poor author is damned in the taking a pinch of snuff. Another has written a book himself, and being condemned for a dunce, he turns a sort of king's evidence in criticism, and now becomes the terror of every offender. A third, possessed of full-grown reputation, shades off every beam of favour from those who endeavour to grow beneath him, and keeps down that merit which, but for his influence, might rise into equal

[1] "I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paint on any sign posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or physiognomy, and the very snuff-box makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them all from me, they are a set of gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live only a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers of the age will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text."—GOLDSMITH *to Bryanton.*

[2] "Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve."—POPE.

eminence. While others, still worse, peruse old books for their amusement, and new books only to condemn; so that the public seem heartily sick of all but the business of the day, and read everything now with as little attention as they examine the faces of the passing crowd.

From these considerations I was once determined to throw off all connexions with taste, and fairly address my countrymen in the same engaging style and manner with other periodical pamphlets, much more in vogue than probably mine shall ever be. To effect this, I had thoughts of changing the title into that of the "Royal Bee," the "Antigallican Bee," or the "Bee's Magazine." I had laid in a proper stock of popular topics, such as encomiums on the king of Prussia, invectives against the queen of Hungary and the French, the necessity of a militia, our undoubted sovereignty of the seas, reflections upon the present state of affairs, a dissertation upon liberty, some seasonable thoughts upon the intended bridge of Blackfriars,[1] and an address to Britons. The history of an old woman whose teeth grew three inches long, an ode upon our victories, a rebus, an acrostic upon Miss Peggy P., and a journal of the weather. All this, together with four extraordinary pages of letter press, a beautiful map of England, and two prints curiously coloured from nature, I fancied might touch their very souls. I was actually beginning an address to the people, when my pride at last overcame my prudence, and determined me to endeavour to please by the goodness of my entertainment, rather than by the magnificence of my sign.

The Spectator, and many succeeding essayists, frequently inform us of the numerous compliments paid them in the course of their lucubrations; of the frequent encouragements they met to inspire them with ardour, and increase their eagerness to please. I have received *my letters* as well as they; but

[1] This was published on the 27th October, 1759, and on the 7th June, 1760, the first pile was driven of the present Blackfriars' Bridge. Goldsmith's "seasonable thoughts" referred to the question warmly agitated in all the public journals, whether semicircular or elliptical arches were preferable. Dr. Johnson took part in the controversy, and wrote three papers in favour of the semicircular arch, and against the elliptical arch advocated by Mylne, and ultimately adopted by the Committee for superintending the erection of the bridge.

alas! not congratulatory ones; not assuring me of success and favour; but pregnant with bodings that might shake even fortitude itself.

One gentleman assures me, he intends to throw away no more threepences in purchasing "The Bee," and what is still more dismal, he will not recommend me as a poor author wanting encouragement to his neighbourhood, which it seems is very numerous. Were my soul set upon threepences, what anxiety might not such a denunciation produce! But such does not happen to be the present motive of publication: I write partly to show my good-nature, and partly to show my vanity; nor will I lay down the pen till I am satisfied one way or another.

Others have disliked the title and the motto of my paper, point out a mistake in the one, and assure me the other has been consigned to dulness by anticipation. All this may be true; but what is that to me? Titles and mottoes to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king. The wise sometimes condescend to accept of them; but none but a fool will imagine them of any real importance. We ought to depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of title: "*Nam quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*"

For my part, I am ever ready to mistrust a promising title, and have, at some expense, been instructed not to hearken to the voice of an advertisement, let it plead never so loudly, or never so long. A countryman coming one day to Smithfield, in order to take a slice of Bartholomew Fair, found a perfect show before every booth. The drummer, the fire-eater, the wire-walker, and the salt-box were all employed to invite him in. "Just a-going; the court of the King of Prussia in all his glory; pray, gentlemen, walk in and see." From people who generously gave so much away, the clown expected a monstrous bargain for his money when he got in. He steps up, pays his sixpence, the curtain is drawn, when too late he finds, that he had the best part of the show for nothing at the door.

A FLEMISH TRADITION.

EVERY country has its traditions, which, either too minute or not sufficiently authentic to receive historical sanction, are handed down among the vulgar, and serve at once to instruct and amuse them. Of this number the adventures of Robin Hood, the hunting of Chevy Chase, and the bravery of Johnny Armstrong among the English, of Kaul Dereg among the Irish, and Creichton among the Scots, are instances. Of all the traditions, however, I remember to have heard, I do not recollect any more remarkable than one still current in Flanders; a story generally the first the peasants tell their children, when they bid them behave like Bidderman the Wise. It is by no means, however, a model to be set before a polite people for imitation; since if, on the one hand, we perceive in it the steady influence of patriotism, we, on the other, find as strong a desire of revenge. But, to waive introduction, let us to the story.

When the Saracens overran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidderman was lord of a city, which time has since swept into destruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens found an easy conquest, and the city of Bidderman, among the rest, became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to seek refuge from the neighbouring princes, who were as yet unsubdued, and he for some time lived in a state of wretched dependence among them. Soon, however, his love to his native country brought him back to his own city, resolved to rescue it from the enemy, or fall in the attempt: thus, in disguise, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavoured, but in vain, to excite them to a revolt. Former misfortunes lay so heavily on their minds, that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage, than attempt to vindicate their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed, whether by information or from suspicion is not known, he was apprehended by a

Saracen soldier as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal at which he once presided. The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory. He could produce no friends to vindicate his character; wherefore, as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against him, they were content with condemning him to be publicly whipped as a vagabond.

The execution of this sentence was accordingly performed with the utmost rigour. Bidderman was bound to the post, the executioner seeming disposed to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other, redoubling his blows, cried out, "Does the villain murmur?" If Bidderman entreated but a moment's respite from torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, "Does the villain murmur?"

From this period revenge as well as patriotism took entire possession of his soul. His fury stooped so low as to follow the executioner with unremitting resentment. But, conceiving that the best method to attain these ends was to acquire some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige its new masters, studied every art, and practised every meanness that serve to promote the needy, or render the poor pleasing; and by these means, in a few years, he came to be of some note in the city which justly belonged entirely to him.

The executioner was therefore the first object of his resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate, which Bidderman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed into the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. They who are any way acquainted with the rigour of the Arabian laws, know that theft is punished with immediate death. The proof was direct in this case; the executioner had nothing to offer in his own defence, and he was therefore condemned to be beheaded upon a scaffold in the public market-place. As there was no executioner in the city but the very man who was now to suffer, Bidderman himself undertook this, to him most agreeable office. The criminal was conducted

from the judgment-seat bound with cords. The scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner, as he might lie most convenient for the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming up the scaffold, and disposing everything in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand he approached the criminal, and whispering in a low voice, assured him, that he himself was the very person that had once been used with so much cruelty; that to his knowledge he died very innocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, and privately conveyed into the house of the other. "O, my countrymen," cried the criminal, "do you hear what this man says?"——"Does the villain murmur?" replied Bidderman, and immediately at one blow severed his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content till he had ample vengeance of the governors of the city, who condemned him. To effect this, he hired a small house adjoining to the town wall, under which he every day dug, and carried out the earth in a basket. In this unremitting labour he continued several years, every day digging a little, and carrying the earth unsuspected away. By this means he at last made a secret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy, in order to betray it. This opportunity at length offered; the French army came into the neighbourhood, but had no thoughts of sitting down before a town which they considered as impregnable. Bidderman, however, soon altered their resolutions, and, upon communicating his plan to the general, he embraced it with ardour. Through the private passage above-mentioned, he introduced a large body of the most resolute soldiers, who soon opened the gates for the rest, and the whole army rushing in, put every Saracen that was found to the sword.

THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS.

To the Author of The Bee.

SIR,—Animals in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united; but when man intrudes into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a very small share of that sagacity, for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster, and their vast length, like spears, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with an horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body

of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the anus, it spins into thread coarser or finer, as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch, and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes six-fold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal: what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called a house-spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon then a terrible encounter

ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a singly fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have

seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and an easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their paternal affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites; but they live

sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GREATNESS.

In every duty, in every science in which we would wish to arrive at perfection, we should propose for the object of our pursuit some certain station even beyond our abilities; some imaginary excellence, which may amuse and serve to animate our enquiry. In deviating from others, in following an unbeaten road, though we perhaps may never arrive at the wished-for object, yet it is possible we may meet several discoveries by the way; and the certainty of small advantages, even while we travel with security, is not so amusing as the hopes of great rewards, which inspire the adventurer. "Evenit nonnunquam," says Quintilian, "ut aliquid grande inveniat qui semper quærit quod nimium est."

This enterprising spirit is, however, by no means the character of the present age: every person who should now leave received opinions, who should attempt to be more than a commentator upon philosophy, or an imitator in polite learning, might be regarded as a chimerical projector. Hundreds would be ready not only to point out his errors, but to load him with reproach. Our probable opinions are now regarded as certainties; the difficulties hitherto undiscovered as utterly inscrutable; and the writers of the last age inimitable, and therefore the properest models of imitation.

One might be almost induced to deplore the philosophic spirit of the age, which, in proportion as it enlightens the mind, increases its timidity, and represses the vigour of every undertaking. Men are now content with being prudently in the right; which, though not the way to make new acquisitions, it must be owned, is the best method of securing what we have. Yet this is certain, that the writer who never deviates,

who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem, is not by the fewness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his beauties, and our noblest works are generally most replete with both.

An author, who would be sublime, often runs his thought into burlesque; yet I can readily pardon his mistaking ten times for once succeeding. True genius walks along a line; and perhaps our greatest pleasure is in seeing it so often near falling, without being ever actually down.

Every science has its hitherto undiscovered mysteries, after which men should travel undiscouraged by the failure of former adventurers. Every new attempt serves, perhaps, to facilitate its future invention. We may not find the philosopher's stone, but we shall probably hit upon new inventions in pursuing it. We shall, perhaps, never be able to discover the longitude, yet perhaps we may arrive at new truths in the investigation.

Were any of these sagacious minds among us, and surely no nation, or no period, could ever compare with us in this particular, who now sit down contented with exploring the intricacies of another's system, bravely to shake off admiration, and, undazzled with the splendour of another's reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themselves, and boldly cultivate untried experiment, what might not be the result of their inquiries, should the same study that has made them wise, make them enterprising also? What could not such qualities united produce? But such is not the character of the English; while our neighbours of the Continent launch out into the ocean of science, without proper stores for the voyage, we fear shipwreck in every breeze, and consume in port those powers, which might probably have weathered every storm.

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts; projectors in the republic of letters, never. If wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment; if right, men of superior talents think their

honour engaged to oppose; since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence.

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured; by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no risk, and we do little service. Prudence and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in bounding every wish. The other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture. The one directs to follow mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world. The other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a mark to all the shafts of envy, or ignorance. "Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala."—*Tacit.*

The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid; those attending excellence generally paid in reversion. In a word, the little mind who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.

A CITY NIGHT PIECE.[1]

"Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet."—MART.

THE clock has struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing now wakes but guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child,[2] seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! the dying lamp feebly

[1] Reprinted in part as Letter cxvii. of "The Citizen of the World." *See* vol. ii. p. 465.

[2] *See* vol. i. p. 152.

emits a yellow gleam, no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten, and this hour may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There may come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence; had their victories as great as ours; joy as just, and as unbounded as we; and with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality,—posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others, and as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there their senate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Thus true virtue languished, their riches and opulence invited the plunderer, who, though once repulsed, returned again, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded; and those who appear, no longer now wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and their distresses too great even for pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world seems to have disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been

prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter in the streets: perhaps now lying at the door of their betrayers they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible to calamity, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the suffering of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and engage our attention; while you weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny, and finding enmity in every law.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility! or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse! Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the heart that feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

But let me turn from a scene of such distress to the sanctified hypocrite, *who has been talking of virtue till the time of bed*, and now steals out, to give a loose to his vices under the protection of midnight; vices more atrocious, because he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley, and, with hastening steps, fears an acquaintance in every face. He has passed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vices be detected; may the morning rise upon his shame: yet I wish to no purpose; villany, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.[1]

[1] *See* note in vol. ii. p. 467.

AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.[1]

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wonderous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaus and more;
The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

[1] *See* vol. i. p. 96.

No. V.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1759.

UPON POLITICAL FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY has ever been esteemed a virtue, as well among Pagans as Christians: there have been even heroes who have practised it. However, we must acknowledge, that it is too modest a virtue, or, if you will, too obscure a one, to be essential to heroism; few heroes have been able to attain such an height. Frugality agrees much better with politics; it seems to be the base and support, and, in a word, the inseparable companion of a just administration.

However this be, there is not, perhaps, in the world a people less fond of this virtue than the English; and, of consequence, there is not a nation more restless, more exposed to the uneasinesses of life, or less capable of providing for particular happiness. We are taught to despise this virtue from our childhood; our education is improperly directed, and a man who has gone through the politest institutions, is generally the person who is least acquainted with the wholesome precepts of frugality. We every day hear the elegance of taste, the magnificence of some, and the generosity of others, made the subject of our admiration and applause. All this we see represented, not as the end and recompense of labour and desert, but as the actual result of genius, as the mark of a noble and exalted mind.

In the midst of these praises bestowed on luxury, for which elegance and taste are but another name, perhaps it may be thought improper to plead the cause of frugality. It may be thought low, or vainly declamatory, to exhort our youth from the follies of dress, and of every other superfluity; to accustom themselves, even with mechanic meanness, to the simple necessaries of life. Such sort of instructions may appear antiquated; yet, however, they seem the foundations of all our

virtues, and the most efficacious method of making mankind useful members of society. Unhappily, however, such discourses are not fashionable among us, and the fashion seems every day growing still more obsolete, since the press, and every other method of exhortation, seems disposed to talk of the luxuries of life as harmless enjoyments. I remember, when a boy, to have remarked, that those who in school wore the finest clothes were pointed at as being conceited and proud. At present, our little masters are taught to consider dress betimes, and they are regarded, even at school, with contempt, who do not appear as genteel as the rest. Education should teach us to become useful, sober, disinterested, and laborious members of society; but does it not at present point out a different path? It teaches us to multiply our wants, by which means we become more eager to possess, in order to dissipate, a greater charge to ourselves, and more useless or obnoxious to society.

If a youth happens to be possessed of more genius than fortune, he is early informed, that he ought to think of his advancement in the world; that he should labour to make himself pleasing to his superiors; that he should shun low company—by which is meant the company of his equals; that he should rather live a little above than below his fortune; that he should think of becoming great; but he finds none to admonish him to become frugal, to persevere in one single design, to avoid every pleasure and all flattery, which, however, seeming to conciliate the favour of his superiors, never conciliate their esteem. There are none to teach him, that the best way of becoming happy in himself and useful to others, is to continue in the state which fortune at first placed him, without making too hasty strides to advancement; that greatness may be attained, but should not be expected; and that they who most impatiently expect advancement, are seldom possessed of their wishes. He has few, I say, to teach him this lesson, or to moderate his youthful passions; yet, this experience may say, that a young man, who but for six years of the early part of his life could seem divested of all his passions, would certainly make, or considerably increase his

fortune, and might indulge several of his favourite inclinations in manhood with the utmost security.

The efficaciousness of these means is sufficiently known and acknowledged; but as we are apt to connect a low idea with all our notions of frugality, the person who would persuade us to it, might be accused of preaching up avarice.

Of all vices, however, against which morality dissuades, there is not one more undetermined than this of avarice. Misers are described by some as men divested of honour, sentiment, or humanity; but this is only an ideal picture, or the resemblance at least is found but in a few. In truth, they who are generally called misers, are some of the very best members of society. The sober, the laborious, the attentive, the frugal, are thus styled by the gay, giddy, thoughtless, and extravagant. The first set of men do society all the good, and the latter all the evil that is felt. Even the excesses of the first no way injure the commonwealth; those of the latter are the most injurious that can be conceived.

The ancient Romans, more rational than we in this particular, were very far from thus misplacing their admiration or praise; instead of regarding the practice of parsimony as low or vicious, they made it synonymous even with probity. They esteemed those virtues so inseparable, that the known expression of *Vir frugi* signified, at one and the same time, a sober and managing man, an honest man, and a man of substance.

The Scriptures, in a thousand places, praise economy; and it is every where distinguished from avarice. But, in spite of all its sacred dictates, a taste for vain pleasures and foolish expense is the ruling passion of the present times. Passion did I call it? rather the madness which at once possesses the great and the little, the rich and the poor; even some are so intent upon acquiring the superfluities of life, that they sacrifice its necessaries in this foolish pursuit.

To attempt the entire abolition of luxury, as it would be impossible, so it is not my intent. The generality of mankind are too weak, too much slaves to custom and opinion, to resist the torrent of bad example. But if it be impossible to convert the multitude, those who have received a more extended

education, who are enlightened and judicious, may find some hints on this subject useful. They may see some abuses, the suppression of which would by no means endanger public liberty; they may be directed to the abolition of some unnecessary expenses, which have no tendency to promote happiness or virtue, and which might be directed to better purposes. Our fire-works, our public feasts and entertainments, our entries of ambassadors, &c., what mummery all this! what childish pageants! what millions are sacrificed in paying tribute to custom! what an unnecessary charge at times when we are pressed with real want, which cannot be satisfied without burthening the poor!

Were such suppressed entirely, not a single creature in the state would have the least cause to mourn their suppression, and many might be eased of a load they now feel lying heavily upon them. If this were put in practice, it would agree with the advice of a sensible writer of Sweden, who, in the Gazette de France, 1753, thus expressed himself on that subject: "It were sincerely to be wished," says he, "that the custom were established amongst us, that in all events which cause a public joy, we made our exultations conspicuous only by acts useful to society. We should then quickly see many useful monuments of our reason, which would much better perpetuate the memory of things worthy of being transmitted to posterity, and would be much more glorious to humanity than all these tumultuous preparations of feasts, entertainments, and other rejoicings used upon such occasions."

The same proposal was long before confirmed by a Chinese emperor, who lived in the last century; who, upon an occasion of extraordinary joy, forbad his subjects to make the usual illuminations, either with a design of sparing their substance, or of turning them to some more durable indications of joy, more glorious for him, and more advantageous to his people.

After such instances of political frugality, can we then continue to blame the Dutch ambassador at a certain court, who receiving, at his departure, the portrait of the king, enriched with diamonds, asked what this fine thing might be worth? Being told, that it might amount to about two thousand

pounds, "And why," cries he, "cannot his majesty keep the picture, and give me the money?" This simplicity may be ridiculed at first; but when we come to examine it more closely, men of sense will at once confess, that he had reason in what he said, and that a purse of two thousand guineas is much more serviceable than a picture.

Should we follow the same method of state frugality in other respects, what numberless savings might not be the result! How many possibilities of saving in the administration of justice, which now burdens the subject, and enriches some members of society, who are useful only from its corruption!

It were to be wished, that they who govern kingdoms, would imitate artizans. When at London a new stuff has been invented, it is immediately counterfeited in France. How happy were it for society, if a first minister would be equally solicitous to transplant the useful laws of other countries into his own. We are arrived at a perfect imitation of porcelain; let us endeavour to imitate the good to society that our neighbours are found to practise, and let our neighbours also imitate those parts of duty in which we excel.

There are some men, who in their garden attempt to raise those fruits which nature has adapted only to the sultry climates beneath the line. We have at our very doors a thousand laws and customs infinitely useful: these are the fruits we should endeavour to transplant; these the exotics that would speedily become naturalized to the soil. They might grow in every climate, and benefit every possessor.

The best and the most useful laws I have ever seen, are generally practised in Holland. When two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peace-makers*. If the parties come attended with an advocate or a solicitor, they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing.

The peace-makers then begin advising the parties, by assuring them, that it is the height of folly to waste their substance, and make themselves mutually miserable, by having recourse to the tribunals of justice: "follow but our direction,

and we will accommodate matters without any expense to either." If the rage of debate is too strong upon either party, they are remitted back for another day, in order that time may soften their tempers, and produce a reconciliation. They are thus sent for twice or thrice; if their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law, and as we give up to amputation such members as cannot be cured by art, justice is permitted to take its course.

It is unnecessary to make here long declamations, or calculate what society would save, were this law adopted. I am sensible, that the man who advises any reformation, only serves to make himself ridiculous. What! mankind will be apt to say, adopt the customs of countries that have not so much real liberty as our own!—our present customs, what are they to any man; we are very happy under them; this must be a very pleasant fellow, who attempts to make us happier than we already are! Does he not know, that abuses are the patrimony of a great part of the nation? Why deprive us of a malady by which such numbers find their account? This, I must own, is an argument to which I have nothing to reply.

What numberless savings might there not be made in both arts and commerce, particularly in the liberty of exercising trade, without the necessary prerequisites of freedom! Such useless obstructions have crept into every state, from a spirit of monopoly, a narrow selfish spirit of gain, without the least attention to general society. Such a clog upon industry frequently drives the poor from labour, and reduces them by degrees to a state of hopeless indigence. We have already a more than sufficient repugnance to labour; we should by no means increase the obstacles, or make excuses in a state for idleness. Such faults have ever crept into a state, under wrong or needy administrations.

Exclusive of the masters, there are numberless faulty expenses among the workmen; clubs, garnishes, freedoms, and such-like impositions, which are not too minute even for law to take notice of, and which should be abolished without mercy, since they are ever the inlets to excess and idleness, and are the parent of all those outrages which naturally fall

upon the more useful part of society. In the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or village yet, whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses. In Rotterdam, you may go through eight or ten streets without finding a public-house. In Antwerp, almost every second house seems an alehouse. In the one city, all wears the appearance of happiness and warm affluence; in the other, the young fellows walk about the streets in shabby finery, their fathers sit at the door darning or knitting stockings, while their ports are filled with dunghills.

Alehouses are ever an occasion of debauchery and excess; and either in a religious or political light, it would be our highest interest to have the greatest part of them suppressed. They should be put under laws of not continuing open beyond a certain hour, and harbouring only proper persons. These rules, it may be said, will diminish the necessary taxes; but this is false reasoning, since what was consumed in debauchery abroad, would, if such a regulation took place, be more justly, and perhaps more equitably for the workmen's family, spent at home; and this cheaper to them, and without loss of time. On the other hand, our alehouses being ever open, interrupt business; the workman is never certain who frequents them, nor can the master be sure of having what was begun, finished at the convenient time.

An habit of frugality among the lower orders of mankind is much more beneficial to society than the unreflecting might imagine. The pawnbroker, the attorney, and other pests of society, might, by proper management, be turned into serviceable members; and, were their trades abolished, it is possible the same avarice that conducts the one, or the same chicanery that characterises the other, might, by proper regulations, be converted into frugality and commendable prudence.

But some have made the eulogium of luxury, have represented it as the natural consequence of every country that is become rich. Did we not employ our extraordinary wealth in superfluities, say they, what other means would there be to employ it in? To which it may be answered, if frugality were established in the state, if our expenses were laid out rather in

the necessaries than the superfluities of life, there might be fewer wants, and even fewer pleasures, but infinitely more happiness. The rich and the great would be better able to satisfy their creditors: they would be better able to marry their children, and instead of one marriage at present, there might be two, if such regulations took place.

The imaginary calls of vanity, which in reality contribute nothing to our real felicity, would not then be attended to, while the real calls of nature might be always and universally supplied. The difference of employment in the subject is what, in reality, produces the good of society. If the subject be engaged in providing only the luxuries, the necessaries must be deficient in proportion. If, neglecting the produce of our own country, our minds are set upon the productions of another, we increase our wants, but not our means; and every new imported delicacy for our tables, or ornament in our equipage, is a tax upon the poor.

The true interest of every government is to cultivate the necessaries, by which is always meant every happiness our own country can produce; and suppress all the luxuries, by which is meant, on the other hand, every happiness imported from abroad. Commerce has, therefore, its bounds; and every new import, instead of receiving encouragement, should be first examined, whether it be conducive to the interest of society.

Among the many publications with which the press is every day burthened, I have often wondered why we never had, as in other countries, an Economical Journal, which might at once direct to all the useful discoveries in other countries, and spread those of our own. As other journals serve to amuse the learned, or, what is more often the case, to make them quarrel, while they only serve to give us the history of the mischievous world, for so I call our warriors; or the idle world, for so may the learned be called; they never trouble their heads about the most useful part of mankind, our peasants and our artizans. Were such a work carried into execution with proper management and just direction, it might serve as a repository for every useful improvement, and increase that knowledge which learning often serves to confound.

Sweden seems the only country where the science of economy appears to have fixed its empire. In other countries, it is cultivated only by a few admirers, or by societies which have not received sufficient sanction to become completely useful; but here there is founded a Royal Academy, destined to this purpose only, composed of the most learned and powerful members of the state; an academy which declines every thing which only terminates in amusement, erudition, or curiosity, and admits only of observations tending to illustrate husbandry, agriculture, and every real physical improvement. In this country nothing is left to private rapacity, but every improvement is immediately diffused, and its inventor immediately recompensed by the state. Happy were it so in other countries! by this means every impostor would be prevented from ruining or deceiving the public with pretended discoveries or nostrums, and every real inventor would not, by this means, suffer the inconveniences of suspicion.

In short, true economy, equally unknown to the prodigal and avaricious, seems to be a just mean between both extremes; and to a transgression of this at present decried virtue, it is that we are to attribute a great part of the evils which infest society. A taste for superfluity, amusement, and pleasure bring effeminacy, idleness, and expense, in their train. But a thirst of riches is always proportioned to our debauchery, and the greatest prodigal is too frequently found to be the greatest miser; so that the vices which seem the most opposite, are frequently found to produce each other; and, to avoid both, it is only necessary to be frugal.

"Virtus est medium vitiorum, et utrinque reductum."—HOR.

A REVERIE.

SCARCE a day passes in which we do not hear compliments paid to Dryden, Pope, and other writers of the last age, while not a month comes forward that is not loaded with invective against the writers of this. Strange that our critics should be fond of giving their favours to those who are insensible of the

obligation, and their dislike to these who, of all mankind, are most apt to retaliate the injury.[1]

Even though our present writers had not equal merit with their predecessors, it would be politic to use them with ceremony. Every compliment paid them would be more agreeable, in proportion as they least deserved it. Tell a lady with an handsome face that she is pretty, she only thinks it her due; it is what she has heard a thousand times before from others, and disregards the compliment: but assure a lady, the cut of whose visage is something more plain, that she looks killing to-day, she instantly bridles up, and feels the force of the well-timed flattery the whole day after. Compliments, which we think are deserved, we only accept as debts with indifference; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favours given away.

Our gentlemen, however, who preside at the distribution of literary fame, seem resolved to part with praise, neither from motives of justice or generosity: one would think, when they take pen in hand, that it was only to blot reputations, and to put their seals to the packet which consigns every new-born effort to oblivion.

Yet, notwithstanding the republic of letters hangs at present so feebly together; though those friendships which once promoted literary fame seem now to be discontinued; though every writer who now draws the quill seems to aim at profit, as well as applause, many among them are probably laying in stores for immortality, and are provided with a sufficient stock of reputation to last the whole journey.

As I was indulging these reflections, in order to eke out the present page, I could not avoid pursuing the metaphor, of going a journey in my imagination, and formed the following reverie, too wild for allegory, and too regular for a dream.

I fancied myself placed in the yard of a large inn, in which there were an infinite number of waggons and stage-coaches, attended by fellows who either invited the company to take

[1] "The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead, we rate them by his best."—JOHNSON, *Preface to Shakespeare*, 1765.

their places, or were busied in packing their baggage. Each vehicle had its inscription, showing the place of its destination. On one I could read, "The Pleasure Stage-Coach;" on another, "The Waggon of Industry;" on a third, "The Vanity Whim;" and on a fourth, "The Landau of Riches." I had some inclination to step into each of these, one after another; but I know not by what means I passed them by, and at last fixed my eye upon a small carriage, Berlin fashion, which seemed the most convenient vehicle at a distance in the world; and, upon my nearer approach, found it to be "The Fame Machine."

I instantly made up to the coachman, whom I found to be an affable and seemingly good-natured fellow. He informed me, that he had but a few days ago returned from the Temple of Fame, to which he had been carrying Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Congreve, and Colley Cibber. That they made but indifferent company by the way, and that he once or twice was going to empty his Berlin of the whole cargo: however, says he, I got them all safe home, with no other damage than a black eye, which Colley gave Mr? Pope, and am now returned for another coachful. "If that be all, friend," said I, "and if you are in want of company, I'll make one with all my heart. Open the door; I hope the machine rides easy." "Oh; for that, sir, extremely easy." But still keeping the door shut, and measuring me with his eye, "Pray, sir, have you no luggage? You seem to be a good-natured sort of a gentleman; but I don't find you have got any luggage, and I never permit any to travel with me but such as have something valuable to pay for coach-hire." Examining my pockets, I own I was not a little disconcerted at this unexpected rebuff: but considering that I carried a number of THE BEE under my arm, I was resolved to open it in his eyes, and dazzle him with the splendour of the page. He read the title and contents, however, without any emotion, and assured me he had never heard of it before. "In short, friend," said he, now losing all his former respect, "you must not come in. I expect better passengers; but, as you seem an harmless creature, perhaps if there be room left, I may let you ride awhile for charity."

I now took my stand by the coachman at the door, and since

I could not command a seat, was resolved to be as useful as possible, and earn by my assiduity what I could not by my merit.

The next that presented for a place was a most whimsical figure indeed.[1] He was hung round with papers of his own composing, not unlike those who sing ballads in the streets, and came dancing up to the door with all the confidence of instant admittance. The volubility of his motion and address prevented my being able to read more of his cargo than the word "Inspector,"[2] which was written in great letters at the top of some of the papers. He opened the coach-door himself without any ceremony, and was just slipping in, when the coachman, with as little ceremony, pulled him back. Our figure seemed perfectly angry at this repulse, and demanded gentleman's satisfaction. "Lord, sir," replied the coachman, "instead of proper luggage, by your bulk you seem loaded for a West-India voyage. You are big enough with all your papers to crack twenty stage-coaches. Excuse me, indeed, sir, for you must not enter." Our figure now began to expostulate: he assured the coachman, that though his baggage seemed so bulky, it was perfectly light, and that he would be contented with the smallest corner of room. But Jehu was inflexible, and the carrier of the Inspectors was sent to dance back again with all his papers fluttering in the wind. We expected to have no more trouble from this quarter, when in a few minutes the same figure changed his appearance, like harlequin upon the stage, and with the same confidence again made his approaches, dressed in lace, and carrying nothing but a nosegay.[3]

[1] John Hill, M.D., who assumed latterly the title of Sir John on receiving a Swedish order of knighthood. This literary and medical quack died in 1775. Garrick's epigram is well known:—

"For physic and farces his equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

Hill's character formed part of the famous conversation of Dr. Johnson with King George III. Hill was the author of *Mrs. Glasse's Cookery Book.*

[2] "The Inspector" originally appeared in *The London Daily Advertiser.* It commenced in March, 1751, and was continued every morning for about two years.

[3] Hill was now in flower; the publications of the year 1759 including four from his pen. "On Exotic Botany;" "On the Origin and Production of Proliferous Flowers;" "On the Usefulness of a Knowledge of Plants;" and "A Method of producing Double Flowers from Single by a regular Course of Culture." He was remarkable also for his dress.

Upon coming near, he thrust the nosegay to the coachman's nose, grasped the brass, and seemed now resolved to enter by violence. I found the struggle soon begin to grow hot, and the coachman, who was a little old, unable to continue the contest; so, in order to ingratiate myself, I stepped in to his assistance, and our united efforts sent our literary Proteus, though worsted, unconquered still, clear off, dancing a rigadoon, and smelling to his own nosegay.

The person,[1] who after him appeared as candidate for a place in the stage, came up with an air not quite so confident, but somewhat however theatrical; and, instead of entering, made the coachman a very low bow, which the other returned, and desired to see his baggage; upon which he instantly produced some farces, a tragedy, and other miscellany productions. The coachman, casting his eye upon the cargo, assured him, at present he could not possibly have a place, but hoped in time he might aspire to one, as he seemed to have read in the book of nature, without a careful perusal of which none ever found entrance at the Temple of Fame. "What!" replied the disappointed poet, "shall my tragedy,[2] in which I have vindicated the cause of liberty and virtue!"—"Follow nature," returned the other, "and never expect to find lasting fame by topics which only please from their popularity. Had you been first in the cause of freedom, or praised in virtue more than an empty name, it is possible you might have gained admittance; but at present I beg, sir, you will stand aside for another gentleman whom I see approaching."

This was a very grave personage,[3] whom at some distance I took for one of the most reserved, and even disagreeable figures I had seen; but as he approached, his appearance improved, and when I could distinguish him thoroughly, I perceived that in spite of the severity of his brow, he had one of the most good-natured countenances that could be imagined. Upon coming to open the stage door, he lifted a parcel of folios into the seat before him, but our inquisitorial coachman

[1] Arthur Murphy; died 1805, in his eighty-second year.

[2] Murphy's tragedy of "The Orphan of China," produced at Drury-lane, 21st April, 1759, and acted *nine* times. Goldsmith reviewed it in "The Critical Review." *See* vol. iv.

[3] Dr. Johnson.

at once shoved them out again. "What! not take in my Dictionary!" exclaimed the other in a rage. "Be patient, sir," replied the coachman, "I have drove a coach, man and boy, these two thousand years; but I do not remember to have carried above one Dictionary during the whole time. That little book which I perceive peeping from one of your pockets,[1] may I presume to ask what it contains?" "A mere trifle," replied the author; "it is called, 'The Rambler,'" "'The Rambler!'" says the coachman, "I beg, sir, you'll take your place; I have heard our ladies in the court of Apollo frequently mention it with rapture; and Clio, who happens to be a little grave, has been heard to prefer it to 'The Spectator;'[2] though others have observed, that the reflections, by being refined, sometimes become minute."

This grave gentleman was scarce seated, when another,[3] whose appearance was something more modern, seemed willing to enter, yet afraid to ask. He carried in his hand a bundle of Essays, of which the coachman was curious enough to enquire the contents. "These," replied the gentleman, "are rhapsodies against the religion of my country." "And how can you expect to come into my coach, after thus choosing the wrong side of the question?" "Ay, but I am right," replied the other; "and if you give me leave, I shall in a few minutes state the argument." "Right or wrong," said the coachman, "he who disturbs religion is a blockhead, and he shall never travel in a coach of mine." "If then," said the gentleman, mustering up all his courage, "if I am not to have admittance as an essayist, I hope I shall not be repulsed as an historian; the last volume of my History met with applause." "Yes," replied the coachman, "but I have heard only the first approved at the Temple of Fame; and as I see you have it about you, enter without further ceremony." My attention was now diverted to a crowd, who were pushing forward a person[4] that

[1] "Upon his tour, when journeying, he [Johnson] wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio Dictionary."—BOSWELL *by Croker*, p. 269.

[2] Addison's papers in "The Spectator" were signed by one of four letters, C. L. I. O. Somervile the poet has turned a happy compliment to Addison on his use of the name.

[3] David Hume. [4] Dr. Smollett.

seemed more inclined to the *stage-coach of riches;* but by their means he was driven forward to the same machine: which he nevertheless seemed heartily to despise. Impelled however by their solicitations, he steps up, flourishing a voluminous History, and demanding admittance. "Sir, I have formerly heard your name mentioned," says the coachman, "but never as an historian. Is there no other work upon which you may claim a place?" "None," replied the other, "except a romance; but this is a work of too trifling a nature to claim future attention." "You mistake," says the inquisitor, "a well-written romance is no such easy task as is generally imagined. I remember formerly to have carried Cervantes and Segrais, and, if you think fit, you may enter."

Upon our three literary travellers coming into the same coach, I listened attentively to hear what might be the conversation that passed upon this extraordinary occasion; when, instead of agreeable or entertaining dialogue, I found them grumbling at each other, and each seemed, discontented with his companions. Strange! thought I to myself, that they who are thus born to enlighten the world, should still preserve the narrow prejudices of childhood, and, by disagreeing, make even the highest merit ridiculous. Were the learned and the wise to unite against the dunces of society, instead of sometimes siding into opposite parties with them, they might throw a lustre upon each other's reputation, and teach every rank of subordinate merit, if not to admire, at least not to avow dislike.

In the midst of these reflections, I perceived the coachman, unmindful of me, had now mounted the box. Several were approaching to be taken in, whose pretensions I was sensible were very just. I therefore desired him to stop, and take in more passengers; but he replied, as he had now mounted the box, it would be improper to come down, but that he should take them all, one after the other, when he should return. So he drove away, and for myself, as I could not get in, I mounted behind, in order to hear the conversation on the way.

(To be continued.)

A WORD OR TWO ON THE LATE FARCE, CALLED "HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."[1]

JUST as I had expected, before I saw this farce, I found it formed on too narrow a plan to afford a pleasing variety. The sameness of the humour in every scene could not but at last fail of being disagreeable. The poor, affecting the manners of the rich, might be carried on through one character, or two at the most, with great propriety; but to have almost every personage on the scene almost of the same character, and reflecting the follies of each other, was unartful in the poet to the last degree.

The scene was also almost a continuation of the same absurdity; and my Lord Duke and Sir Harry (two footmen who assume these characters) have nothing else to do but to talk like their masters, and are only introduced to speak, and to show themselves. Thus, as there is a sameness of character, there is a barrenness of incident, which, by a very small share of address, the poet might have easily avoided.

From a conformity to critic rules, which perhaps, on the whole, have done more harm than good, our author has sacrificed all the vivacity of the dialogue to nature; and though he makes his characters talk like servants, they are seldom absurd enough, or lively enough, to make us merry. Though he is always natural, he happens seldom to be humorous.

The satire was well intended, if we regard it as being masters ourselves; but, probably, a philosopher would rejoice in that liberty which Englishmen give their domestics; and, for my own part, I cannot avoid being pleased at the happiness of those poor creatures, who, in some measure, contribute to mine. The Athenians, the politest and best-natured people upon earth, were the kindest to their slaves; and if a person may judge who has seen the world, our English servants are the

[1] This piece, so often ascribed to Garrick, was written by the Rev. James Townley, and produced at Drury-lane, Oct. 31, 1759, three days before the publication of this number of *The Bee*. Mr. Townley died in 1778. *See* vol ii. p. 261.

best treated, because the generality of our English gentlemen are the politest under the sun.

But, not to lift my feeble voice among the pack of critics, who, probably, have no other occupation but that of cutting up every thing new, I must own, there are one or two scenes that are fine satire, and sufficiently humorous; particularly the first interview between the two footmen, which at once ridicules the manners of the great, and the absurdity of their imitators.

Whatever defects there might be in the composition, there were none in the action: in this the performers showed more humour than I had fancied them capable of. Mr. Palmer and Mr. King[1] were entirely what they desired to represent; and Mrs. Clive[2] (but what need I talk of her, since, without the least exaggeration, she has more true humour than any actor or actress upon the English or any other stage I have seen); she, I say, did the part all the justice it was capable of. And, upon the whole, a farce, which has only this to recommend it, that the author took his plan from the volume of nature, by the sprightly manner in which it was performed, was for one night a tolerable entertainment.[3] Thus much may be said in its vindication, that people of fashion seemed more pleased in the representation than the subordinate ranks of people.

UPON UNFORTUNATE MERIT.

EVERY age seems to have its favourite pursuits, which serve to amuse the idle, and relieve the attention of the industrious. Happy the man who is born excellent in the pursuit in vogue, and whose genius seems adapted to the times he lives in. How many do we see, who might have excelled in

[1] Palmer played the *Duke's Servant*, and King *Sir Harry's Servant*—two of the "visitors" in this really clever farce. John Palmer died on the stage 2nd August, 1798, while playing in *The Stranger*. King, who was good as *Lord Ogleby* in "The Clandestine Marriage," retired from the stage, 24th May, 1802.

[2] Katherine (or Kitty) Clive, died 7th December, 1785, aged seventy-five.

[3] Talking of the farce of "High Life Below Stairs," he (Johnson) said, "Here is a farce which is really very diverting when you see it acted, and yet one may read it and not know that one has been reading any thing at all."—BOSWELL, *by Croker*, p. 656.

arts or sciences, and who seem furnished with talents equal to the greatest discoveries, had the road not been already beaten by their predecessors, and nothing left for them except trifles to discover, while others of very moderate abilities become famous, because happening to be first in the reigning pursuit.

Thus, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the taste was not to compose new books, but to comment on the old ones. It was not to be expected that new books should be written, when there were so many of the ancients, either not known or not understood. It was not reasonable to attempt new conquests, while they had such an extensive region lying waste for want of cultivation. At that period, criticism and erudition were the reigning studies of the times; and he who had only an inventive genius, might have languished in hopeless obscurity. When the writers of antiquity were sufficiently explained and known, the learned set about imitating them; from hence proceeded the number of Latin orators, poets, and historians in the reigns of Clement the Seventh and Alexander the Sixth. This passion for antiquity lasted for many years, to the utter exclusion of every other pursuit, till some began to find, that those works which were imitated from nature, were more like the writings of antiquity, than even those written in express imitation. It was then modern language began to be cultivated with assiduity, and our poets and orators poured forth their wonders upon the world.

As writers became more numerous, it is natural for readers to become more indolent; from whence must necessarily arise a desire of attaining knowledge with the greatest possible ease. No science or art offers its instruction and amusement in so obvious a manner as statuary and painting. From hence we see, that a desire of cultivating those arts generally attends the decline of science. Thus, the finest statues and the most beautiful paintings of antiquity preceded but a little the absolute decay of every other science. The statues of Antoninus, Commodus, and their cotemporaries, are the finest productions of the chisel, and appeared but just before learning was destroyed by comment, criticism, and barbarous invasions.

What happened in Rome may probably be the case with us at home. Our nobility are now more solicitous in patronising painters and sculptors than those of any other polite profession; and from the lord, who has his gallery, down to the 'prentice, who has his twopenny copper-plate, all are admirers of this art. The great, by their caresses, seem insensible to all other merit but that of the pencil; and the vulgar buy every book rather from the excellence of the sculptor than the writer.

How happy were it now, if men of real excellence in that profession were to arise! Were the painters of Italy now to appear, who once wandered like beggars from one city to another, and produce their almost breathing figures, what rewards might they not expect! But many of them lived without rewards, and therefore rewards alone will never produce their equals. We have often found the great exert themselves not only without promotion, but in spite of opposition. We have found them flourishing, like medicinal plants, in a region of savageness and barbarity, their excellence unknown, and their virtues unheeded.

They who have seen the paintings of Caravaggio are sensible of the surprising impression they make; bold, swelling, terrible to the last degree; all seem animated, and speak him among the foremost of his profession; yet this man's fortune and his fame seemed ever in opposition to each other.

Unknowing how to flatter the great, he was driven from city to city in the utmost indigence, and might truly be said to paint for his bread. Having one day insulted a person of distinction, who refused to pay him all the respect which he thought his due, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel on foot, his usual method of going his journeys down into the country, without either money or friends to subsist him.

After he had travelled in this manner as long as his strength would permit, faint with famine and fatigue he at last called at an obscure inn by the way-side. The host knew, by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, and refused to furnish him a dinner without previous payment.

As Caravaggio was entirely destitute of money, he took down the innkeeper's sign, and painted it anew for his dinner.

Thus refreshed, he proceeded on his journey, and left the innkeeper not quite satisfied with this method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and struck with the beauty of the new sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the innkeeper with their generosity; he was resolved, therefore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by the same artist, as he found he could sell them to good advantage; and accordingly set out after Caravaggio, in order to bring him back. It was night-fall before he came up to the place where the unfortunate Caravaggio lay dead by the road-side, overcome by fatigue, resentment, and despair.

No. VI.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1759.

ON EDUCATION.[1]

To the Author of The Bee.

SIR,—As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet is it not a little surprising, that it should have been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner? They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to the individual and to society, and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine, but empty harangues upon this subject; instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical systems, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765 as Essay vii., with this brief heading and other variations :—"This treatise was published before Rousseau's Emilius : if there be a similitude in any one instance, it is hoped the author of the present essay will not be deemed a plagiarist."

observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject, the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic, where his slightest deviations may tend to injure the rising generation.

I shall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which have not been attended to by others, and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated is, some in free schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in town. Thus far they are right; if there were a possibility of having even our free schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of perhaps the mind, as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth; I have found by experience, that they who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said, that the boarding-schools are preferable to free schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them, otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions; he finds his last resource in setting up school. Do any become bankrupts in trade; they still set up a boarding school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers, who have turned schoolmasters; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people; could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it below the state? is it fit to indulge the caprice

of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but, surely, with great ease it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all members of society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a school-master; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of school-masters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people; a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth! But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make the business of a school-master every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

There are already school-masters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is but one school-master appointed, there should at least be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be an hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say, that school-masters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is generally some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. "You give your child to be educated to a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man; "instead of one slave you will then have two."

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as the master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If, then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys: the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such ceremony. If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniences, where the master and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world: the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world, and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school, but it is better to know these when a boy, than be first taught them when a man; for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage; since it may justly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit, *plus occidit gula quam gladius*. And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that

Mr. Locke and some others have advised that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions, but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep to a surprising degree; that when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered first, that those savages and peasants are generally not so long-lived as they who have led a more indolent life: secondly, that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country: had they considered, that what physicians call the *stamina vitæ*, by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus anticipate old age; that the number who survive those rude trials, bears no proportion to those who die in the experiment—had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to enure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should drink only sea water, but they unfortunately all died under the experiment.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high-seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though never so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is, to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone, they can ever

expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well, had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society, for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him, no way injures the common wealth: since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present: it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such an one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he at last became Lord Mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty: to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or an hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our school-masters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils, than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they would afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy

themselves transported into a new region. "*Ut cum in forum venerint existiment se in aliam terrarum orbem delatos.*" We should early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement: the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours, and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first, then, it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination were only shown; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired with wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination; instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided: a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing, is generally applauded so much, that he happens to continue a coxcomb sometimes all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared,[1] who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often without pleasing convinces, is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence, however, is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain

[1] No doubt, Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who had been reading Lectures on Elocution. *See* p. 36.

temple at Athens; the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other who got up to speak after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators is little less than to teach them to be poets; and for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a talker in all, but a master in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for every thing, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing school-masters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would not be most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation, on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember it, to save himself the trouble of looking out for it for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, though no school-master—of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The

others may be improvements; but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtleties, which at a proper age he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves; and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but, I know not, there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him; his accusers stood forth; he had a liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had a liberty of pleading against him: when found guilty by the pannel, he was consigned to the footman who attended in the house, who had previous orders to use his punishment with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in school.

And now I have gone thus far, perhaps you will think me

some pedagogue, willing, by a well-timed puff, to increase the reputation of his own school; but such is not the case. The regard I have for society, for those tender minds who are the objects of the present essay, such are the only motives I have for offering those thoughts, calculated not to surprise by their novelty, or the elegance of composition, but merely to remedy some defects which have crept into the present system of school education. If this letter should be inserted, perhaps I may trouble you in my next with some thoughts upon an university education; not with an intent to exhaust the subject, but to amend some few abuses.[1] I am, &c.

ON THE INSTABILITY OF WORLDLY GRANDEUR.[2]

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her therefore some time ago for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican in this imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures one after the other to the gazing crowd beneath them. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect the merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

[1] This concluding paragraph was omitted by its author when the paper was reprinted in 1765, as Essay vii.

[2] Reprinted by its author in 1765, as Essay viii.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure, which had been designed to represent himself. There were also some knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy, when taken down, in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia his son, said with a smile, *Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuam.* "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands, which is built upon popular applause; for as such praise what seems like merit, they as quickly condemn what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice, and perhaps at last be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure in the end of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "P—x take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my Lord Mayor!"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough[1] may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues is far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

[1] Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, died 20th October, 1758, at Munster, in Westphalia.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than my judgment, and instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Ilixofou. The bookseller assured him, he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What, have you never heard of that immortal poet," returned the other much surprised, "that light of the eyes, that favourite of kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipsihihi, second cousin to the moon?" "Nothing at all, indeed sir," returned the other. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartarean enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. Where was there ever so much merit seen; no times so important as our own; ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder

and applause! To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals, who once had crowds halloing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar; and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring fishery employed all Grub-street;[1] it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burthen of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring fishery!

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ACADEMIES OF ITALY.

THERE is not, perhaps, a country in Europe, in which learning is so fast upon the decline as in Italy; yet not one in which there are such a number of academies instituted for its support. There is scarce a considerable town in the whole country, which has not one or two institutions of this nature, where the learned, as they are pleased to call themselves, meet to harangue, to compliment each other, and praise the utility of their institution.

Jarchius has taken the trouble to give us a list of those clubs, or academies, which amount to five hundred and fifty, each distinguished by somewhat whimsical in the name. The academicians of Bologna, for instance, are divided into the Abbandonati, the Ausiosi, Oziosi, Arcadi, Confusi, Dubbiosi, &c. There are few of these who have not published their transactions, and scarce a member who is not looked upon as the most famous man in the world, at home.

Of all those societies I know of none, whose works are worth being known out of the precincts of the city in which they

[1] Now the people are going to jump down the gulf of luxury; and now nothing but a herring subscription can fish them up again. *The Citizen of the World*, Letter cvii. *See* vol. ii. p. 432 and p 443.

97518

were written, except the Cicalata Academica—or, as we might express it, the tickling society—of Florence. I have just now before me a manuscript oration, spoken by the late Tomaso Crudeli at that society, which will at once serve to give a better picture of the manner in which men of wit amuse themselves in that country, than any thing I could say upon the occasion. The oration is this:

"The younger the nymph, my dear companions, the more happy the lover. From fourteen to seventeen, you are sure of finding love for love; from seventeen to twenty-one, there is always a mixture of interest and affection. But when that period is past, no longer expect to receive, but to buy: no longer expect a nymph who gives, but who sells her favours. At this age, every glance is taught its duty; not a look, not a sigh, without design; the lady, like a skilful warrior, aims at the heart of another, while she shields her own from danger.

"On the contrary, at fifteen you may expect nothing but simplicity, innocence, and nature. The passions are then sincere; the soul seems seated in the lips; the dear object feels present happiness, without being anxious for the future; her eyes brighten if her lover approaches; her smiles are borrowed from the Graces, and her very mistakes seem to complete her desires.

"Lucretia was just sixteen. The rose and lily took possession of her face, and her bosom, by its hue and its coldness, seemed covered with snow. So much beauty, and so much virtue seldom want admirers. Orlandino, a youth of sense and merit, was among the number. He had long languished for an opportunity of declaring his passion, when Cupid, as if willing to indulge his happiness, brought the charming young couple by mere accident, to an arbour, where every prying eye but that of love was absent. Orlandino talked of the sincerity of his passion, and mixed flattery with his addresses; but it was all in vain. The nymph was pre-engaged, and had long devoted to heaven those charms for which he sued. 'My dear Orlandino,' said she, 'you know I have long been dedicated to St. Catharine, and to her belongs all that lies below my girdle; all that is above, you may freely possess, but farther I

cannot, must not comply. The vow is passed; I wish it were undone, but now it is impossible.' You may conceive, my companions, the embarrassment our young lovers felt upon this occasion. They kneeled to St. Catharine, and though both despaired, both implored her assistance. Their tutelar saint was entreated to shew some expedient, by which both might continue to love, and yet both be happy. Their petition was sincere. St. Catharine was touched with compassion; for lo, a miracle! Lucretia's girdle unloosed, as if without hands; and though before bound round her middle, fell spontaneously down to her feet, and gave Orlandino the possession of all those beauties which lay above it."

No. VII.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1759.

OF ELOQUENCE.

Of all kinds of success, that of an orator is the most pleasing. Upon other occasions, the applause we deserve is conferred in our absence, and we are insensible of the pleasure we have given; but in eloquence, the victory and the triumph are inseparable. We read our own glory in the face of every spectator; the audience is moved, the antagonist is defeated, and the whole circle bursts into unsolicited applause.

The rewards which attend excellence in this way are so pleasing, that numbers have written professed treatises to teach us the art; schools have been established with no other intent; rhetoric has taken place among the institutions, and pedants have ranged under proper heads, and distinguished with long learned names, *some* of the strokes of nature, or of passion, which orators have used. I say only *some*, for a folio volume could not contain all the figures, which have been used by the truly eloquent, and scarce a good speaker or writer but makes use of some that are peculiar or new.

Eloquence has preceded the rules of rhetoric, as languages have been formed before grammar. Nature renders men eloquent in great interests, or great passions. He that is

sensibly touched, sees things with a very different eye from the rest of mankind. All nature to him becomes an object of comparison and metaphor, without attending to it; he throws life. into all, and inspires his audience with a part of his own enthusiasm.

It has been remarked, that the lower parts of mankind generally express themselves most figuratively, and that tropes are found in the most ordinary forms of conversation. Thus, in every language, the heart burns; the courage is roused; the eyes sparkle; the spirits are cast down; passion enflames; pride swells and pity sinks the soul. Nature every where speaks in those strong images, which, from their frequency, pass unnoticed.

Nature it is which inspires those rapturous enthusiasms, those irresistible turns; a strong passion, a pressing danger, calls up all the imagination, and gives the orator irresistible force. Thus, a captain of the first caliphs seeing his soldiers fly, cried out, "Whither do you run? the enemy are not there! You have been told that the caliph is dead; but God is still living. He regards the brave, and will reward the courageous. Advance!"

A man, therefore, may be called eloquent, who transfers the passion or sentiment with which he is moved himself, into the breast of another; and this definition appears the more just, as it comprehends the graces of silence, and of action. An intimate persuasion of the truth to be proved, is the sentiment and passion to be transferred; and he who effects this, is truly possessed of the talent of eloquence.

I have called eloquence a talent, and not an art, as so many rhetoricians have done; as art is acquired by exercise and study, and eloquence is the gift of nature. Rules will never make either a work or a discourse eloquent; they only serve to prevent faults, but not to introduce beauties; to prevent those passages which are truly eloquent and dictated by nature from being blended with others, which might disgust, or at least abate our passion.

What we clearly conceive, says Boileau, we can clearly express. I may add, that what is felt with emotion is expressed also with the same movements; the words arise as readily to

paint our emotions, as to express our thoughts with perspicuity. The cool care an orator takes to express passions which he does not feel, only prevents his rising into that passion he would seem to feel. In a word, to feel your subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence, properly so called, which I can offer. Examine a writer of genius on the most beautiful parts of his work, and he will always assure you that such passages are generally those which have given him the least trouble, for they came as if by inspiration. To pretend that cold and didactic precepts will make a man eloquent, is only to prove that he is incapable of eloquence.

But as, in being perspicuous, it is necessary to have a full idea of the subject, so in being eloquent it is not sufficient, if I may so express it, to feel by halves. The orator should be strongly impressed; which is generally the effect of a fine and exquisite sensibility, and not that transient and superficial emotion, which he excites in the greatest part of his audience. It is even impossible to affect the hearers in any great degree, without being affected ourselves. In vain it will be objected, that many writers have had the art to inspire their readers with a passion for virtue, without being virtuous themselves; since it may be answered, that sentiments of virtue filled their minds at the time they were writing. They felt the inspiration strongly, while they praised justice, generosity, or good-nature; but, unhappily for them, these passions might have been discontinued, when they laid down the pen. In vain will it be objected again, that we can move without being moved, as we can convince without being convinced. It is much easier to deceive our reason than ourselves; a trifling defect in reasoning may be overseen, and lead a man astray; for it requires reason and time to detect the falsehood, but our passions are not so easily imposed upon; our eyes, our ears, and every sense, are watchful to detect the imposture.

No discourse can be eloquent, that does not elevate the mind. Pathetic eloquence, it is true, has for its only object to affect; but I appeal to men of sensibility, whether their pathetic feelings are not accompanied with some degree of elevation. We may then call eloquence and sublimity the same thing;

since it is impossible to be one without feeling the other. From hence it follows, that we may be eloquent in any language, since no language refuses to paint those sentiments, with which we are thoroughly impressed. What is usually called sublimity of style seems to be only an error. Eloquence is not in the words but in the subject, and in great concerns the more simply any thing is expressed, it is generally the more sublime. True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, but in a simple style; for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a sublime style; the sublimity lies only in the things; and when they are not so, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting.

What can be more simply expressed than the following extract from a celebrated preacher,[1] and yet what was ever more sublime? Speaking of the small number of the elect, he breaks out thus among his audience: "Let me suppose that this was the last hour of us all; that the heavens were opening over our heads; that time was passed, and eternity begun; that Jesus Christ in all his glory, that man of sorrows in all his glory, appeared on the tribunal, and that we were assembled here to receive our final decree of life or death eternal! Let me ask, impressed with terror like you, and not separating my lot from yours, but putting myself in the same situation in which we must all one day appear before God, our judge: let me ask, if Jesus Christ should now appear to make the terrible separation of the just from the unjust, do you think the greatest number would be saved? Do you think the number of the elect would even be equal to that of the sinners? Do you think, if all our works were examined with justice, would he find ten just persons in this great assembly? Monsters of ingratitude! would he find one?" Such passages as these are sublime in every language. The expression may be less striking, or more indistinct, but the greatness of the idea still remains. In a word, we may be eloquent in every language and in every style, since elocution is only an assistant, but not a constitutor of eloquence.

[1] John Baptist Massillon, Bishop of Clermont, born 1663, died 1742. An edition of his works, edited by his nephew, in fourteen volumes, was printed at Paris in 1745-6.

Of what use, then, will it be said, are all the precepts given us upon this head, both by the ancients and moderns? I answer, that they cannot make us eloquent, but they will certainly prevent us from becoming ridiculous. They can seldom procure a single beauty, but they may banish a thousand faults. The true method of an orator is not to attempt always to move, always to affect, to be continually sublime, but at proper intervals to give rest both to his own and the passions of his audience. In these periods of relaxation, or of preparation rather, rules may teach him to avoid any thing low, trivial, or disgusting. Thus criticism, properly speaking, is intended not to assist those parts which are sublime, but those which are naturally mean and humble, which are composed with coolness and caution, and where the orator rather endeavours not to offend, than attempts to please.

I have hitherto insisted more strenuously on that eloquence which speaks to the passions, as it is a species of oratory almost unknown in England. At the bar it is quite discontinued, and I think with justice. In the senate it is used but sparingly, as the orator speaks to enlighten judges. But in the pulpit, in which the orator should chiefly address the vulgar, it seems strange that it should be entirely laid aside.

The vulgar of England are, without exception, the most barbarous and the most unknowing of any in Europe. A great part of their ignorance may be chiefly ascribed to their teachers, who, with the most pretty gentleman-like serenity, deliver their cool discourses, and address the reason of men, who have never reasoned in all their lives. They are told of cause and effect, of being self-existent, and the universal scale of beings. They are informed of the excellence of the Bangorian Controversy,[1] and the absurdity of an intermediate state. The spruce preacher reads his lucubration without lifting his nose from the text, and never ventures to earn the shame of an enthusiast.

By this means, though his audience feel not one word of all

[1] A long and learned controversy, occasioned by a sermon on John xviii. 36, "My kingdom is not of this world," preached before George I., in 1717, by Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, and published by royal command.

he says, he earns, however, among his acquaintance the character of a man of sense; among his acquaintance only did I say, nay, even with his bishop.

The polite of every country have several motives to induce them to a rectitude of action; the love of virtue for its own sake, the shame of offending, and the desire of pleasing. The vulgar have but one, the enforcements of religion; and yet those who should push this motive home to their hearts, are basely found to desert their post. They speak to the squire, the philosopher, and the pedant; but the poor, those who really want instruction, are left uninstructed.

I have attended most of our pulpit orators, who, it must be owned, write extremely well upon the text they assume. To give them their due also, they read their sermons with elegance and propriety; but this goes but a very short way in true eloquence. The speaker must be moved. In this, in this alone, our English divines are deficient. Were they to speak to a few calm dispassionate hearers, they certainly use the properest methods of address; but their audience is chiefly composed of the poor, who must be influenced by motives of reward and punishment, and whose only virtues lie in self-interest or fear.

How, then, are such to be addressed? Not by studied periods or cold disquisitions; not by the labours of the head, but the honest spontaneous dictates of the heart. Neither writing a sermon with regular periods and all the harmony of elegant expression; neither reading it with emphasis, propriety, and deliberation; neither pleasing with metaphor, simile, or rhetorical fustian; neither arguing coolly, and untying consequences united in *à priori*, nor bundling up inductions *à posteriori*; neither pedantic jargon, nor academical trifling, can persuade the poor. Writing a discourse coolly in the closet, then getting it by memory, and delivering it on Sundays, even that will not do. What, then, is to be done? I know of no expedient to speak; to speak at once intelligibly, and feelingly, except to understand the language: to be convinced of the truth of the object, to be perfectly acquainted with the subject in view, to prepossess yourself with a low opinion of your audience, and to do the rest extempore. By this means strong

expressions, new thoughts, rising passions, and the true declamatory style, will naturally ensue.

Fine declamation does not consist in flowery periods, delicate allusions, or musical cadences, but in a plain, open, loose style, where the periods are long and obvious; where the same thought is often exhibited in several points of view; all this, strong sense, a good memory, and a small share of experience, will furnish to every orator; and without these a clergyman may be called a fine preacher, a judicious preacher, and a man of sound sense; he may make his hearers admire his understanding, but will seldom enlighten theirs.

When I think of the Methodist preachers among us, how seldom they are endued with common sense, and yet how often and how justly they affect their hearers, I cannot avoid saying within myself—had these been bred gentlemen, and been endued with even the meanest share of understanding, what might they not effect! Did our bishops, who can add dignity to their expostulations, testify the same fervour, and intreat their hearers, as well as argue, what might not be the consequence! The vulgar, by which I mean the bulk of mankind, would then have a double motive to love religion; first, from seeing its professors honoured here, and next, from the consequences hereafter. At present the enthusiasms of the poor are opposed to law: did law conspire with their enthusiasms, we should not only be the happiest nation upon earth, but the wisest also.

Enthusiasm in religion, which prevails only among the vulgar, should be the chief object of politics. A society of enthusiasts, governed by reason among the great, is the most indissoluble, the most virtuous, and the most efficient of its own decrees that can be imagined. Every country, possessed of any degree of strength, have had their enthusiasms, which ever serve as laws among the people. The Greeks had their *Kalokagatheia*, the Romans their *Amor Patriæ*, and we the truer and firmer bond of the *Protestant Religion*. The principle is the same in all; how much, then, is it the duty of those, whom the law has appointed teachers of this religion, to enforce its obligations, and to raise those enthusiasms among people, by which alone political society can subsist.

From eloquence, therefore, the morals of our people are to expect emendation; but how little can they be improved by men, who get into the pulpit rather to show their parts than convince us of the truth of what they deliver, who are painfully correct in their style, musical in their tones, where every sentiment, every expression, seems the result of meditation and deep study.

Tillotson has been commended as the model of pulpit eloquence: thus far he should be imitated, where he generally strives to convince rather than to please; but to adopt his long, dry, and sometimes tedious discussions, which serve to amuse only divines, and are utterly neglected by the generality of mankind, to praise the intricacy of his periods, which are too long to be spoken, to continue his cool phlegmatic manner of enforcing every truth, is certainly erroneous.[1] As I said before, the good preacher should adopt no model, write no sermons, study no periods; let him but understand his subject, the language he speaks, and be convinced of the truths he delivers. It is amazing to what heights eloquence of this kind may reach. This is that eloquence the ancients represented as lightning, bearing down every opposer; this the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration, and awe—that is described by the torrent, the flame, and every other instance of irresistible impetuosity.[2]

But to attempt such noble heights belongs only to the truly great, or the truly good. To discard the lazy manner of reading sermons, or speaking sermons by rote; to set up singly against the opposition of men who are attached to their own errors, and

[1] "I should not advise a preacher at this day to imitate Tillotson's style; though I don't know; I should be cautious of objecting to what has been applauded by so many suffrages."—JOHNSON *in* BOSWELL, *by Croker*, p. 579.

[2] "Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—
* * * * *
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."—COWPER, *The Task*, B. ii.

to endeavour to be great instead of being prudent, are qualities we seldom see united. A minister of the Church of England, who may be possessed of good sense and some hopes of preferment, will seldom give up such substantial advantages for the empty pleasure of improving society. By his present method he is liked by his friends, admired by his dependants, not displeasing to his bishop; he lives as well, eats and sleeps as well, as if a real orator, and an eager asserter of his mission: he will hardly, therefore, venture all this to be called, perhaps, an enthusiast; nor will he depart from customs established by the brotherhood, when, by such a conduct, he only singles himself out for their contempt.

CUSTOM AND LAWS COMPARED.

WHAT, say some, can give us a more contemptible idea of a large state than to find it mostly governed by custom; to have few written laws, and no boundaries to mark the jurisdiction between the senate and people? Among the number who speak in this manner is the great Montesquieu, who asserts, that every nation is free in proportion to the number of its written laws, and seems to hint at a despotic and arbitrary conduct in the present king of Prussia, who has abridged the laws of his country into a very short compass.

As Tacitus and Montesquieu happen to differ in sentiment upon a subject of so much importance (for the Roman expressly asserts, that the state is generally vicious in proportion to the number of its laws); it will not be amiss to examine it a little more minutely, and see whether a state, which, like England, is burthened with a multiplicity of written laws; or which, like Switzerland, Geneva, and some other republics, is governed by custom, and the determination of the judge, is best.

And to prove the superiority of custom to written law, we shall at least find history conspiring. Custom, or the traditional observance of the practice of their forefathers, was what directed the Romans, as well in their public as private determinations. Custom was appealed to in pronouncing sentence against a criminal, where part of the formulary was *more majorum*. So Sallust, speaking of the expulsion of

Tarquin, says, *mutato more*, and not *lege mutata;* and Virgil, *pacisque imponere morem.* So that, in those times of the empire, in which the people retained their liberty, they were governed by custom; when they sunk under oppression and tyranny, they were restrained by new laws, and the laws of tradition abolished.

As getting the ancients on our side is half a victory, it will not be amiss to fortify the argument with an observation of Chrysostom's; that "the enslaved are the fittest to be governed by laws, and free men by custom." Custom partakes of the nature of parental injunction; it is kept by the people themselves, and observed with a willing obedience. The observance of it must, therefore, be a mark of freedom, and coming originally to a state from the reverenced founders of its liberty, will be an encouragement and assistance to it in the defence of that blessing; but a conquered people, a nation of slaves, must pretend to none of this freedom, or these happy distinctions, having, by degeneracy, lost all right to their brave forefathers' free institutions, their masters will in policy take the forfeiture; and the fixing a conquest must be done by giving laws, which may every moment serve to remind the people enslaved of their conquerors; nothing being more dangerous than to trust a late-subdued people with old customs, that presently upbraid their degeneracy, and provoke them to revolt.

The wisdom of the Roman republic, in their veneration for custom, and backwardness to introduce a new law, was perhaps the cause of their long continuance, and of the virtues of which they have set the world so many examples. But, to show in what that wisdom consists, it may be proper to observe, that the benefit of new-written laws are merely confined to the consequences of their observance; but customary laws, keeping up a veneration for the founders, engage men in the imitation of their virtues as well as policy. To this may be ascribed the religious regard the Romans paid to their forefathers' memory, and their adhering for so many ages to the practice of the same virtues; which nothing contributed more to efface, than the introduction of a voluminous body of new laws over the neck of venerable custom.

The simplicity, conciseness, and antiquity of custom gives

an air of majesty and immutability that inspires awe and veneration; but new laws are too apt to be voluminous, perplexed, and indeterminate; from whence must necessarily arise neglect, contempt, and ignorance.

As every human institution is subject to gross imperfections, so laws must necessarily be liable to the same inconveniences, and their defects soon discovered. Thus, through the weakness of one part, all the rest are liable to be brought into contempt. But such weaknesses in a custom, for very obvious reasons, evade an examination; besides, a friendly prejudice always stands up in their favour.

But, let us suppose a new law to be perfectly equitable and necessary; yet, if the procurers of it have betrayed a conduct that confesses by-ends and private motives, the disgust to the circumstances disposes us, unreasonably indeed, to an irreverence of the law itself; but we are indulgently blind to the most visible imperfections of an old custom. Though we perceive the defects ourselves, yet we remain persuaded that our wise forefathers had good reasons for what they did; and though such motives no longer continue, the benefit will still go along with the observance, though we do not know how. It is thus the Roman lawyers speak; "Non omnium quæ a majoribus constituta sunt, ratio reddi potest, et ideo rationes eorum quæ constituuntur inquiri non oportet, aliaquin multa eo his quæ certa sunt subvertuntur."

Those laws which preserve to themselves the greatest love and observance, must needs be best; but custom, as it executes itself, must be necessarily superior to written laws in this respect, which are to be executed by another. Thus, nothing can be more certain than that numerous written laws are a sign of a degenerate community, and are frequently not the consequences of vicious morals in a state, but the causes.

From hence we see how much greater benefit it would be to the state rather to abridge than increase its laws. We every day find them increasing; acts and reports, which may be termed the acts of judges, are every day becoming more voluminous, and loading the subject with new penalties. Laws ever increase in number and severity, until they at length are strained so tight as to break themselves. Such was the case

of the latter empire, whose laws were at length become so strict, that the barbarous invaders did not bring servitude but liberty.

OF THE PRIDE AND LUXURY OF THE MIDDLING CLASS OF PEOPLE.[1]

OF all the follies and absurdities which this great metropolis labours under, there is not one, I believe, at present appears in a more glaring and ridiculous light, than the pride and luxury of the middling class of people: their eager desire of being seen in a sphere far above their capacities and circumstances is daily, nay, hourly, instanced by the prodigious numbers of mechanics who flock to the races, gaming-tables, brothels, and all public diversions this fashionable town affords.

You shall see a grocer, or a tallow-chandler, sneak from behind the counter, clap on a laced coat and a bag, fly to the E. O. table, throw away fifty pieces with some sharping man of quality, while his industrious wife is selling a pennyworth of sugar, or a pound of candles, to support her fashionable spouse in his extravagances.

I was led into this reflection by an odd adventure, which happened to me the other day at Epsom races, where I went, not through any desire, I do assure you, of laying bets or winning thousands, but at the earnest request of a friend, who had long indulged the curiosity of seeing the sport, very natural for an Englishman. When we had arrived at the course, and had taken several turns to observe the different objects that made up this whimsical group, a figure suddenly darted by us, mounted and dressed in all the elegance of those polite gentry who come to show you they have a little money, and rather than pay their just debts at home, generously come abroad to bestow it on gamblers and pickpockets. As I had not an opportunity of viewing his face till his return, I gently walked after him, and met him as he came back; when, to my no small surprise, I beheld in this gay Narcissus the visage of Jack Varnish, an humble vender of prints. Disgusted at the sight, I pulled my friend by the sleeve, pressed him to return

[1] First published in "The Literary Magazine."

home, telling him all the way, that I was so enraged at the fellow's impudence, I was resolved never to lay out another penny with him.

And now, pray sir, let me beg of you to give this a place in your paper, that Mr. Varnish may understand he mistakes the thing quite, if he imagines horse-racing commendable in a tradesman; and that he who is revelling every night in the arms of a common strumpet (though blessed with an indulgent wife) when he ought to be minding his business, will never thrive in this world. He will find himself soon mistaken, his finances decrease, his friends shun him, customers fall off, and himself thrown into a gaol. I would earnestly recommend this adage to every mechanic in London, "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you." A strict observance of these words will, I am sure, in time, gain them estates. Industry is the road to wealth, and honesty to happiness; and he who strenuously endeavours to pursue them both, may never fear the critic's lash, or the sharp cries of penury and want.

SABINUS AND OLINDA.

In a fair, rich, and flourishing country, whose clifts are washed by the German ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda. He was, indeed, superior to her in fortune; but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and, in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension! Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. By uncautiously

suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion; she forgot those many virtues, for which she had been so long and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion and mistaken resentment betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent: she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana. She continually laboured to disturb an union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions. The circumstances of Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious lawsuit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation, which were to be purchased at so high a price. Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height, that Sabinus was marked for destruction; and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to gaol, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries.

In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read to her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow prisoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords,

Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever Sabinus showed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself: that, so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship; that nothing could make her miserable but his seeming to want happiness, nothing pleased, but his sympathising with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur; they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will, in favour of a very distant relation who was now in another country, might easily be procured and burnt, in which case, all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow; for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual; she had therefore begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could so long and so unprovoked injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had, from the next room, herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue: she therefore re-assumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs

of her fortune. From this moment, Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana; who, dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate, and in her last moments confessed, that virtue was the only path to true glory, and that, however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will, in time, lead it to a certain victory.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A FRENCHMAN ON THE TEMPER OF THE ENGLISH.

NOTHING is so uncommon among the English, as that easy affability, that instant method of acquaintance, or that cheerfulness of disposition, which make in France the charm of every society. Yet, in this gloomy reserve they seem to pride themselves, and think themselves less happy, if obliged to be more social. One may assert, without wronging them, that they do not study the method of going through life with pleasure and tranquillity, like the French. Might not this be a proof that they are not so much philosophers as they imagine? Philosophy is no more than the art of making ourselves happy; that is, of seeking pleasure in regularity, and reconciling what we owe to society with what is due to ourselves.

This cheerfulness, which is the characteristic of our nation, in the eye of an Englishman passes almost for folly. But is their gloominess a greater mark of their wisdom? and, folly against folly, is not the most cheerful sort the best? If our gaiety makes them sad, they ought not to find it strange if their seriousness makes us laugh.

As this disposition to levity is not familiar to them, and as they look on every thing as a fault which they do not find at home, the English, who live among us, are hurt by it. Several of their authors reproach us with it as a vice, or at least as a ridicule.

Mr. Addison styles us a comic nation.[1] In my opinion it is not acting the philosopher on this point, to regard as a fault that quality, which contributes most to the pleasure of society and happiness of life. Plato, convinced that whatever makes

[1] The Spectator, No. 435.

men happier, makes them better, advises to neglect nothing that may excite and convert to an early habit, this sense of joy in children. Seneca places it in the first rank of good things. Certain it is, at least, that gaiety may be a concomitant of all sorts of virtue, but that there are some vices with which it is incompatible.

As to him who laughs at every thing, and him who laughs at nothing, neither of them has sound judgment. All the difference I find between them is, that the last is constantly the most unhappy. Those who speak against cheerfulness, prove nothing else, but that they were born melancholic, and that in their hearts they rather envy than condemn that levity they affect to despise.

The Spectator, whose constant object was the good of mankind in general, and of his own nation in particular, should, according to his own principles, place cheerfulness among the most desirable qualities; and probably, whenever he contradicts himself in this particular, it is only to conform to the tempers of the people whom he addresses. He asserts, that gaiety is one great obstacle to the prudent conduct of women. But are those of a melancholic temper, as the English women generally are, less subject to the foibles of love? I am acquainted with some doctors in this science, to whose judgment I would more willingly refer than to his. And perhaps in reality, persons naturally of a gay temper are too easily taken off by different objects, to give themselves up to all the excesses of this passion.

Mr. Hobbes, a celebrated philosopher of his nation, maintains that laughing proceeds from our pride alone.[1] This is only a paradox if asserted of laughing in general, and only argues that misanthropical disposition for which he was remarkable.

To bring the causes he assigns for laughing under suspicion, it is sufficient to remark, that proud people are commonly those who laugh least. Gravity is the inseparable companion of pride. To say that a man is vain because the humour of a writer, or the buffooneries of an harlequin, excite his laughter, would be advancing a great absurdity. We should distin-

[1] "The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly."—Hobbes' *Discourse of Human Nature.*

guish between laughter inspired by joy, and that which arises from mockery. The malicious sneer is improperly called laughter. It must be owned, that pride is the parent of such laughter as this; but this is in itself vicious; whereas, the other sort has nothing in its principles or effects that deserves condemnation. We find this amiable in others; and is it unhappiness to feel a disposition towards it in ourselves?

When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I rather see him hunting after joy, than having caught it; and this is more particularly remarkable in their women, whose tempers are inclined to melancholy. A laugh leaves no more traces on their countenance, than a flash of lightning on the face of the heavens. The most laughing air is instantly succeeded by the most gloomy. One would be apt to think that their souls open with difficulty to joy, or at least that joy is not pleased with its habitation there.

In regard to fine raillery, it must be allowed that it is not natural to the English, and therefore those who endeavour at it make but an ill-figure. Some of their authors have candidly confessed, that pleasantry is quite foreign to their character; but according to the reason they give, they lose nothing by this confession. Bishop Sprat gives the following one: "The English," says he, "have too much bravery to submit to be derided, and too much virtue and honour to mock others."

No. VIII.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1759.

ON DECEIT AND FALSEHOOD.

[The following account is so judiciously conceived, that I am convinced the reader will be more pleased with it, than with anything of mine, so I shall make no apology for this new publication.]

To the Author, &c.

SIR,—Deceit and falsehood have ever been an over-match for truth, and followed and admired by the majority of mankind. If we inquire after the reason of this, we shall find it in our own imaginations, which are amused and entertained with the perpetual novelty and variety that fiction affords, but find no

manner of delight in the uniform simplicity of homely truth, which still sues them under the same appearance.

He, therefore, that would gain our hearts must make his court to our fancy; which being sovereign comptroller of the passions, lets them loose, and inflames them more or less, in proportion to the force and efficacy of the first cause, which is ever the more powerful the more new it is. Thus, in mathematical demonstrations themselves, though they seem to aim at pure truth and instruction, and to be addressed to our reason alone, yet I think it is pretty plain, that our understanding is only made a drudge to gratify our invention and curiosity, and we are pleased not so much because our discoveries are certain, as because they are new.

I do not deny but the world is still pleased with things that pleased it many ages ago; but it should at the same time be considered, that man is naturally so much of a logician, as to distinguish between matters that are plain and easy, and others that are hard and inconceivable. What we understand, we overlook and despise, and what we know nothing of, we hug and delight in. Thus, there are such things as perpetual novelties; for we are pleased no longer than we are amazed, and nothing so much contents us as that which confounds us.

This weakness in human nature gave occasion to a party of men to make such gainful markets as they have done of our credulity. All objects and facts whatever, now ceased to be what they had been for ever before, and received what make and meaning it was found convenient to put upon them: what people eat, and drank, and saw, was not what they eat, and drank, and saw, but something farther, which they were fond of, because they were ignorant of it. In short, nothing was itself, but something beyond itself; and by these artifices and amusements the heads of the world were so turned and intoxicated, that, at last, there was scarce a sound set of brains left in it.

In this state of giddiness and infatuation it was no very hard task to persuade the already deluded, that there was an actual society and communion between human creatures and spiritual dæmons. And when they had thus put people into the power and clutches of the devil, none but they alone could have either skill or strength to bring the prisoners back again.

But, so far did they carry this dreadful drollery, and so fond were they of it, that to maintain it and themselves in profitable repute, they literally sacrificed for it, and made impious victims of, numberless old women and other miserable persons, who either through ignorance could not say what they were bid to say, or through madness said what they should not have said. Fear and stupidity made them incapable of defending themselves, and frenzy and infatuation made them confess guilty impossibilities, which produced cruel sentences, and then inhuman executions.

Some of these wretched mortals finding themselves either hateful or terrible to all, and befriended by none, and perhaps wanting the common necessaries of life, came at last to abhor themselves as much as they were abhorred by others, and grew willing to be burnt or hanged out of a world, which was no other to them than a scene of persecution and anguish.

Others, of strong imaginations and little understandings, were by positive and repeated charges against them, of committing mischievous and supernatural facts and villainies, deluded to judge of themselves by the judgment of their enemies, whose weakness or malice prompted them to be accusers. And many have been condemned as witches and dealers with the devil, for no other reason but their knowing more than those who accused, tried, and passed sentence upon them.

In these cases, credulity is a much greater error than infidelity, and it is safer to believe nothing than too much. A man that believes little or nothing of witchcraft, will destroy nobody for being under the imputation of it; and so far he certainly acts with humanity to others, and safety to himself: but he that credits all, or too much, upon that article, is obliged, if he acts consistently with his persuasion, to kill all those whom he takes to be the killers of mankind; and such are witches. It would be a jest and contradiction to say, that he is for sparing them who are harmless of that tribe, since the received notion of their supposed contract with the devil implies that they are engaged by covenant and inclination to do all the mischief they possibly can.

I have heard many stories of witches, and read many accusations against them; but I do not remember any, that would

have induced me to have consigned over to the halter or the flame any of those deplorable wretches, who, as they share our likeness and nature, ought to share our compassion, as persons cruelly accused of impossibilities.

But we love to delude ourselves, and often fancy or forge an effect, and then set ourselves, as gravely as ridiculously, to find out the cause. Thus, for example, when a dream of the hyp has given us false terrors, or imaginary pains, we immediately conclude that the infernal tyrant owes us a spite, and inflicts his wrath and stripes upon us, by the hands of some of his sworn servants among us. For this end an old woman is promoted to a seat in Satan's privy council, and appointed his executioner in chief within her district. So ready and civil are we to allow the devil the dominion over us, and even to provide him with butchers and hangmen of our own make and nature.

I have often wondered why we did not, in choosing our proper officers for Belzebub, lay the lot rather upon men than women, the former being more bold and robust, and more equal to that bloody service; but, upon enquiry, I find it has been so ordered for two reasons; first, the men having the whole direction of this affair, are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar; and, secondly, an old woman is grown by custom the most avoided and most unpitied creature under the sun, the very name carrying contempt and satire in it. And so far, indeed, we pay but an uncourtly sort of respect to Satan, in sacrificing to him nothing but the dry sticks of human nature.

We have a *wondering quality* within us, which finds huge gratification when we see strange feats done, and cannot at the same time see the doer, or the cause. Such actions are sure to be attributed to some witch or dæmon; for if we come to find they are slily performed by artists of our own species and by causes purely natural, our delight dies with our amazement.

It is, therefore, one of the most unthankful offices in the world, to go about to expose the mistaken notions of witchcraft and spirits; it is robbing mankind of a valuable imagination, and of the privilege of being deceived. Those who at any time undertook the task, have always met with rough treatment and

ill language for their pains, and seldom escaped the imputation of atheism, because they would not allow the devil to be too powerful for the Almighty. For my part, I am so much a heretic as to believe that God Almighty, and not the devil, governs the world.

If we inquire what are the common marks and symptoms by which witches are discovered to be such, we shall see how reasonably and mercifully those poor creatures were burnt and hanged, who unhappily fell under that name.

In the first place, the old woman must be prodigiously ugly; her eyes hollow and red, her face shrivelled; she goes double, and her voice trembles. It frequently happens, that this rueful figure frightens a child into the palpitation of the heart: home he runs, and tells his mamma, that goody such a one looked at him, and he is very ill. The good woman cries out, her dear baby is bewitched, and sends for the parson and the constable.

It is moreover necessary, that she be very poor. It is true her master Satan has mines and hidden treasures in his gift; but no matter, she is for all that very poor, and lives on alms. She goes to Sisly the cook-maid for a dish of broth, or the heel of a loaf, and Sisly denies them to her. The old woman goes away muttering, and perhaps in less than a month's time Sisly hears the voice of a cat, and strains her ancles, which are certain signs that she is bewitched.

A farmer sees his cattle die of the murrain, and the sheep of the rot, and poor goody is forced to be the cause of their death, because she was seen talking to herself the evening before such an ewe departed, and had been gathering sticks at the side of the wood where such a cow run mad.

The old woman has always for her companion an old grey cat, which is a disguised devil too, and confederate with goody in works of darkness. They frequently go journeys into Egypt upon a broom-staff, in half an hour's time, and now and then goody and her cat change shapes. The neighbours often over-hear them in deep and solemn discourse together, plotting some dreadful mischief, you may be sure.

There is a famous way of trying witches, recommended by king James I. The old woman is tied hand and foot, and

thrown into the river, and if she swims she is guilty, and taken out and burnt; but if she is innocent, she sinks, and is only drowned.

The witches are said to meet their master frequently in churches and church-yards. I wonder at the boldness of Satan and his congregation, in revelling and playing mountebank farces on consecrated ground; and I have as often wondered at the oversight and ill policy of some people in allowing it possible.

It would have been both dangerous and impious to have treated this subject at one certain time in this ludicrous manner. It used to be managed with all possible gravity, and even terror; and, indeed, it was made a tragedy in all its parts, and thousands were sacrificed, or rather murdered, by such evidence and colours, as, God be thanked! we are at this day ashamed of. An old woman may be miserable now, and not be hanged for it.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF ENGLAND.

THE history of the rise of language and learning is calculated to gratify curiosity rather than to satisfy the understanding. An account of that period only, when language and learning arrived at its highest perfection, is the most conducive to real improvement, since it at once raises emulation and directs to the proper objects. The age of Leo X. in Italy is confessed to be the Augustan age with them. The French writers seem agreed to give the same appellation to that of Lewis XIV., but the English are yet undetermined with respect to themselves.

Some have looked upon the writers in the times of Queen Elizabeth as the true standard for future imitation; others have descended to the reign of James I. and others still lower, to that of Charles II. Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject, I should readily give my vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius; and as before our writers charmed with their strength of thinking, so then they pleased with strength and grace united. In that period of

British glory, though no writer attracts our attention singly, yet, like stars lost in each other's brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived, that their minutest transactions will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness than the most important occurrences of even empires, which have been transacted in greater obscurity.

At that period there seemed to be a just balance between patronage and the press. Before it, men were little esteemed whose only merit was genius; and since, men who can prudently be content to catch the public are certain of living without dependence. But the writers of the period of which I am speaking, were sufficiently esteemed by the great, and not rewarded enough by booksellers, to set them above independence. Fame consequently then was the truest road to happiness; a sedulous attention to the mechanical business of the day makes the present never-failing resource.

The age of Charles II., which our countrymen term the age of wit and immorality, produced some writers that at once served to improve our language and corrupt our hearts. The king himself had a large share of knowledge and some wit, and his courtiers were generally men who had been brought up in the school of affliction and experience. For this reason, when the sunshine of their fortune returned, they gave too great a loose to pleasure, and language was by them cultivated only as a mode of elegance. Hence it became more enervated, and was dashed with quaintnesses, which gave the public writings of those times a very illiberal air.

L'Estrange who was by no means so bad a writer as some have represented him, was sunk in party faction, and having generally the worst side of the argument, often had recourse to scolding, pertness, and consequently a vulgarity, that discovers itself even in his more liberal compositions. He was the first writer who regularly enlisted himself under the banners of a party for pay, and fought for it through right and wrong for upwards of forty literary campaigns. This intrepidity gained him the esteem of Cromwell himself, and the papers he wrote even just before the Revolution, almost with the rope about his neck, have his usual characters of impudence

and perseverance.[1] That he was a standard writer cannot be disowned; because a great many very eminent authors formed their style by his.[2] But his standard was far from being a just one; though, when party considerations are set aside, he certainly was possessed of elegance, ease, and perspicuity.

Dryden, though a great and undisputed genius, had the same cast as L'Estrange. Even his plays discover him to be a party man, and the same principle infects his style in subjects of the lightest nature; but the English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addisons, who succeeded him; and had it not been for Dryden, we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. But Dryden's excellencies as a writer were not confined to poetry alone. There is in his prose writings an ease and elegance, that have never yet been so well united in works of taste or criticism.

The English language owes very little to Otway, though, next to Shakespeare, the greatest genius England ever produced in tragedy. His excellencies lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion just as it rises from the soul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no critical knowledge, and to have lived in great distress. When he died, (which he did in an obscure house near the Minories), he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which it seems he had sold for a trifle to Bentley the bookseller.[3] I have seen an advertisement at the end of one of L'Estrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to

[1] Swift calls him "a superficial meddling coxcomb."—Note on Burnet's "Own Times," ii. 211, ed. 1823.

[2] "His [Bunyan's] is a homespun style, not a manufactured one; and what a difference is there between its homeliness and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school."—SOUTHEY'S *Life of Bunyan*, p. lxxxviii. To which Southey adds in a note:—"Let me not be understood as passing an indiscriminate censure upon Sir Roger L'Estrange's style. No better specimens of idiomatic English are to be found than in some of his writings; but no baser corruptions and vilifications than in some of his translations."

[3] To whom he dedicated his play of *The Soldier's Fortune*.

his shop.[1] What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in.

Lee had a great command of language, and vast force of expression, both which the best of our succeeding dramatic poets thought proper to take for their models. Rowe, in particular, seems to have caught that manner, though in all other respects inferior. The other poets of that reign contributed but little towards improving the English tongue, and it is not certain whether they did not injure rather than improve it. Immorality has its cant as well as party, and many shocking expressions now crept into the language, and became the transient fashion of the day. The upper galleries, by the prevalence of party spirit, were courted with great assiduity, and a horse-laugh following ribaldry was the highest instance of applause, the chastity as well as energy of diction being overlooked or neglected.

Virtuous sentiment was recovered, but energy of style never was. This, though disregarded in plays and party-writings, still prevailed amongst men of character and business. The dispatches of Sir Richard Fanshawe, Sir William Godolphin, Lord Arlington, and many other ministers of state, are all of them, with respect to diction, manly, bold, and nervous. Sir William Temple, though a man of no learning, had great knowledge and experience. He wrote always like a man of sense and a gentleman; and his style is the model by which the best prose writers in the reign of Queen Anne formed theirs.[2] The beauties of Mr. Locke's style, though not so much celebrated, are as striking as that of his understanding. He never says more nor less than he ought, and never makes use of a word that he could have changed for a better. The same observation holds good of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

Mr. Locke was a philosopher; his antagonist Stillingfleet,

[1] In "The Observator" for November 27, 1686, appeared the following advertisement:—"Whereas Mr. Thomas Otway sometime before his death made four acts of a play, whoever can give notice in whose hands the copy lies, either to Mr. Thomas Betterton or Mr. William Smith, at the Theatre Royal, shall be well rewarded for his pains." The piece was not recovered.

[2] "Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose Before his time they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded."—JOHNSON, *Boswell by Croker*, p. 582.

bishop of Worcester, was a man of learning, and therefore the contest between them was unequal. The clearness of Mr. Locke's head renders his language perspicuous; the learning of Stillingfleet's clouds his. This is an instance of the superiority of good sense over learning, towards the improvement of every language.

There is nothing peculiar to the language of archbishop Tillotson, but his manner of writing is inimitable; for one who reads him wonders why he himself did not think and speak in that very manner. The turn of his periods is agreeable, though artless, and every thing he says seems to flow spontaneously from inward conviction. Barrow, though greatly his superior in learning, falls short of him in other respects.

The time seems to be at hand, when justice will be done to Mr. Cowley's prose, as well as poetical writings; and though his friend, Dr. Sprat, bishop of Rochester, in his diction, falls far short of the abilities for which he has been celebrated; yet, there is sometimes a happy flow in his periods, something that looks like eloquence.[1] The style of his successor Atterbury has been much commended by his friends, which always happens when a man distinguishes himself in party, but there is in it nothing extraordinary.[2] Even the speech which he made for himself at the bar of the House of Lords, before he was sent into exile, is void of eloquence; though it has been cried up by his friends to such a degree, that his enemies have suffered it to pass uncensured.

The philosophical manner of Lord Shaftesbury's writing is nearer to that of Cicero than any English author has yet arrived at; but perhaps had Cicero wrote in English, his composition would have greatly exceeded that of our countryman. The diction of the latter is beautiful, but such beauty, as upon nearer inspection carries with it evident symptoms of

[1] "Those who judge of Sprat by his verses must consider him as a servile imitator, who, without one spark of Cowley's admirable genius, mimicked whatever was least commendable in Cowley's manner; but those who are acquainted with Sprat's prose writings will form a very different estimate of his powers. He was indeed a great master of our language."—MACAULAY'S *History*, ii. 95, 9th ed.

[2] Johnson praised it to Boswell as "one of the best!"—*See* BOSWELL *by Croker*, p. 578.

affectation. This has been attended with very disagreeable consequences. Nothing is so easy to copy as affectation, and his lordship's rank and fame have procured him more imitators in Britain than any other writer I know: all faithfully preserving his blemishes, but, unhappily, not one of his beauties.

Mr. Trenchard[1] and Dr. Davenant[2] were political writers of great abilities in diction, and their pamphlets are now standards in that way of writing. They were followed by Dean Swift; who, though in other respects far their superior, never could arise to that manliness and clearness of diction in political writing, for which they were so justly famous.

They were all of them exceeded by the late Lord Bolingbroke, whose strength lay in that province; for as a philosopher and a critic he was ill qualified, being destitute of virtue for the one, and of learning for the other. His writings against Sir Robert Walpole are incomparably the best part of his works. The personal and perpetual antipathy he had for that family, to whose places he thought his own abilities had a right, gave a glow to his style, and an edge to his manner, that never has been yet equalled in political writing. His misfortunes and disappointments gave his mind a turn, which his friends mistook for philosophy; and at one time of his life he had the art to impose the same belief upon some of his enemies. His "Idea of a Patriot King," which I reckon (as indeed it was) amongst his writings against Sir Robert Walpole, is a masterpiece of diction.[3] Even in his other works his style is excellent; but where a man either does not, or will not understand the subject he writes on, there must always be a deficiency. In politics he was generally master of what he undertook; in morals never.

Mr. Addison, for a happy and natural style, will be always an honour to British literature. His diction, indeed, wants strength, but it is equal to all the subjects he undertakes to

[1] Author of a "Short History of Standing Armies," "Considerations on Public Debts," &c. He died in 1723.

[2] Dr. Charles D'Avenant, eldest son of Sir William D'Avenant. His Essays on Trade and Revenue were collected in 1771, in five vols. 8vo., by Sir Charles Whitworth. He died in 1714.

[3] Compare Goldsmith in his "Life of Bolingbroke," in vol. iv. of this edition.

handle; as he never (at least in his finished works) attempts any thing either in the argumentative or demonstrative way.

Though Sir Richard Steele's reputation as a public writer was owing to his connexions with Mr. Addison, yet, after their intimacy was formed, Steele sunk in his merit as an author. This was not owing so much to the evident superiority on the part of Addison, as to the unnatural efforts which Steele made to equal or eclipse him.[1] This emulation destroyed that genuine flow of diction which is discoverable in all his former compositions.

Whilst their writings engaged attention and the favour of the public, reiterated but unsuccessful endeavours were made towards forming a grammar of the English language. The authors of those efforts[2] went upon wrong principles. Instead of endeavouring to retrench the absurdities of our language, and bringing it to a certain criterion, their grammars were no other than a collection of rules attempting to naturalize those absurdities, and bring them under a regular system.

Somewhat effectual, however, might have been done towards fixing the standard of the English language, had it not been for the spirit of party. For both Whigs and Tories being ambitious to stand at the head of so great a design, the Queen's death happened before any plan of an academy could be resolved on.

Meanwhile, the necessity of such an institution became every day more apparent. The periodical and political writers who then swarmed, adopted the very worst manner of L'Estrange, till not only all decency, but all propriety of language, was lost in the nation. Leslie, a pert writer, with some wit and learning, insulted the government every week with the grossest abuse.[3] His style and manner, both of which were illiberal,

[1] Fielding, on the other hand, insinuates that Addison was indebted to Steele more than he cared to acknowledge.—*See* "A Journey from this World to the Next," chapter viii.

[2] Goldsmith alludes to Swift's "Proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English Tongue," addressed to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford; and "written," says Johnson, "without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without any accurate inquiry into the history of other tongues."—*Life of Swift.*

[3] Charles Leslie, a nonjuror, and author of the "Short Method with the Deists," &c.—"A reasoner," as Johnson remarked to Henderson, "who was not to be reasoned against."—BOSWELL, *by Croker*, p. 759. He died in 1722.

was imitated by Ridpath,[1] De Foe, Dunton,[2] and others of the opposite party; and Toland[3] pleaded the cause of atheism and immorality in much the same strain; his subject seemed to debase his diction, and he ever failed most in one, when he grew most licentious in the other.

Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, some of the greatest men in England devoted their time to party, and then a much better manner obtained in political writing. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Addison, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Steele, and many members of both Houses of Parliament, drew their pens for the Whigs; but they seem to have been over-matched, though not in argument yet in writing, by Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the other friends of the opposite party. They who oppose a ministry, have always a better field for ridicule and reproof, than they who defend it.

Since that period, our writers have either been encouraged above their merits, or below them. Some who were possessed of the meanest abilities acquired the highest preferments, while others who seemed born to reflect a lustre upon their age, perished by want and neglect. Moore, Savage, and Amhurst[4] were possessed of great abilities; yet they were suffered to feel all the miseries that usually attend the ingenious and the imprudent, that attend men of strong passions and no phlegmatic reserve in their command.

At present, were a man to attempt to improve his fortune, or increase his friendship by poetry, he would soon feel the anxiety of disappointment. The press lies open, and is a benefactor to every sort of literature but that alone.

I am at a loss whether to ascribe this falling off of the public

[1] George Ridpath, author of a Whig journal, called "The Flying Post,"—

"To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist."—POPE.

[2] John Dunton, bookseller and miscellaneous writer, died 1733. He projected "The Athenian Mercury," and wrote an amusing work, his own "Life and Errors," now too much neglected.

[3] John Toland, a celebrated deistical and political writer, died 1722.

"Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to 'Christ's no Kingdom here.'"—POPE.

[4] *See* note on *Enquiry*, vol. ii. 47. "Let us not aggravate those natural inconveniences by neglect; we have had sufficient instances of that kind already. Sale, Savage, Amhurst, Moore, will suffice for one age at least."—*Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* (1759).

to a vicious taste in the poet, or in them. Perhaps both are to be reprehended. The poet either drily didactive gives us rules, which might appear abstruse even in a system of ethics, or triflingly volatile writes upon the most unworthy subjects: content, if he can give music instead of sense; content, if he can paint to the imagination without any desires or endeavours to affect; the public, therefore, with justice discard such empty sound, which has nothing but jingle, or, what is worse, the unmusical flow of blank verse to recommend it. The late method, also, that our newspapers have fallen into of giving an epitome of every new publication, must greatly damp the writer's genius. He finds himself in this case at the mercy of men, who have neither abilities nor learning to distinguish his merit. He finds his own compositions mixed with the sordid trash of every daily scribbler. There is a sufficient specimen given of his work to abate curiosity, and yet so mutilated as to render him contemptible. His first, and perhaps his second work, by these means sink among the crudities of the age into oblivion. Fame, he finds, begins to turn her back: he therefore flies to profit which invites him, and he enrols himself in the lists of dulness and of avarice for life.

Yet there are still among us men of the greatest abilities; and who, in some parts of learning, have surpassed their predecessors. Justice and friendship might here impel me to speak of names which will shine out to all posterity, but prudence restrains me from what I should otherwise eagerly embrace. Envy might rise against every honoured name I should mention; since scarcely one of them has not those who are his enemies, or those who despise him, &c.

OF THE OPERA IN ENGLAND.

THE rise and fall of our amusements pretty much resembles that of empire. They this day flourish without any visible cause for such vigour; the next day they decay away without any reason that can be assigned for their downfall. Some years ago the Italian Opera was the only fashionable amusement among our nobility. The managers of the playhouses dreaded it as a mortal enemy, and our very poets listed themselves in the opposition; at present the house seems deserted, the castrati sing to empty benches, even Prince Vologeso[1] himself, a youth of great expectations, sings himself out of breath, and rattles his chain to no purpose.

To say the truth, the Opera, as it is conducted among us, is but a very humdrum amusement: in other countries, the decorations are entirely magnificent, the singers all excellent, and the burlettas or interludes quite entertaining; the best poets compose the words, and the best masters the music; but with us it is otherwise; the decorations are but trifling and cheap; the singers, Mattei[2] only excepted, but indifferent. Instead of interlude, we have those sorts of skipping dances, which are calculated for the galleries of the theatre. Every performer sings his favourite song, and the music is only a medley of old Italian airs, or some meagre modern capriccio.

When such is the case, it is not to be wondered if the Opera is pretty much neglected: the lower orders of people have neither taste nor fortune to relish such an entertainment; they would find more satisfaction in the 'Roast Beef of Old England' than in the finest closes of an eunuch; they sleep amidst all the agony of recitative: on the other hand, people of fortune or taste can hardly be pleased, where there is a visible poverty in the decorations, and an entire want of taste in the composition.[3]

[1] A pasticcio, in which Cornacini first appeared in this country.

[2] *See* note at p. 31.

[3] "He [Tom Killegrew] tells me that he hath ever endeavoured in the late king's time and in this to introduce a good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. And says 'Hermitt Poor' and 'Chiny Chese' [Chevy Chase] was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still."—PEPYS, 12th Feb., 1666-7.

Would it not surprise one, that when Metastasio is so well known in England, and so universally admired, the manager or the composer should have recourse to any other operas than those written by him. I might venture to say, that "written by Metastasio" put up in the bills of the day, would alone be sufficient to fill an house; since thus the admirers of sense as well as sound might find entertainment.

The performers also should be entreated to sing only their parts, without clapping in any of their own favourite airs. I must own, that such songs are generally to me the most disagreeable in the world. Every singer generally chooses a favourite air, not from the excellency of the music, but from the difficulty; such songs are generally chosen as surprize rather than please, where the performer may show his compass, his breath, and his volubility.

From hence proceed those unnatural startings, those unmusical closings, and shakes lengthened out to a painful continuance: such, indeed, may show a voice, but it must give a truly delicate ear the utmost uneasiness. Such tricks are not music; neither Corelli nor Pergolesi ever permitted them, and they begin even to be discontinued in Italy, where they first had their rise.

And now I am upon the subject; our composers also should affect greater simplicity: let their bass cliff have all the variety they can give it; let the body of the music (if I may so express it) be as various as they please, but let them avoid ornamenting a barren ground-work; let them not attempt, by flourishing, to cheat us of solid harmony.

The works of M. Rameau are never heard without a surprising effect. I can attribute it only to this simplicity he every where observes, insomuch that some of his finest harmonies are often only octave and unison. This simple manner has greater powers than is generally imagined; and were not such a demonstration misplaced, I think, from the principles of music, it might be proved to be most agreeable.

But to leave general reflection. With the present set of performers, the operas, if the conductor thinks proper, may be carried on with some success, since they have all some

merit; if not as actors, at least as singers. Signora Mattei is at once both a perfect actress and a very fine singer: she is possessed of a fine sensibility in her manner, and seldom indulges those extravagant and unmusical flights of voice complained of before. Cornacini,[2] on the other hand, is a very indifferent actor, has a most unmeaning face, seems not to feel his part, is infected with a passion of showing his compass; but to recompense all these defects, his voice is melodious, he has vast compass and great volubility, his swell and shake are perfectly fine, unless that he continues the latter too long. In short, whatever the defects of his action may be, they are amply recompensed by his excellency as a singer; nor can I avoid fancying that he might make a much greater figure in an oratorio than upon the stage.

However, upon the whole, I know not whether ever operas can be kept up in England; they seem to be entirely exotic, and require the nicest management and care. Instead of this, the care of them is assigned to men unacquainted with the genius and disposition of the people they would amuse, and whose only motives are immediate gain. Whether a discontinuance of such entertainments would be more to the loss or the advantage of the nation, I will not take upon me to determine; since it is as much our interest to induce foreigners of taste among us on the one hand, as it is to discourage those trifling members of society, who generally compose the operatical *dramatis personæ*, on the other.

[1] *See* note at p. 31.

[2] "The following season [to 1759] began with Vologeso, a pasticcio, in which Cornacchini, a new first man, superseded Potenza; the public, however, gained but little by the change, as his voice was not good, and his style of singing by no means grand or captivating."—BURNEY'S *Hist. of Music*, vol. iv. p. 471.

ESSAYS.

BY

MR. GOLDSMITH.

Collecta Revirescunt.

London:

Printed for W. Griffin, in Fetter Lane.[1]

MDCCLXV.

---

[1] Griffin the next year removed to Catherine Street in the Strand, where he set up the sign of Garrick's Head. The second edition of the "Essays" was published in Catherine Street.

These "Essays," collected by their author from his anonymous communications to periodicals, "The Bee,"[1] "The Busy Body,"[2] "The British Magazine," &c.[3] (with nine from "The Citizen of the World, 1762"), appeared on the 3rd of June, 1765, with the following title:—

Essays. By Mr. Goldsmith. Collecta Revirescunt. London: printed for W. Griffin, in Fetter Lane. 1765. [12°.]

The second edition, corrected and enlarged by two Essays (now Nos. 26 and 27), appeared the next year:—

Essays by Oliver Goldsmith. Collecta Revirescunt. The second edition, corrected. London: printed for W. Griffin, in Catharine Street. 1766. *pp.* 248. [12°. *Price* 3*s. bound.*]

This, the last edition published in Goldsmith's lifetime, is the foundation of the text of this reprint. I have, however, compared the text with the edition of 1775, containing the same number of Essays ("London: printed for J. and F. Rivington, B. Law, G. Robinson, S. Bladon, and T. Evans, Strand"), and with the edition of 1798 (3 vols. post 8vo.), said to be superintended by Mr. Thomas Wright, the father of Mr. J. Wright, who saw the edition of 1837 (4 vols. 8vo.—Murray) through the press.

---

[1] See vol. iii., p. ii.

[2] The first number of "The Busy Body" appeared on Tuesday the 9th of November, 1759, three days after the appearance of "The Bee." "The Busy Body" was a periodical paper, printed by J. Pottinger, at the Dunciad in Paternoster Row, price two-pence, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. After its twelfth number it ceased as a distinct work. The numbers were then collected into a thin volume, now very scarce. The papers contributed by Goldsmith were four in number: "The Logicians Refuted," a poem; "On the Clubs of London" (Essay iv.); "On Public Rejoicings for Victory;" (Unacknowledged Essays, i.) and "Stanzas on the taking of Quebec."

[3] Edited by Smollett. Goldsmith, it is said, contributed in all twenty-one papers, only three of which he admitted into his Collected Essays.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

Essay

I. Introductory Paper.

II. The Story of Alcander and Septimius; taken from a Byzantine Historian.

III. On Happiness of Temper.

IV. Description of various Clubs.

V. On the Use of Language.

VI. On Generosity and Justice.

VII. On the Education of Youth.

VIII. On the Versatility of Popular Favour.

IX. Specimen of a Magazine in Miniature.

X. Beau Tibbs, a Character.

XI. Beau Tibbs, continued.

XII. On the Irresolution of Youth.

XIII. On Mad Dogs.

XIV. On the increased Love of Life with Age.

XV. On the Passion of Women for Levelling all distinctions of Dress.

XVI. Asem the Man-hater; an Eastern Tale.

XVII. On the English Clergy and Popular Preachers.

XVIII. On the Advantages to be derived from sending a judicious Traveller to Asia.

XIX. A Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

XX. On Quack Doctors.

XXI. Adventures of a Strolling Player.

Essay.
XXII. Rules enjoined to be observed at a Russian Assembly
XXIII. The Genius of Love; an Eastern Apologue.
XXIV. The Distresses of a Common Soldier.
XXV. Supposed to be written by the Ordinary of Newgate.
XXVI. Written at the time of the last Coronation.
XXVII. To the Printer.
XXVIII. The Double Transformation; a Tale.
XXIX. A new Simile in the manner of Swift.

THE PREFACE.

THE following Essays have already appeared at different times, and in different publications. The pamphlets in which they were inserted being generally unsuccessful, these shared the common fate, without assisting the booksellers' aims, or extending the writer's reputation. The public was too strenuously employed with their own follies, to be assiduous in estimating mine; so that many of my best attempts in this way, have fallen victims to the transient topic of the times; the Ghost in Cock Lane,[1] or the Siege[2] of Ticonderoga.

But though they have past pretty silently into the world, I can by no means complain of their circulation. The magazines and papers of the day have, indeed, been liberal enough in this respect. Most of these Essays have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the kennel of some engaging compilation. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philautos, Philalethes, Philalutheros, and Philanthropos.[3] These gentlemen have kindly stood sponsors to my productions, and to flatter me more, have always taken my errors on themselves.[4]

It is time, however, at last, to vindicate my claims; and as these entertainers of the public, as they call themselves, have partly lived upon me for some years, let me now try if I cannot live a little upon myself. I would desire, in this case, to imitate the fat man who I have somewhere read of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors, prest by famine, were taking slices from his posteriors to satisfy their

[1] *See* note at p. 156, and vol. iv. p. 359, *The Mystery Revealed.* [2] *See* p. 263.

[3] "The public were more importantly employed, than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My Essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I."—*The Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xx.

[4] Past them as their own.—*First Edition.*

hunger, insisted, with great justice, on having the first cut for himself.

Yet, after all, I cannot be angry with any one who have taken it into their heads to think that whatever I write is worth reprinting, particularly when I consider how great a majority will think it scarce worth reading. Trifling and superficial are terms of reproach that are easily objected, and that carry an air of penetration in the observer. These faults have been objected to the following Essays; and it must be owned, in some measure, that the charge is true. However, I could have made them more metaphysical had I thought fit, but I would ask whether in a short essay it is not necessary to be superficial? Before we have prepared to enter into the depths of a subject, in the usual forms, we have got to the bottom of our scanty page, and thus lose the honours of a victory, by too tedious a preparation for the combat.

There is another fault in this collection of trifles, which, I fear, will not be so easily pardoned. It will be alleged that the humour of them (if any be found) is stale and hackneyed. This may be true enough as matters now stand, but I may with great truth assert, that the humour was new when I wrote it. Since that time, indeed, many of the topics which were first started here, have been hunted down, and many of the thoughts blown upon. In fact, these Essays were considered as quietly laid in the grave of oblivion, and our modern compilers, like sextons and executioners, think it their undoubted right to pillage the dead.

However, whatever right I have to complain of the public, they can as yet have no just reason to complain of me. If I have written dull Essays, they have hitherto treated them as dull Essays. Thus far we are, at least, upon par, and until they think fit to make me their humble debtor, by praise, I am resolved not to lose a single inch of my self-importance. Instead, therefore, of attempting to establish a credit amongst them, it will perhaps be wiser to apply to some more distant correspondent, and as my drafts are in some danger of being protested at home, it may not be imprudent upon this occasion, to draw my bills upon Posterity.[1]

[1] Here the *first edition* added :—"Mr. Posterity. Sir, Nine hundred and ninety-nine years after sight hereof, pay the bearer, or order, a thousand pounds' worth of praise. free from all deductions whatsoever, it being a commodity that will then be very serviceable to him, and place it to the accompt of, &c." This was omitted in the second edition of 1766, and in the edition of 1775 (the third, I see reason to believe) though restored to the text in the edition of 1798 (3 vols. post 8vo.), edited by Mr. Thomas Wright.

ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.[1]

INTRODUCTORY PAPER.[2]

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humour. In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer, as I am, finds himself. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often blundered in making my bow, I am at a loss whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. Should I modestly decline all merit, it is too probable the hasty reader may take me at my word. If, on the other hand, like labourers in the Magazine trade, I humbly presume to promise an epitome of all the good things that were ever said or written, those readers I most desire to please may forsake me.

My bookseller, in this dilemma perceiving my embarrassment, instantly offered his assistance and advice: "You must know, sir," says he, "that the republic of letters is at present divided into several classes. One writer excels at a plan, or a title-page; another works away the body of the book; and a third is a dab at an index. Thus a Magazine is not the result of any single man's industry; but goes through as many hands as a new pin, before it is fit for the public. I fancy, sir,"

[1] Originally No. i. of "The Bee." *See* vol. iii., p. 5.

[2] The contents of each Essay are the additions of Goldsmith's editors. They are useful, and I have therefore retained them.

continues he, "I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little, and pay them, as Colonel Chartres paid his seraglio, at the rate of three half-pence in hand, and three shillings more in promises."

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline, by assuring him, that, as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan; determined never to be tedious, in order to be logical, wherever pleasure presented, I was resolved to follow.

It will be improper, therefore, to pall the reader's curiosity by lessening his surprise, or anticipate any pleasure I am able to procure him, by saying what shall come next. Happy could any effort of mine, but repress one criminal pleasure, or but for a moment fill up an interval of anxiety! How gladly would I lead mankind from the vain prospects of life, to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity.

But whatever may be the merit of his intentions, every writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character which has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to an happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a serjeant, and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming-table, may be received with perfect indifference should it happen to drop in a mackrel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, where men of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who with persuasive eloquence promises four extraordinary pages of letter-press, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from nature.

Thus, then, though I cannot promise as much entertainment, or as much elegance as others have done, yet the reader may be assured he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly assure him, I was never yet possessed of the secret of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have, are heartily at his service; which if, after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find intolerably dull, or low, or sad stuff, this I protest is more than I know. I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible; he may try a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even to a fourth, in case of extremity: if he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bayes in the Rehearsal,[1] that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance. But still, if my readers impute the general tenour of my subject to me as a fault, I must beg leave to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, found himself in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin; a deformity which, as it was endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest beauty. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins, and no men were beaux whose faces were not broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday, a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church-door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed upon the stranger; but what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin. Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and whispers, circulated from visage to visage; the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gaiety. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object for deformity to point at. "Good folks," said he, "I perceive that I am a very ridiculous figure here, but I assure you I am reckoned no way deformed at HOME."

[1] The Rehearsal maintained its position on the stage till the retirement of Garrick. Cibber and Garrick were famous as Bayes, and both made skilful adaptations of scenes suitable to the season in which either played in it.

ESSAY II.

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

Taken from a Byzantine Historian.[1]

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolised.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those

[1] Originally No. i. of "The Bee," *see* p. 13. Boccaccio is the real name of Goldsmith's imaginary Byzantine.

amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the meantime Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sate administering justice

in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined, and Alcander being found was immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same

tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther encreased when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

ESSAY III.[1]

ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth, thought "cross-purposes" the highest stretch of human wit, and "questions and commands" the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue, I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a proces-

[1] Originally No. ii. of "The Bee." See p. 31.

sion; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here; an happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, of the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that, instead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy Cardinal

Mazarine (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes), he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniencies of life, he still retained his good humour; laughed at all the little spite of his enemies; and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it: for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. When ever he fell into any misery, he usually called it Seeing Life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon (in great affliction to be sure) "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." "Ah! father," cries

Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume: it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it; by the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others: by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

ESSAY IV.[1]

DESCRIPTION OF VARIOUS CLUBS.

I REMEMBER to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tom Brown's works) that, let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion, be what they will, he can find company in London to match them. If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St. James's Park, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's Coffee House,[2] and damn the nation because it keeps him from starving. If he be phlegmatic, he may sit in silence at the hum-drum club in Ivy Lane; and, if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moor-fields, either at Bedlam or the Foundery, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But, although such as have a knowledge of the town, may easily class themselves with tempers congenial to their own; a countryman who comes to live in London finds nothing more

[1] First printed in "The Busy Body" of 13th October, 1759. *See* p. 140.

[2] In St. Martin's-lane. It existed as late as 1843.

difficult. With regard to myself, none ever tried with more assiduity, or came off with such indifferent success. I spent a whole season in the search, during which time my name has been enrolled in societies, lodges, convocations, and meetings without number. To some I was introduced by a friend, to others invited by an advertisement; to these I introduced myself, and to those I changed my name to gain admittance. In short, no coquette was ever more solicitous to match her ribbons to her complexion, than I to suit my club to my temper, for I was too obstinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The first club I entered upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had, for some time, begun upon business. The Grand, with a mallet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority of genius in men, who had taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking; but, though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat, or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the Grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a song. I was, upon this, whispered by one of the company who sat next me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr. Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to excuse himself; for, as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuses were overruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The president ordered up the jack-chain, and, instead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain, and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number; however, not

to seem an odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, Bravo! Encore! and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste and the ardour of my approbation; and, whispering, told me that I had suffered an immense loss; for, had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard Gee ho Dobbin sung in a tip-top manner by the pimple-nosed spirit at the president's right elbow: but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more rough than the Staffordshire giant's, was giving us, the "Softly Sweet, in Lydian Measure," of Alexander's Feast. After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a Welch dialogue, with the humours of Teague and Taffy: after that, came on Old Jackson, with a story between every stanza: next was sung the Dust-cart, and then Solomon's Song. The glass began now to circulate pretty freely; those who were silent when sober, would now be heard in their turn; every man had his song, and he saw no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest: one begged to be heard while he gave Death and the Lady in high taste; another sung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges; nothing was now heard but singing; voice rose above voice, and the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drank out. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned, the most melancholy of our lives: never was so much noise so quickly quelled, as by this short but pathetic oration of our landlord: Drank out was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table: Drank out already! that was very odd! that so much punch could be drank out already: impossible! The landlord, however, seeming resolved not to retreat from his first assurances, the company was dissolved, and a president chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining some time after of the entertainment I have been describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented; which he fancied would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. "We have, at the Muzzy Club," says he, "no riotous mirth nor awkward ribaldry; no confusion or bawling; all is conducted with wisdom and decency: besides, some of our members are worth forty

thousand pounds; men of prudence and foresight every one of them: these are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-night introduce you." I was charmed at the proposal: to be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture,

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend. not indeed to the company; for, though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach, but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity of the scene before me; the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society, thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other pregnant with meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half hour, expecting each moment that some body would begin to open his mouth; every time the pipe was laid down I expected it was to speak; but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, for to this I imputed their silence; I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me; to whom I observed, that the beer was extreme good: my neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco-smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks: "Ay," says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well; you must know—but, before I begin—Sir, my service to you—where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is fourpence each; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few

recommendations are requisite, except the introductory four-pence and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his club night; we discussed the topic of the day, drank each other's healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Curry-comb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night; and he returned the compliment by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament-man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while the bug-man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord with whom he could do anything. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at t'other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the Ghost in Cock-lane:[1] he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedlar, over the table, while the president vainly knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Besides the combinations of these voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under parts by themselves, and endeavouring to fasten on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

"So, Sir, d'ye perceive me, the ghost giving three loud raps at the bed-post—Says my lord to me, My dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth for whom I have so high—A damnable false heretical opinion of all sound

[1] Of this ghost—the most famous one that has ever appeared in England—Goldsmith wrote "a pamphlet respecting," for which he received from Newbery on March 5, 1762, the sum of three guineas, as appears by his receipt now in Mr. Murray's possession. It appeared anonymously under the title (there is reason to believe) of "The Mystery Revealed,' containing a series of Transactions and Authentic Memorials

doctrine and good learning; for I'll tell it aloud, and spare not that—Silence for a song; Mr. Leathersides for a song—'As I was a walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel'—Then what brings you here? says the parson to the ghost—Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus—The whole way from Islington-turnpike to Dog-house-bar[1]—Dam—As for Abel Drugger, Sir, he's damn'd low in it; my 'prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he—For murder will out one time or another; and none but a ghost, you know, gentlemen, can—Damme if I don't; for my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliament-man, a man of consequence, a dear, honest creature, to be sure; we were laughing last night at—Death and damnation upon all his posterity by simply barely tasting—Sour grapes, as the fox said once when he could not reach them; and I'll, I'll tell you a story about that that will make you burst your sides with laughing: A fox once—Will no body listen to the song—'As I was a walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel both buxom and gay'—No ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghost killed in all my life, and that was stabbed in the belly with a—My blood and soul if I don't—Mr. Bellowsmender, I have the honour of drinking your very good health—Blast me if I do—dam—blood—bugs—fire—whizz—blid—tit—rat—trip."[2]

Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?

Fatigued with this society, I was introduced, the following night, to a club of fashion. On taking my place, I found the conversation sufficiently easy, and tolerably good-natured; for my lord and Sir Paul were not yet arrived. I now thought myself completely fitted, and resolving to seek no farther, determined to take up my residence here for the winter; while my temper began to open insensibly to the cheerfulness I saw diffused on every face in the room; but the delusion soon vanished when the waiter came to apprise us, that his lordship and Sir Paul were just arrived.

respecting the supposed Cock-lane Ghost. Printed for W. Bristow in St. Paul's Church-yard," pp. 34. *See* art. Cock-lane, in "Cunningham's Handbook of London," 2nd edit.; Prior's "Life," i. 388; and "Notes and Queries, vol. v. p. 77.

[1] *See* note i. vol. ii., p. 482.

[2] Here the *first edition* adds—"The rest all riot, nonsense, and rapid confusion."

From this moment all our felicity was at an end; our new guests bustled into the room, and took their seats at the head of the table. Adieu now all confidence; every creature strove who should most recommend himself to our members of distinction. Each seemed quite regardless of pleasing any but our new guests; and, what before wore the appearance of friendship, was now turned into rivalry.

Yet I could not observe that, amidst all this flattery and obsequious attention, our great men took any notice of the rest of the company. Their whole discourse was addressed to each other. Sir Paul told his lordship a long story of Moravia the Jew; and his lordship gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing silk-worms: he led him, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, sunning, and hatching; with an episode on mulberry-trees, a digression upon grass seeds, and a long parenthesis about his new postilion. In this manner we travelled on, wishing every story to be the last; but all in vain;

"Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose."[1]

The last club in which I was enrolled a member, was a society of moral philosophers, as they called themselves, who assembled twice a week, in order to show the absurdity of the present mode of religion, and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly disputing when I arrived; not indeed about religion or ethics, but about who had neglected to lay down his preliminary sixpence upon entering the room. The president swore that he had laid his own down, and so swore all the company.

During this contest, I had an opportunity of observing the laws, and also the members of the society. The president, who had been, as I was told, lately a bankrupt, was a tall, pale figure, with a long black wig; the next to him was dressed in a large white wig, and a black cravat; a third, by the brownness of his complexion, seemed a native of Jamaica; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a blacksmith. But their rules will give the most just idea of their learning and principles.

I. We being a laudable society of moral philosophers, intends to dispute twice a week about religion and priestcraft. Leaving behind us old wives' tales, and following good learning and

[1] Altered from Pope.

sound sense: and if so be, that any other persons has a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do, upon paying the sum of three shillings to be spent by the company in punch.

II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting threepence, to be spent by the company in punch.

III. That, as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay sixpence upon his entering the room; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority; and all fines shall be paid in punch.

IV. That sixpence shall be every night given to the president, in order to buy books of learning for the good of the society; the president has already put himself to a good deal of expense in buying books for the club; particularly, the works of Tully, Socrates, and Cicero, which he will soon read to the society.

V. All them who brings a new argument against religion, and who, being a philosopher, and a man of learning, as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society, upon paying sixpence only, to be spent in punch.

VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting, it shall be advertised by some outlandish name in the newspapers.

Saunders Mac Wild, *president.*
Anthony Blewit, *vice-president*, his † mark.
William Turpin, *secretary.*

ESSAY V.[1]

ON THE USE OF LANGUAGE.

It is usually said by grammarians, that the use of language is to express our wants and desires; but men who know the world hold, and I think with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private, is the most likely person to have them redressed; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.[2]

[1] Originally in No. iii. of "The Bee." *See* p. 37.

[2] *See* vol. iii. p. 37

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, there appears something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller: and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass of the rich, as the miser, who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this anything repugnant to the laws of morality. Seneca himself allows, that, in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine; and must know, that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but, should his wants be such that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum. A certain young fellow whom I knew, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred; and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a suit of clothes, always made the proposal in a laced coat; for he found by experience, that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, his tailor had taken an oath against trusting; or what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and should not be at home for some time.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other; and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast, for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed

of sorrow and contempt; the mind may, for some time, fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.

In fact, pity, though it may often relieve, is but at best, a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance: with some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket: with others it may continue for twice that space; and on some of extraordinary sensibility, I have seen it operate for half an hour together; but still, last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive, we give five farthings, from others we give pounds: whatever be our feelings from the first impulse of distress, when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility; and, like the repetition of an echo, every stroke becomes weaker; till, at last, our sensations lose all mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

These speculations bring to my mind the fate of a very good-natured fellow, who is now no more. He was bred in a counting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him an handsome fortune and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which my friend had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence; and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had money were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. My friend, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife; and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors, however, in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought him to a different way of thinking; and he at last considered, that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused, he requested the use of a hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had occasion for money. "And pray, Sir," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?" "Want it, Sir?" says the other. "If I did not want it I should not have asked it." "I am sorry for that," says the friend; "for those who want

money when they borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, Sir, money is money now; and I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; he that has got a little, is a fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see, you want an hundred guineas; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?" "If you have but fifty to spare, Sir, I must be contented." "Fifty to spare; I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me." "Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend." "And pray," replied the friend, "would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all you know? You know, my dear Sir, that you need make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend; and when you choose a bit of dinner, or so—You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant."

Distressed, but not discouraged, at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love, which he could not have from friendship. A young lady, a distant relation by the mother's side, had a fortune in her own hands; and, as she had already made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit, he made his proposal with confidence. He soon, however, perceived, that no bankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every day now began to strip my poor friend of his former finery; his clothes flew, piece by piece, to the pawnbroker's, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But still he thought himself secure from actual necessity; the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered; he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner because he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw him in was at a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked

the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praised the figure of the damask table-cloth; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was over-done. But all this procured him no invitation: finding therefore the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a second walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace; whether in Kent-street[1] or the Mall; whether at the Smyrna[2] or St. Giles's, might I be permitted to advise as a friend, never seem to want the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress; you may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but from compassion—never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth which is opened even by wisdom, is seldom expected to close without the horrors of a petition.

To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Sampson Gideon[3] were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you

[1] A low street in the Borough, leading into Kent, long the habitation of broom-men and mumpers.

"Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day."
An Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize. *See* vol. i., p. 97.

[2] The Smyrna Coffee-house in Pall Mall, over against Marlborough House.—*See* p. 41.

[3] *See* note ii. p. 42.

choose to employ; assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise: pride in the great is hateful; in the wise, it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

ESSAY VI.

ON GENEROSITY AND JUSTICE.

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such, that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness, than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct. Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in his satisfying creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change-Alley.[1]

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

[1] A famous alley near the Royal Exchange in London. Here stood *Jonathan's Coffee-house*, the earliest resort of stock-jobbers and the original of what is now *The Stock Exchange*.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society, and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it without hesitating to the latter, for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word Justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue: and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and if ever they deserve the title it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing

our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterised as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation. Men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society had we more of these characters amongst us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and, by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him; and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went, followed him with shouts of contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. He had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct; by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues, of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on those supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone,

generally comes into the world with an heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the antients to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. "It is possible, that the person you relieve may be an honest man; and I know that you, who relieve him, are such. You see, then, by your generosity, that you rob a man, who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue: and, while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."

ESSAY VII.[1]

ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

[N.B. This treatise was published before Rousseau's Emilius: if there be a similitude in any one instance, it is hoped the Author of the present Essay will not be deemed a plagiarist.]

As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet it is a little surprising, that it has been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner. They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to individuals and to society; and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject; instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical systems, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject, the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic, where his slightest deviations may tend to injure posterity.

However, such are the whimsical and erroneous productions written upon this subject. Their authors have studied to be

[1] Originally No. vi. of "The Bee."—*See* p. 88.

uncommon, not to be just; and, at present, we want a treatise upon education, not to tell us any thing new, but, to explode the errors which have been introduced by the admirers of novelty. It is in this manner books become numerous; a desire of novelty produces a book, and other books are required to destroy this production.[1]

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated is, some in free-schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in town. Thus far he is right; if there were a possibility of having even our free-schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of perhaps the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth; I have found, by experience, that they who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said that the boarding-schools are preferable to free-schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them, otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions, he finds his last resource in setting up a school. Do any become bankrupts in trade, they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way when all others fail: nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers who have turned school-masters; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilised people, could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe; and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it below the state? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be incon-

[1] Here the *first edition* adds, following "The Bee," p. 89:—"I shall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which, though known, have not been attended to by others; and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction."

venient; but surely, with great ease, it might cast an eye to their instructors? Of all professions in society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a schoolmaster; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people; a people whom without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth. But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

It is true we have already schoolmasters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is only one schoolmaster appointed, there should at least be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be augmented to an hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say, that schoolmasters in a state, are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is commonly some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. "You give your child to be educated to a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man; "instead of one slave, you will then have two."

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as the master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by

the boys: the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself, now and then, cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such ceremony. If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniencies, where the masters and ushers are men of learning, reputation and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world; and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school; but it is better to know these when a boy, than be first taught them when a man; for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage; since it may justly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit, Plus occidit gula quam gladius. And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr. Locke, and some others, have advised that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship, from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions, but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know, that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger and want of sleep, to a surprising degree; that, when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine,

by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered, first, how many lives are lost in this ascetic discipline; had they considered, that these savages and peasants are generally not so long lived as they who have led a more indolent life; that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country; had they considered, that what physicians call the Stamina Vitæ, by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus anticipate old age: that the number who survive those rude trials bears no proportion to those who die in the experiment. Had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should only drink sea-water, but they unfortunately all died under the trial.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though ever so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding-school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is, to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone, they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject, may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well, had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society; for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him, no way injures the commonwealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present: it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they

have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such an one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he, at last, became lord-mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty: to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or an hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our schoolmasters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they may afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the antients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. "Ut cum in forum venerint existiment se in aliam terrarum orbem delatos." We should, early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime at school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement; the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours, and

none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first then it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shown; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and, though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of cause and effect.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination: instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much, that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared,[1] who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleasing, convinces, is

[1] *See* note at p. 95.

generally destroyed by such an institution. Convincing eloquence, is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, as that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens; the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators, is little less than to teach them to be poets; and, for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a talker in all, but a master in none! He thus acquires a superficial fondness for every thing, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties, would not be the most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the antients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation, on the opposite

page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to save himself the trouble of looking out for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lilly's or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem, to me, only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtleties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves; and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but, though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but I know not how; there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him: his accusers stood forth; he had liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had the liberty of pleading against him: when found guilty by the panel, he was consigned

to the footman, who attended in the house, and had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.

ESSAY VIII.[1]

ON THE INSTABILITY OF POPULAR FAVOUR.

An alehouse-keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.[2]

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.[3]

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes

[1] Originally in No. vi. of "The Bee."—*See* p. 98.

[2] Public-house signs are supplied by the great brewers. When Wilkie was painting his "Chelsea Pensioner," he made a careful study of the locality of his picture (Jew's Row, Chelsea); but when he came to finish his work, he found that he required another look at the sign in the Row, of the Duke of York. He immediately visited the old spot, but the sign was gone. He returned home vexed, and mentioned his vexation to his friend Burnet. "Do you remember the name of the brewer whose beer is sold at the house?" "Ay, ay," was Wilkie's rejoinder; "it was Meux's." "Then ask at Meux's for the sign." This Wilkie did, and carried the sign to Kensington, rejoicing, in a hackney-coach.

[3] "I was yesterday out of town, and the very signs as I passed through the villages made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke's head [Cumberland's] had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his had left but few traces of the Duke of Ormond's. I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself, 'Surely all glory is as but a sign.'"—Walpole *to Conway*, April 16, 1747.

good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world, would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "*Vides mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuam.*" "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands which is built upon popular applause; for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my lord mayor."

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough[1] may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive anything that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

[1] *See* note, p. 99.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior, even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before.[1] "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China."

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen; no time so important as our own; ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music, the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by news-

[1] Here "The Bee" (p. 100) and the *first edition* of the "Essays" add: "'What, have you never heard of that immortal poet?' returned the other, much surprised, 'that light of the eyes, that favourite of kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipsihihi, second cousin to the moon?' 'Nothing at all, indeed, Sir,' returned the other," &c.

papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street: it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery.[1]

ESSAY IX.

SPECIMEN OF A MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.

WE essayists, who are allowed but one subject at a time, are by no means so fortunate as the writers of magazines, who write upon several. If a magaziner be dull upon the Spanish war, he soon has us up again with the ghost in Cock-lane;[2] if the reader begins to doze upon that, he is quickly roused by an eastern tale; tales prepare us for poetry, and poetry for the meteorological history of the weather.[3] The reader, like the sailor's horse, when he begins to tire, has at least the comfortable refreshment of having the spur changed.

As I see no reason why these should carry off all the rewards of genius, I have some thoughts, for the future, of making my essays a magazine in miniature: I shall hop, from subject to subject, and, if properly encouraged, I intend in time to adorn my feuille volant with pictures coloured to the perfection. But to begin, in the usual form.

A modest Address to the Public in Behalf of the Infernal Magazine.

The public has been so often imposed upon by the unperforming promises of others, that it is with the utmost modesty we assure them of our inviolable design to give the very best collection that ever astonished society. The public we honour

[1] *See* note at p. 101. [2] *See* note at p. 159; see also p. 143.

[3] Here the *first edition* adds: "It is the life and soul of a magazine never to be long dull upon one subject: and" the reader, &c.

and regard, and therefore to instruct and entertain them is our highest ambition, with labours calculated as well to the head as the heart. If four extraordinary pages of letter-press be any recommendation of our wit, we may at least boast the honour of vindicating our own abilities. To say more in favour of the INFERNAL MAGAZINE, would be unworthy the public; to say less, would be injurious to ourselves. As we have no interested motives for this undertaking, being a society of gentlemen of distinction, we disdain to eat or write like hirelings; we are all gentlemen resolved to sell our magazine for sixpence merely for our own amusement.

Be careful to ask for the Infernal Magazine.

Dedication to the Tripoline Ambassador.[1]

May it please your Excellency,

As your taste in the fine arts is universally allowed and admired, permit the authors of the Infernal Magazine to lay the following sheets humbly at your Excellency's toe; and, should our labours ever have the happiness of one day adorning the courts of Fez, we doubt not that the influence wherewith we are honoured, shall be ever retained with the most warm ardour, by,

May it please your Excellency,
Your most devoted humble servants,
The Authors of the Infernal Magazine.

A Speech spoken in the Political Club at Cateaton not to declare War against Spain.[2]

My honest friends and brother politicians; I perceive that the intended war with Spain makes many of you uneasy. Yesterday, as we were told, the stocks rose, and you were glad; to-day they fall, and you are again miserable. But, my dear friends, what is the rising or the falling of the stocks to us, who have no money? Let Nathan Ben Funk, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this; but, my good Mr. Bellows-mender, what is all this to you or me? You must mend broken bellows, and I write bad prose, as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. Believe me, my honest friends, whatever you may talk of liberty and your own reason, both that liberty

[1] In *first edition*, "Dedication to *that most ingenious of all Patrons* the Tripoline Ambassador."

[2] In *first edition*, "A Speech spoken by the Indigent Philosopher to persuade his Club at Cateaton to declare War against Spain."

and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society; and, as we are born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are working. In the name of common-sense then, my good friends, let the great keep watch over us, and let us mind our business, and perhaps we may at last get money ourselves, and set beggars to work in our turn. I have a Latin sentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I shall beg leave to translate for your instruction. An author, called Lilly's Grammar, finely observes, that "*Æs in præsenti perfectum format;*" that is, "Ready-money makes a man perfect;" let us then, to become perfect men, get ready-money, and let them that will, spend theirs by going to war with Spain.

Rules for Behaviour drawn up by an Indigent Philosopher.

If you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon the corner of some chair in a corner.

When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse. It is a thousand to one but that you torment us with affectation, ignorance of music, or a bad voice. This is a very good rule.

If you be young, and live with an old man, I would advise you not to like gravy; I was disinherited myself for liking gravy.

Don't laugh much in public; the spectators that are not as merry as you, will hate you, either because they envy your happiness, or fancy themselves the subject of your mirth.

Rules for raising the Devil. Translated from the Latin of Danæus de Sortiariis, a Writer cotemporary with Calvin, and one of the Reformers of our Church.

The person who desires to raise the devil, is to sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obedience, and then to receive a mark in some unseen place, either under the eyelid, or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he has power given him over three spirits; one for earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians, in which each is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assembly he appears in the shape of an old

man, or often like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occasion, renew their vows of obedience; and then form a grand dance in honour of their false deity. The devil instructs them in every method of injuring mankind, in gathering poisons, and of riding upon occasion through the air. He shows them the whole method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers; his spirits have power to assume the form of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them; viz. to ask them, in proper form, what method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world? To this they are not permitted by the Superior Power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to give the true one, wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

ESSAY X.[1]

BEAU TIBBS, A CHARACTER.

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for awhile below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk; I could perceive, by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to

[1] Also Letter liv. of "The Citizen of the World."

the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that, at last, we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Charles," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp: round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply; in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Psha, psha, Charles," cried the figure, "no more of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet faith I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me, 'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.' 'Poaching, my lord,' says I; 'faith you have missed already; for I staid at home and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'"

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity, "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?" "Improved," replied the other; "you shall know—but let it go

no further—a great secret—five hundred a-year to begin with. My lord's word of honour for it—his lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else." "I fancy you forgot, sir," cried I, "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!" "Did I say so?" replied he, coolly; "to be sure if I said so, it was so—dined in town: egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther; a secret: well, says I, 'I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that'—but dear Charles, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His very dress," cries my friend, "is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags, if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor, and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence, but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bug-bear to fright children into duty."

ESSAY XI.[1]

BEAU TIBBS (CONTINUED).

THERE are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair; wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of temple spectacles, with his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be an harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics of a general conversation.[2]

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as he by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen." "No company!" interrupted I, peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd! Why, man, there is too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company!" "Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good-humour, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My lord Trip, Bill Squash, the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous. But I see you are grave; so if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as

[1] Also Letter lv. of "The Citizen of the World."

[2] "The Citizen of the World" (ii. 269), and the *first edition* of the "Essays" read: "topics preliminary to particular conversation."

elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred—but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch. A charming body of voice! But no more of that, she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs,[1] a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her—but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase; when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice, with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded, "Wha's there?" My conductor answered, that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before, and now the door was opened by an old maid servant with cautious reluctance.

[1] Goldsmith was attached to this conjunction of Christian names. The Miss Skeggs of "The Vicar of Wakefield," as well as the Miss Tibbs of the "Essays" and of "The Citizen of the World," is a "Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia."

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where her lady was. "Good troth," replied she in the northern dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." "My two shirts!" cries he, in a tone that faultered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?" "I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because"—"Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he.—"Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of her's, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high-life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without an head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all of his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face; and, though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife, at last, made her appearance; at once a slattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious deshabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper." "Poor Jack," cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and little

will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a—." "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?" "The very thing," replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respects to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me, that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

ESSAY XII.[1]

ON THE IRRESOLUTION OF YOUTH.

As it has been observed that few are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves; so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorised to offer mine; and must take leave to throw together a few observations upon that part of a young man's conduct on his entering into life, as it is called.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse; people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice: great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves, by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

[1] Also Letter lxi. of "The Citizen of the World."

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people ever take it into their heads to live without clothes I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me: for, if one trick should fail, I have an hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich, and then show away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond-side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessive punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool;

sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own; but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed; to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and, in general, applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, stigmatised whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find, that the best way to please all the world is to attempt pleasing one-half of it."

ESSAY XIII.[1]

ON MAD DOGS.

INDULGENT nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain for a few days beyond the

[1] Also Letter lxix. of "The Citizen of the World."

expected season, in some parts of the globe, spreads famine, desolation, and terror, over the whole country; but, in this fortunate land of Britain, the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But, though the nation be exempt from real evils, it is not more happy on this account than others. The people are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence; but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among them; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people; what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of Epidemic Terror.

A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different, though ever the same; one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a sixpenny loaf, the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail, the third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat, and the fourth it carries consternation in the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful, the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frighted; the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay; each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for, when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of being tamely bit by mad dogs no longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, some-

what resembles the ancient Gothic custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teazing the devoted animal on every side. If he attempts to stand upon the defensive, and bite, then is he unanimously found guilty, for "A mad dog always snaps at every thing." If, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, "for mad dogs always run straight forward before them."

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in those ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, which was thought to be mad by several who had seen him. The next account comes that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt water. When the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous; as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog; and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster; as in stories of ghosts each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy; so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings with new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frighted by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved and spreads, that a mad dog had frighted a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village; and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers,

new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital; and by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all four, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors; while the mad mastiff is, in the mean time, ranging the whole country over, slavering at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago, before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her look. She desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for, a few days ago, so dismal an accident had happened, as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up, walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature well examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were no way injured; and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in an hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy, by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession), yet still it is not considered, how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

"A dog," says one of the English poets,[1] "is an honest

[1] *See* note, vol. ii., p. 321.

creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, stedfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind then to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

ESSAY XIV.[1]

ON THE INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous.[2] Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty, some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years; whence comes it, that we thus make greater

[1] Also Letter lxxiii. of "The Citizen of the World."

See note on "The Citizen of the World," Letter lxxiii. vol. ii. p. 338.

efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping! Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days

where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on; if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

ESSAY XV.

ON THE PASSION OF WOMEN FOR LEVELLING ALL DISTINCTIONS OF DRESS.

FOREIGNERS observe that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of England. Our country-women have been compared to those pictures where the face is the work of a Raphael; but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe on this occasion, that so much beauty, set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex; and therefore it was wisely ordered, that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I can't fancy that a shopkeeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders. She never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town. If the fashion gives word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens and playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform; and their whole appearance shows as

little variety or taste as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion for levelling all distinction in dress. The lady of no quality travels fast behind the lady of some quality; and a woman of sixty is as gaudy as her grand-daughter. A friend of mine, a good-natured old man, amused me, the other day, with an account of his journey to the Mall. It seems, in his walk thither, he, for some time, followed a lady, who, as he thought by her dress, was a girl of fifteen. It was airy, elegant, and youthful. My old friend had called up all his poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligée. He had prepared his imagination for an angel's face; but what was his mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than his cousin Hannah, some years older than himself.

But to give it in his own words, "After the transports of our first salute," said he, "were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover an high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand but the hand of time these twenty years, rose, suing to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than an handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-bud, 'Quanto se mostra men tanto è più bella.' A female breast is generally thought most beautiful as it is more sparingly discovered.

"As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park, when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would 'squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

"When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their

finery as well as we, wherever we came, I perceived we brought good-humour with us. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half-way up the Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and, like two mice on a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves. 'I am amazed, cousin Jeffery,' says miss, 'that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig, so frizzled, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff.[1] I hate those odious muffs.' I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but, as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, 'I could heartily wish, madam,' replied I, 'that, for your sake, my muff was cut into a tippet.'

"As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman-usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for a while to one of the seats, and from that retreat remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

"When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company now passing in review before me as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment the beauty had all that morning been improving her charms; the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of cousin Hannah: she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival; hated every face that seemed dressed in good-humour, or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it, by observing that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this she readily assented; 'and yet,' says she, 'it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another.' My smiling at this observa-

[1] Whoever is curious in the history of muffs worn by men, should consult "Pepys," under 10th Nov., 1662; "The Tatler," Nos. 39 and 155; Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," plate iv.; and vols. vi., vii., and viii. of "Notes and Queries."

tion gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. 'Observe,' says she to me, 'that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems, has money; and as she considers that money was never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has to herself. She is ugly enough, you see; yet, I assure you, she has refused several offers, to my own knowledge, within this twelvemonth. Let me see, three gentlemen from Ireland who study the law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a Scotch preacher, who had like to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary and cat; and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday, to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

"'There goes Mrs. Roundabout, I mean the fat lady in the lutestring trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters in stuff gowns, are now taking sixpennyworth of tea at the Whiteconduit-house.[1] Odious Puss,[2] how she waddles along, with her train two yards behind her! She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lutestring wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, cousin Jeffery, I never liked those tails; for, suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in the fright, instead of retiring, she treads upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and then you know, cousin,—her clothes may be spoiled.

"'Ah! Miss Mazzard! I knew we should not miss her in the Park; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner, and might have had some custom if she had minded her business; but the girl was fond of finery, and, instead of dressing her customers, laid out all

[1] *See* note, vol. ii., p. 483.

[2] "Odious Fuss," *first edition.*

her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on impaired her credit; she still, however, went on, improving her appearance and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt.'

"My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy rencounter, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hackney-coach at St. James's."

ESSAY XVI.

ASEM THE MAN-HATER, AN EASTERN TALE.

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved: and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimu-

lation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved therefore to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food: and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain, an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom; reflecting, on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the divine Creator! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair!"

Just as he uttered the word Despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

"Son of Adam," cried the genius, "stop thy rash purpose; the father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead; in me behold the genius of Conviction, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise."

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

"I plainly perceive your amazement," said the genius: "but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great prophet; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas: they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation."

"A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!" cried Asem, in a rapture; "I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at length heard my petitions; this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. O for an immortality to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes, that render society miserable!"

"Cease thine acclamations," replied the genius. "Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead

wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor." Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primæval wildness.

"Here," cried Asem, "I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation." "Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable," said the genius, smiling. "But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on the vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction."

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. "Heavens!" cried Asem, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoke when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. "This," cried Asem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action." "Every species of animals," replied the genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers." "But they should have been destroyed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of such neglect." "Where

is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?" replied the genius smiling: "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice." "I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Asem; "I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another."

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor perceiving his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, or statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men; there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom." "Wisdom!" replied his instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." "All this may be right," says Asem; "but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse." "That, indeed, is true," replied the other; "here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among, are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious." "Well, then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should

be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine." "And to what purpose should either do this?" says the genius: "flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question."

"Still, however," said Asem, "the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence: each has therefore leisure for pitying those that stand in need of his compassion." He had scarce spoken when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, "that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!" "Be not surprised," said the wretch who was dying; "would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with." "They should have been supplied with more than is necessary," cried Asem; "and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues." "Peace, Asem," replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, "nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferably to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here." "Strange!" cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; "what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems, that, to be unacquainted with

vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others."

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city: where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain: and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

ESSAY XVII.[1]

ON THE ENGLISH CLERGY AND POPULAR PREACHERS.

It is allowed on all hands, that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education, by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession in Europe. In general, also, it may be observed, that a greater degree of gentility is affixed to the character of a student in England than elsewhere; by which means our clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and of sooner wearing off those prejudices which they are apt to imbibe even in the best regulated universi-

[1] From "The Ladies' Magazine."

ties, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the wise.

Yet, with all these advantages, it is very obvious, that the clergy are no where so little thought of, by the populace, as here; and, though our divines are foremost, with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry; the vulgar, in general, appearing no way impressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for whining at the depravity of the times, or for endeavouring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature; but certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me, when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind, in other countries, testify, on every occasion, the profoundest awe of religion; while in England they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution; may not the vulgar, being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities; and they who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society, should be particularly regarded; for, in policy as in architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity; and, fearing to outdo their duty, leave it half done. Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unaffecting; delivered with the most insipid calmness; insomuch, that, should the peaceful preacher lift his head over the cushion, which alone he seems to address, he might discover his audience, instead of being awakened to remorse, actually sleeping over his methodical and laboured composition.

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an address to reason, and not to the passions; this is styled the making of converts from conviction: but such are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not sensible, that men seldom reason about their debaucheries till they are

committed; reason is but a weak antagonist when headlong passion dictates; in all such cases we should arm one passion against another: it is with the human mind as in nature, from the mixture of two opposites the result is most frequently neutral tranquillity. Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies, begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally presupposes us capable of reason; but to be made capable of this, is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher, for the people are easily pleased if they perceive any endeavours in the orator to please them; the meanest qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely sets about it. Perhaps little, indeed very little more is required, than sincerity and assurance: and a becoming sincerity is always certain of producing a becoming assurance. "Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi," is so trite a quotation, that it almost demands an apology to repeat it; yet, though all allow the justice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice; our orators, with the most faulty bashfulness, seem impressed rather with an awe of their audience than with a just respect for the truths they are about to deliver; they, of all professions, seem the most bashful, who have the greatest right to glory in their commission.

The French preachers generally assume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors from Christ: the English divines, like erroneous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employer. The bishop of Massillon, in the first sermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour, showed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a soil so improper; however, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by his manner of beginning: "If," says he, "a cause, the most important that could be conceived, were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges; if this cause interested ourselves in particular: if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides; and if we had heard from our infancy of this yet undetermined trial; would you not all sit with due attention, and warm expectation, to the pleadings on each side? Would not all your hopes and

fears be hinged upon the final decision? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause of much greater importance before you; a cause where not one nation, but all the world, are spectators; tried not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of Heaven, where not your temporal and transitory interests are the subject of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery, where the cause is still undetermined; but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking, may fix the irrevocable decree that shall last for ever; and yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of your own salvation; I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to, &c."

The style, the abruptness of a beginning like this, in the closet would appear absurd; but in the pulpit it is attended with the most lasting impressions: that style which, in the closet, might justly be called flimsy, seems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine composition, under the title of sermon, that I do not think the author has miscalled his piece; for the talents to be used in writing well, entirely differ from those of speaking well. The qualifications for speaking, as has been already observed, are easily acquired; they are accomplishments which may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of stooping. Impressed with a sense of the truths he is about to deliver, a preacher disregards the applause or the contempt of his audience, and he insensibly assumes a just and manly sincerity. With this talent alone we see what crowds are drawn around enthusiasts, even destitute of common sense; what numbers converted to Christianity? Folly may sometimes set an example for wisdom to practise, and our regular divines may borrow instruction from even methodists, who go their circuits and preach prizes among the populace. Even Whitfield may be placed as a model to some of our young divines; let them join to their own good sense his earnest manner of delivery.

It will be perhaps objected, that, by confining the excellencies of a preacher to proper assurance, earnestness, and openness of style, I make the qualifications too trifling for estimation: there will be something called *oratory* brought up on this occasion; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as absolutely necessary to complete the character; but let us not be deceived; common sense is seldom swayed by fine tones, musical periods, just attitudes, or the display of a

white handkerchief; oratorial behaviour, except in very able hands indeed, generally sinks into awkward and paltry affectation.

It must be observed, however, that these rules are calculated only for him who would instruct the vulgar, who stand in most need of instruction; to address philosophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite—a much more useless, though more sought-for character—requires a different method of proceeding. All I shall observe on this head is, to entreat the polemic divine, in his controversy with the deists, to act rather offensively than to defend; to push home the grounds of his belief, and the impracticability of theirs, rather than to spend time in solving the objections of every opponent. "It is ten to one," says a late writer on the art of war,[1] "but that the assailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches, is always victorious."

Yet, upon the whole, our clergy might employ themselves more to the benefit of society, by declining all controversy, than by exhibiting even the profoundest skill in polemic disputes; their contests with each other often turn on speculative trifles; and their disputes with the deists are almost at an end, since they can have no more than victory, and that they are already possessed of, as their antagonists have been driven into a confession of the necessity of revelation, or an open avowal of theism. To continue the dispute longer would only endanger it; the sceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himself unable to continue; and, like an olympic boxer, generally fights best when undermost.

ESSAY XVIII.[2]

ON THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM SENDING A JUDICIOUS TRAVELLER INTO ASIA.

I HAVE frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers, who have penetrated any considerable way eastward into Asia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce or piety; and their accounts are

[1] Comte de Saxe. *See* Goldsmith's review in vol. iv. of "Les Reveries sur l'Art de la Guerre du Comte de Saxe."

[2] Also Letter cviii. of "The Citizen of the World." *See* also Forster's Goldsmith, i. p. 314.

such as might reasonably be expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of superstition, or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprising, that of such a variety of adventurers, not one single philosopher should be found among the number? For as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets either in nature or art, which might be transplanted with success. Thus, for instance, in Siberian Tartary, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret probably unknown to the chemists of Europe. In the most savage parts of India, they are possessed of the secret of dyeing vegetable substances scarlet; and likewise that of refining lead into a metal which, for hardness and colour, is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would in Europe make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves; but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, in the same manner, had they been told the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home.

Of all the English philosophers I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius: he it is who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature, and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes to human control. Oh, had a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is, probably, no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a person who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling should only be to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed; he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the arts of

subsistence; he should endeavour to improve the barbarian in the secrets of living comfortably, and the inhabitant of a more refined country in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher thus employed spend his time, than by sitting at home, earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue, or one monster more to his collection; or still, if possible, more triflingly sedulous in the incatenation of fleas, or the sculpture of cherry-stones![1]

I never consider this subject, without being surprised that none of those societies so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of sending one of their members into the most eastern parts of Asia, to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers. It will there be found, that they are as often deceived themselves, as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for an European to preserve his health in the country. The missioner, on the other hand, informs us, with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep lent in a region where there was no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his religion, in places where there was neither bread nor wine! Such accounts, with the usual appendage of marriages and funerals, inscriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of an European traveller's diary; but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magic; and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees performed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the devil.

It was an usual observation of Boyle, the English chemist, that if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed, with still greater justice, that if the useful knowledge of every country, howsoever barbarous, was gleaned by a judicious observer, the advantages would be inestimable. Are there not

[1] "Mrs. Kennicott related in his presence a lively saying of Dr. Johnson to Miss Hannah More, who had expressed a wonder that the poet who had written 'Paradise Lost' should write such poor sonnets:—'Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones.'"—BOSWELL *by Croker*, p. 765.

even in Europe many useful inventions known or practised but in one place? Their instrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious, in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar without previous fermentation, is known only in a part of France. If such discoveries, therefore, remain still to be known at home, what funds of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in hasty caravans.

The caution with which foreigners are received in Asia may be alleged as an objection to such a design. But how readily have several European merchants found admission into regions the most suspicious, under the character of *sanjapins*, or northern pilgrims; to such not even China itself denies access.

To send out a traveller properly qualified for these purposes, might be an object of national concern; it would, in some measure, repair the breaches made by ambition, and might show that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots, who professed themselves lovers of men. The only difficulty would remain in choosing a proper person for so arduous an enterprise. He should be a man of a philosophical turn, one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swoln with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian; his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanised by an intercourse with men. He should be in some measure an enthusiast to the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination and an innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger.

ESSAY XIX.

A REVERIE AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN IN EAST-CHEAP.

THE improvements we make in mental acquirements, only render us each day more sensible of the defects of our constitution: with this in view, therefore, let us often recur to the amusements of youth; endeavour to forget age and wisdom,

and, as far as innocence goes, be as much a boy as the best of them.

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age; but, in my opinion, every age is the same. This I am sure of, that man, in every season, is a poor fretful being, with no other means to escape the calamities of the times but by endeavouring to forget them; for, if he attempts to resist, he is certainly undone. If I feel poverty and pain, I am not so hardy as to quarrel with the executioner, even while under correction: I find myself no way disposed to make fine speeches, while I am making wry faces. In a word let me drink when the fit is on to make me insensible: and drink when it is over, for joy that I feel pain no longer.

The character of old Falstaff, even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom: I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical, as he.—Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity?—Age, care, wisdom, reflection, be gone—I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle: here's to the memory of Shakespear, Falstaff, and all the merry men of East-cheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's head tavern, still kept at East-cheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room[1] where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immortal merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time: the watchman had gone twelve: my companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had

[1] A sad mistake. The Boar's Head Tavern described by Shakspeare was destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

such a long succession of customers: I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do; and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent: one good joke followed another good joke; and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees: he insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing sexes; and, as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation: the tavern, the apartment and the table, continued as before; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be Dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking, seemed converted into sack and sugar.

'My dear Mrs. Quickly," cried I (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight) "I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs? Brave and hearty, I hope?" In good sooth, replied she, he did deserve to live for ever; but he maketh foul work on't where he hath flitted. Queen Proserpine and he have quarrelled for his attempting a rape upon her divinity; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable he might have been now sprawling in Tartarus.

I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh; and that, according to the laws of criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be guilty of even more than platonic affection: wherefore, as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject; and desiring she would pledge me in a bumper, observed, with a sigh, that our sack was nothing now to what it was in former days: "Ah, Mrs. Quickly, those were merry times when you drew sack for prince Henry: men were twice as strong, and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable than now. Those were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed! Ever

since that we have only been degenerating, and I have lived to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable. When men wear clean shirts, and women show their necks and arms, all are degenerated, Mrs. Quickly; and we shall probably, in another century, be frittered away into beaus or monkeys. Had you been on earth to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your soul, I mean). Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated from the press; our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit to it till eleven; and I only am left to make a night on't. Pr'ythee do me the favour to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventure, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting: I fancy the narrative may have something singular."

Observe this apartment, interrupted my companion; of neat device and excellent workmanship—In this room I have lived, child, woman, and ghost, more than three hundred years: I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passed here; and I have whilhom compiled three hundred tomes, which eftsoons may be submitted to thy regards. "None of your whilhoms or eftsoons's, Mrs. Quickly, if you please," I replied: "I know you can talk every whit as well as I can; for, as you have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, dame, at best, you have neither too much sense, or too much language, to spare; so give me both as well as you can: but, first, my service to you: old women should water their clay a little now and then; and now to your story."

The story of my own adventures, replied the vision, is but short and unsatisfactory; for, believe me, Mr. Rigmarole, believe me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow, is never long-lived. Sir John's death afflicted me to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew for my customers: my grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring convent (for our priors then had as much power as a Middlesex justice now) he, I say, it was who gave me a licence for keeping a disorderly house; upon condition, that I should never make hard bargains with the clergy, that he should have a bottle of sack every

morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued, for several years, to pay this tribute; and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly; my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent: but one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage; for I had incautiously drank over night the last bottle myself. What will you have on't?—The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were so well purified there with stripes, mortification and penance, that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly conversation: though sack would have killed me, had I stuck to it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

Such is my own history; but that of the tavern, where I have ever since been stationed, affords greater variety. In the history of this, which is one of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, pleasures, and follies of men at different periods. You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly: the vices of an uncivilised people are generally more detestable though not so frequent, as those in polite society. It is the same luxury which formerly stuffed your alderman with plum-porridge, and now crams him with turtle. It is the same low ambition that formerly induced a courtier to give up his religion to please his king, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his minister. It is the same vanity that formerly stained our ladies' cheeks and necks with woad, and now paints them with carmine. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like brick-dust, in order to appear frightful: your modern Briton cuts his hair on the crown, and plaisters it with hogslard and flour; and this to make him look killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different, as viewed through the glass of fashion. In a word, all mankind are—

"Sure the woman is dreaming," interrupted I. "None of your reflections, Mrs. Quickly, if you love me; they only give me the spleen. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasoning."

If you please then, sir, returned my companion, I'll read you an abstract, which I made of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now.

My body was no sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, reliques were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy-water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, reliques, saints, whores, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continual lewdness. The prior led the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confess their sins, and to commit new. Virgins came hither who seldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave a boundless loose to appetite. The laws allowed it; each priest had a right to a favourite companion, and a power of discarding her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors, and maintained them in opulence and ease. These, these were happy times, Mr. Rigmarole; these were times of piety, bravery, and simplicity! "Not so very happy, neither, good madam; pretty much like the present; those that labour starve; and those that do nothing, wear fine clothes and live in luxury."

In this manner the fathers lived, for some years, without molestation; they transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came upon them, and testified all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who had put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain, that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were the tribunals of those days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before

an assembly of priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candour. What plea then do you think the prior made to obviate this accusation? He denied the fact, and challenged the plaintiff to try the merits of their cause by single combat. It was a little hard, you may be sure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain; yet such was the justice of the times. The prior threw down his glove, and the injured husband was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge. Upon this, the priest supplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to induce both to a confession of the truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, the bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed and guarded by soldiers, while his majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees; and after these ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion whom the prior had pitched upon had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short the husband was discomfited; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and after one of his legs were cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders. These, these were the times, Mr. Rigmarole; you see how much more just, and wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than us. "I rather fancy, madam, that the times then were pretty much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws give a judge as much power as a want of law; since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his partiality."

Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made a bishop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations and fire-works that were made on the present occasion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as ours. Ladies of the first distinction chose from our convent their confessors;

in short, it flourished, and might have flourished to this hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its overthrow. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee; found herself strangely disturbed; but hesitated in determining whether she was possessed by an angel or a dæmon. She was not long in suspense; for, upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech; and when she seemed to speak, everybody that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched; and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and the monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply, for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop, and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop therefore was sent for, and now the whole secret came out: the devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior, that by his command he resided in his present habitation, and that without his command he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist, he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft, the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by who heard the devil talk Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses, the prior was condemned; and he who had assisted at so many burnings, was burned himself in turn. These were times, Mr. Rigmarole; the people of those times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers! "Equally faulty with ourselves; they believed what the devil was pleased to tell them; and we seem resolved, at last, to believe neither God nor devil."

After such a stain upon the convent, it was not to be supposed it could subsist any longer; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the house was once again converted into a tavern. The king conferred it on one of his cast-off mistresses; she was constituted landlady by royal authority; and, as

the tavern was in the neighbourhood of the court, and the mistress a very polite woman, it began to have more business than ever; and sometimes took not less than four shillings a day.

But perhaps you are desirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of women of fashion at that period; and in a description of the present landlady, you will have a tolerable idea of all the rest. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and received such an education in the country as became her quality, beauty, and great expectations. She could make shifts and hose for herself and all the servants of the family, when she was twelve years old. She knew the names of the four and twenty letters, so that it was impossible to bewitch her; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At this scene of festivity she generally improved good-humour, by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen; and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife. From hence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweethearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling with her for kisses. About ten, miss generally went to play at hot-cockles and blindman's buff in the parlour; and when the young folks (for they seldom played at hot-cockles when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentlemen entertained miss with the history of their greyhounds, bear-baitings, and victories at cudgel-playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, shot at butts, while miss held in her hand a ribbon, with which she adorned the conqueror. Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant Killer, could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies, knew a witch at first sight, and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable; her arms and her hair were completely covered; a monstrous ruff was put round her neck; so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so very modest, that she discovered little more than her nose. These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole; when every lady that had a good nose might

set up for a beauty; when every woman that could tell stories, might be cried up for a wit. "I am as much displeased at those dresses which conceal too much, as at those which discover too much: I am equally an enemy to a female dunce or a female pedant."

You may be sure that miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own; she pitched upon a courtier, equally remarkable for hunting and drinking, who had given several proofs of his great virility among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for such was the gallantry of the times), were married, came to court, and madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king's command; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions in his wife to the sovereign whom God had anointed, to commit adultery where he thought proper. The king loved her for some time; but, at length repenting of his misdeeds, and instigated by his father-confessor, from a principle of conscience removed her from his levee to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprise you to behold the mistress of a king degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no mental accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal couch; and she who was this day a royal mistress, might the next, when her beauty palled upon enjoyment, be doomed to infamy and want.

Under the care of this lady, the tavern grew into great reputation; the courtiers had not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking; drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous, and gaming of a luxurious age. They had not such frequent entertainments as the moderns have, but were more expensive and more luxurious in those they had. All their fooleries were more elaborate, and more admired by the great and the vulgar than now. A courtier has been known to spend his whole fortune at a single feast, a king to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery, and to be sober at such times was reputed a crime. Kings themselves set the example; and I have seen monarchs in this room drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. These were the times, Sir, when kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public; they were too plain and simple in those happy

times to hide their vices, and act the hypocrite, as now. "Lord! Mrs. Quickly," interrupting her, "I expected to have heard a story, and here you are going to tell me I know not what of times and vices; pr'ythee let me intreat thee once more to wave reflections, and give thy history without deviation."

No lady upon earth, continued my visionary correspondent, knew how to put off her damaged wine or women with more art than she. When these grew flat, or those paltry, it was but changing the names; the wine became excellent, and the girls agreeable. She was also possessed of the engaging leer, the chuck under the chin, winked at a double-entendre, could nick the opportunity of calling for something comfortable, and perfectly understood the discreet moments when to withdraw. The gallants of those times pretty much resembled the bloods of ours; they were fond of pleasure, but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it: thus a court-bawd of those times resembled the common low-lived harridan of a modern bagnio. Witness, ye powers of debauchery, how often I have been present at the various appearances of drunkenness, riot, guilt, and brutality! A tavern is a true picture of human infirmity; in history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view; but in the accounts of a tavern we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.

Upon this lady's decease, the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps, and gamesters. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Henry VII. gaming was more universally practised in England than even now. Kings themselves have been known to play off, at Primero, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St. Paul's cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction. Have you then any cause to regret being born in the times you now live? or do you still believe that human nature continues to run on declining every age? If we observe the actions of the busy part of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, servile, and even dishonest, than you. If, forsaking history, we only trace them in their hours of amusement and dissipation, we shall find them more sensual, more entirely devoted to pleasure, and infinitely more selfish.

The last hostess of note I find upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and by frugality and extreme complaisance contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years, had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbours, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled, that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times: the fascination of a lady's eyes, at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady, formerly, should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better, both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all.

In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft: and, though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose; she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned and executed accordingly. These were times indeed! when even women could not scold in safety.

Since her time the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the disposition of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harbouring Whigs, and the next infamous for a retreat to Tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked in general, that, whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious.—"Lord, Mrs. Quickly," interrupted I, "you have really deceived me; I expected a romance, and here you have been this half-hour giving me only a description of the spirit of the times: if you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, seek some other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to stories."

I had scarce concluded, when my eyes and ears seemed opened to my landlord, who had been all this while giving me an account of the repairs he had made in the house; and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dining-room.

ESSAY XX.[1]

ON QUACK DOCTORS.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which our advertising doctors are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty: be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only, in general, give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms! Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? Does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? Or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick; only sick did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half-a-crown at every corner.[2]

I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country for

[1] Composed in part of Letters xxiv. and lxviii. of "The Citizen of the World."

[2] What follows is part of Letter lxviii. of "The Citizen of the World."

the encouragement given to the professors of this art; with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those that come from abroad! Like a skilful gardener she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here every great exotic strikes root as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour; while the mighty metropolis, like one vast munificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nourishment.

In other countries, the physican pretends to cure disorders in the lump; the same doctor who combats the gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a consumption, shall at another give drugs for a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous! This is being a mere jack of all trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required to make a brass pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator?

The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning; they have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have their sciatica doctors, and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bugbites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with an account of one or two of those personages who lead in this honourable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rock.[1] This great man is short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig nicely combed and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never; it is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear a hat, but so it is an hat he never wears. He is usually drawn, at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer or better than he; for, as he observes, "Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness, make yourself quite easy, I can cure you."

[1] The first edition adds "F.U.N."

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is doctor Timothy Franks,[1] living in the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian æra 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity; I am told he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Doctor Rock, none are more blessed with the advantage of face than Doctor Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it.—Let the foibles of the great rest in peace.—Yet I must impart the whole.—These two great men are actually now at variance; like mere men, mere common mortals. Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks; Franks retorts the wit and the sarcasm, by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumpling Dick. He calls the serious Doctor Rock, Dumpling Dick! What profanation! Dumpling Dick! What a pity that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in; men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together, hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.

ESSAY XXI.

ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

I AM fond of amusement in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed, seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite

[1] The first edition adds "F.O.G.H."

than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. "I beg pardon, sir," cried I, "but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me." "Yes, sir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show; last Bartholomew fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary-lane,[1] and I to starve in St. James's Park."

"I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties." "O sir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service; but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand a year I should be very merry; and, thank the fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have three pence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three half pence; and, if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating; and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse, and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard, and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this dinner, sir," says he, "for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry: and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; "and yet, sir," returns he, "bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very

[1] Or Rag Fair, in Whitechapel, where old clothes and frippery are sold.

foundlings of nature; the rich she treats like an arrant step-mother; they are pleased with nothing; cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles — even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; Calvert's butt[1] out-tastes champagne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood, though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content; I have no lands there: if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness; I am no Jew." The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances, and I entreated, that he would indulge my desire.—"That I will, sir," said he, "and welcome; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping; let us have another tankard while we are awake; let us have another tankard; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full!

"You must know, then, that I am very well descended; my ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum: I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot show so respectful a genealogy: but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and king Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music; so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman; besides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours: now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

"The life of a soldier soon therefore gave me the spleen; I asked leave to quit the service; but, as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my

[1] He has already alluded in verse to "Calvert's butt." *See* vol. i., p. 98.

father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (sir, my service to you), and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges: in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

"Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment; I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions; as whose son I was; from whence I came; and whether I would be faithful? I answered him greatly to his satisfaction; and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety, (sir, I have the honour of drinking your health), discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months; we did not much like each other; I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat: I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder: I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear: in short, they found I would not do; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two month's wages.

"While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure; two hens were hatching in an out-house, I went and habitually took the eggs, and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and, with my knapsack on my

back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house, when I heard behind me the cry of stop thief! but this only increased my dispatch; it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold, I think I passed those two months at the curate's without drinking; come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison[1] if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life.

"Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players. The moment I saw them at a distance my heart warmed to them; I had a sort of natural love for everything of the vagabond order: they were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way; I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them; I was a very good figure, as you see; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

"I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me.[2] We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound; where we resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral procession, the grave and the garden scene. Romeo was to be

[1] "And, madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never sat eyes on."—*The Haunch of Venison.*

[2] "Sad, happy race, soon raised and soon depress'd,
Your days all past in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warn'd by misery, not enrich'd by gain;
Whom justice pitying, chides from place to place,
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain
Of tragic woe feel spirits light and vain,
Distress and hope, the mind's, the body's wear,
The man's affliction and the actor's tear;
Alternate times of fasting and excess,
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress."

CRABBE: *The Borough*, Letter xii.

performed by a gentleman from the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles: all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar from a neighbouring apothecary's answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety: I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction: the whole audience were enchanted with our powers, and Tenterden is a town of taste.[1]

"There is one rule by which a strolling-player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life is not playing, nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness: that is the way to work for applause, that is the way to gain it.

"As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself; I snuffed the candles, and, let me tell you, that, without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when behold one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company: they were resolved to go, in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive; I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself

[1] "And Tenterden is a town of taste," added in *second edition*.

in his stead. The case was desperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand and a tankard before me (sir, your health) and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

"I found my memory excessively helped by drinking: I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. 'Let the sick man,' said I, 'be under no uneasiness to get well again; I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction; he may even die if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he shall never be missed.' I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits. 'Gentlemen,' said I, addressing our company, 'I don't pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude: you have published my name in the bills, with the utmost good nature; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me; so, gentlemen, to show you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off. I'll brandish my snuffers, and clip candles as usual.' This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that it was impossible to refuse it; it was irresistible, it was adamant: they consented, and I went on in king Bajazet: my frowning brows, bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captiv'd arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part; I was tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Alla! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it; Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he: but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance: in general I kept my arms folded up thus upon the

pit of my stomach; it is the way at Drury-Lane,[1] and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits: in short, I came off like a prodigy; and, such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success: one praised my voice, another my person. 'Upon my word,' says the 'squire's lady, 'he will make one of the finest actors in Europe; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.'—Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but when it comes in great quantities we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

"At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, sir. We quitted the town, I say; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero! Such is the world; little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject, something truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

"The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor of Europe had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed; if I but drew out my snuff-box the whole house was in a roar of

[1] This and other hits at Drury-lane were injurious to the early friendship—afterwards, I believe, firmly established—between Goldsmith and Garrick. *See* note on Enquiry, vol. ii. p. 60.

rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

"There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits; everybody praised me; yet she refused at first going to see me perform: she could not conceive, she said, any thing but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences: she was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition: however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom,[1] as usual at Drury Lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest; I broke my cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's[2] back; still gloomy, melancholy all, the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders; I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy: I found it would not do; all my good-humour now became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eye showed the agony of my heart: in short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was: my fame expired; I am here, and (the tankard is no more!)"

[1] "When to enforce some very tender part,
The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart;
His soul of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left."—CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad.*

[2] Alderman Smuggler (some may require to be told) is a character in "The Constant Couple; or, a Trip to the Jubilee," of which Sir Harry Wildair is the hero.

ESSAY XXII.[1]

RULES ENJOINED TO BE OBSERVED AT A RUSSIAN ASSEMBLY.

WHEN Catharina Alexowna was made Empress of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage, but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe; she altered the women's dress by substituting the fashions of England; instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask; and cornets and commodes instead of caps of sable. The women now found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company, visited each other, and were present at every entertainment.

But as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough, the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them; the czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite. An ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding, which, as it is a curiosity, and has never been before printed that we know of, we shall give our readers.

"I. The person at whose house the assembly is to be kept, shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

"II. The assembly shall not be open sooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

"III. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep them company; but, though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, liquors, and all other necessaries that company may ask for: he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

"IV. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

"V. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game, as he pleases; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great

[1] From "The Ladies' Magazine."

eagle (a pint-bowl full of brandy): it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

"VI. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, head-workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies; as likewise their wives and children.

"VII. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

"VIII. No ladies are to get drunk upon any pretence whatsoever, nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.

"IX. Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions, and commands, &c., shall not be riotous: no gentleman shall attempt to force a kiss, and no person shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion."

Such are the statutes upon this occasion, which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire. But politeness must enter every country by degrees; and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown, awkward but sincere.

ESSAY XXIII.[1]

THE GENIUS OF LOVE, AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

THE formalities, delays, and disappointments that precede a treaty of marriage here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce, but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragements for propagating hemp, madder, and tobacco, are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meets with discouragement.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel amidst gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island; and, when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or an union

[1] Also (with verbal alterations) Letter cxiv. of "The Citizen of the World."

of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love—according to act of parliament.

Thus they, who have fortune, are possessed at least of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those who have none. I am told there was a time, when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least, amongst our clergymen and officers. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions. But of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling, has been forbidden by an act in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs and whispers is declared utterly contraband, till she arrives in the warm latitudes of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimples begin to forsake her; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably entrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time have forsaken her; the captain has changed for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude to bewail her virginity, and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. The genius is surely now no more. In every region there seem enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, jealousy in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among the Tartars, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to oppose his power. The genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is nowhere to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling reliques, as instances of his former residence and favour.

"The genius of Love," says the Eastern Apologue, "had long resided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquillity. His temple at first was crowded, but every age lessened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving therefore his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to some more propitious region; and he apprised the fair sex of

every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embassies were sent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

"And, first, the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modesty, either of look, dress or behaviour; their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes, of the most beautiful silk, hid their hands, bosom and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to study only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and plucked eye-brows were, however, alleged by the genius against them, but he set them entirely aside when he came to examine their little feet.

"The beauties of Circassia next made their appearance. They advanced, hand in hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering; the neck, the left breast, and all the limbs, were exposed to view; which, after some time, seemed rather to satiate than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions; and a soft sleepiness of eye added irresistible poignance to their charms: but their beauties were obtruded, not offered to their admirers: they seemed to give rather than receive courtship; and the genius of Love dismissed them as unworthy his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuing sex.

"The kingdom of Kashmire next produced its charming deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly sequestered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one side from the scorching sun; and sea-born breezes, on the other gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's power to express; and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to reside among them, when unfortunately one of the ladies talked of appointing his seraglio.

"In this procession the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind: their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination could conceive; and

served to show that beauty could be perfect, even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power, and they were rejected as being incapable of uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their suits rejected: the black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo, the women of Wida with scarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Cafraria; the squab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

"The beauties of Europe at last appeared: grace in their steps, and sensibility smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the genius seemed to lend them his most favourable attention. They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, she happened to let fall the words, House in town, Settlement and Pinmoney. These seemingly harmless terms had instantly a surprising effect: the genius, with ungovernable rage, burst from amidst the circle; and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those etherial mansions from whence he descended.

"The whole assembly was struck with amazement: they now justly apprehended that female power would be no more, since love had forsaken them. They continued some time thus in a state of torpid despair, when it was proposed by one of the number, that, since the real genius of Love had left them, in order to continue their power, they should set up an idol in his stead; and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol of gold was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the departed genius. The ladies of China furnished the monster with wings; those of Kashmire supplied him with horns! the dames of Europe clapped a purse in his hand; and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to Love are in reality paid to the idol; while, as in other false religions, the adoration seems most fervent where the heart is least sincere."

ESSAY XXIV.[1]

THE DISTRESSES OF A COMMON SOLDIER.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathising with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of

[1] From "The British Magazine." Also Letter cxix. of "The Citizen of the World." Compare opening paragraph of Unacknowledged Essays, No. x.

happiness. Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away: but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the

door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself: I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in all my life. I had my bellyfull to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came a-shore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-

gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham,[1] to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating: and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand; 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's brains?' 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.[2]

[1] *See* note, vol. ii., p. 474.

[2] "Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn."—POPE. *Prologue for Dennis.*

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days, before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours; and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest: but, by good fortune we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that in that engagement I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

ESSAY XXV.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE ORDINARY OF NEWGATE.

MAN is a most frail being, incapable of directing his steps, unacquainted with what is to happen in this life; and perhaps no man is a more manifest instance of the truth of this maxim, than Mr. The. Cibber, just now gone out of the world.[1] Such a variety of turns of fortune, yet such a persevering uniformity of conduct, appears in all that happened in his short span, that the whole may be looked upon as one regular confusion: every action of his life was matter of wonder and surprise, and his death was an astonishment.

This gentleman was born of creditable parents, who gave him a very good education, and a great deal of good learning, so that he could read and write before he was sixteen. However, he early discovered an inclination to follow lewd courses; he refused to take the advice of his parents, and pursued the bent of his inclination; he played at cards on Sundays, called himself a gentleman; fell out with his mother and laundress; and, even in these early days, his father was frequently heard to observe, that young The.—would be hanged.

As he advanced in years, he grew more fond of pleasure; would eat an ortolan for dinner, though he begged the guinea that bought it; and was once known to give three pounds for a plate of green peas, which he had collected over-night as charity for a friend in distress: he ran into debt with everybody that would trust him, and none could build a sconce better than he: so that, at last, his creditors swore with one accord that The.—would be hanged.

But, as getting into debt by a man who had no visible means but impudence for subsistence, is a thing that every reader is not acquainted with, I must explain that point a little, and that to his satisfaction.

There are three ways of getting into debt; first, by pushing a face, as thus: "You, Mr. Lutestring, send me home six yards

[1] Theophilus Cibber, the son of Colley, and husband of the famous actress, Susannah Cibber (*see* p. 36), was born in the great storm of 1703, and was lost at sea in 1758, while crossing from Chester to Dublin. He was a sad rogue, almost equally destitute of either virtue or talent.

of that paduasoy, dammee;—but, harkee, don't think I ever intend to pay you for it, dammee." At this the mercer laughs heartily: cuts off the paduasoy, and sends it home; nor is he, till too late, surprised to find the gentleman had said nothing but truth, and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called fineering; which is getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser; and, if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them upon his hands.

But the third and best method is called, "Being the good customer." The gentleman first buys some trifle, and pays for it in ready-money; he comes a few days after with nothing about him but bank-bills, and buys, we will suppose, a sixpenny tweezer-case; the bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after and pay for what he has bought. In this promise he is punctual, and this is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got at last the character of a good customer. By this means he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays for it.

In all this, the young man who is the unhappy subject of our present reflections, was very expert; and could face, fineer, and bring custom to a shop with any man in England: none of his companions could exceed him in this; and his very companions at last said that The.—would be hanged.

As he grew old, he grew never the better; he loved ortolans and green peas, as before; he drank gravy-soup when he could get it, and always thought his oysters tasted best when he got them for nothing, or, which was just the same, when he bought them upon tick: thus the old man kept up the vices of the youth, and what he wanted in power he made up by inclination; so that all the world thought that old The.—would be hanged.

And now, reader, I have brought him to his last scene; a scene where, perhaps, my duty should have obliged me to assist. You expect, perhaps, his dying words, and the tender farewell he took of his wife and children; you expect an account of his coffin and white gloves, his pious ejaculations, and the papers he left behind him. In this I cannot indulge your curiosity; for oh! the mysteries of fate, The.—was drowned!

"Reader," as Hervey saith, "pause and ponder; and ponder and pause; who knows what thy own end may be."

ESSAY XXVI.[1]

THE FOLLOWING WAS WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF THE LAST CORONATION,[2] AND SUPPOSED TO COME FROM A COMMON COUNCILMAN.

SIR,—I have the honour of being a common councilman, and am greatly pleased with a paragraph from Southampton in yours of yesterday. There we learn that the mayor and aldermen of that loyal borough had the particular satisfaction of celebrating the royal nuptials by a magnificent turtle-feast. By this means the gentlemen had the pleasure of filling their bellies, and showing their loyalty together. I must confess it would give me some pleasure to see some such method of testifying our loyalty practised in this metropolis, of which I am an unworthy member. Instead of presenting his majesty (God bless him) on every occasion with our formal addresses, we might thus sit comfortably down to dinner, and wish him prosperity in a sirloin of beef; upon our army levelling the walls of a town, or besieging a fortification, we might at our city feast imitate our brave troops, and demolish the walls of venison pasty, or besiege the shell of a turtle, with as great a certainty of success.

At present, however, we have got into a sort of dry, unsocial manner of drawing up addresses upon every occasion; and though I have attended upon six cavalcades, and two foot processions in a single year, yet I came away as lean and hungry as if I had been a juryman at the Old Bailey. For my part, Mr. Printer, I don't see what is got by these processions and addresses, except an appetite, and that, thank Heaven, we have all in a pretty good degree, without ever leaving our own houses for it. It is true, our gowns of mazarine blue, edged with fur, cut a pretty figure enough parading through the streets, and so my wife tells me. In fact I generally bow to all my acquaintance when thus in full dress; but alas, as the proverb has it, fine clothes never fill the belly.

But even though all this bustling, parading, and powdering through the streets be agreeable enough to many of us, yet I

[1] Not in the *first* edition, but inserted in the *second*.

[2] That of George III. *See* "Citizen of the World," Letter cv. and Unacknowledged Essays, No. x.

would have my brethren consider whether the frequent repetition of it be so very agreeable to our betters above. To be introduced to court, to see the queen, to kiss hands, to smile upon lords, to ogle the ladies, and all the other fine things there, may, I grant, be a perfect show to us that view it but seldom, but it may be a troublesome business enough to those who are to settle such ceremonies as these every day. To use an instance adapted to all our apprehensions—suppose my family and I should go to Bartholomew Fair. Very well, going to Bartholomew Fair; the whole sight is a perfect rapture to us, who are only spectators once and away; but I am of opinion that the wire-walker and fire-eater find no such great sport in all this; I am of opinion, they had as lief remain behind the curtain at their own pastimes, drinking beer, eating shrimps, and smoking tobacco.

Besides what can we tell his majesty in all we say on these occasions, but what he knows perfectly well already. I believe if I were to reckon up, I could not find above five hundred disaffected in the whole kingdom, and here are we every day telling his majesty how loyal we are. Suppose the addresses of a people, for instance, should run thus: May it please your M——y, we are many of us worth an hundred thousand pounds, and are possessed of several other inestimable advantages. For the preservation of this money and those advantages we are chiefly indebted to your M——y. We are, therefore, once more assembled to assure your M——y of our fidelity. This, it is true, we have lately assured your M——y five or six times, but we are willing once more to repeat what can't be doubted, and to kiss your royal hand, and the Queen's hand, and thus sincerely to convince you that we shall never do anything to deprive you of one loyal subject, or any one of ourselves of one hundred thousand pounds. Should we not upon reading such an address, think that people a little silly, who thus made such unmeaning professions. . . . Excuse me, Mr. Printer, no man upon earth has a more profound respect for the abilities of the aldermen, and the common council than I; but I could wish they would not take up a monarch's time in these good-natured trifles, who I am told seldom spends a moment in vain.

The example set by the City of London will probably be followed by every other community in the British Empire. Thus we shall have a new set of addresses from every little

borough, with but four freemen and a burgess; day after day shall we see them come up with hearts filled with gratitude, laying the vows of a loyal people at the foot of the throne. Death! Mr. Printer, they'll hardly leave our courtiers time to scheme a single project for beating the French; and our enemies may gain upon us, while we are thus employed in telling our governor how much we intend to keep them under.

But a people by too frequent a use of addresses, may by this means, come at last to defeat the very purpose for which they are designed. If we are thus exclaiming in raptures upon every occasion, we deprive ourselves of the powers of flattery when there may be a real necessity. A boy three weeks ago swimming across the Thames, was every minute crying out for his amusement, "I've got the cramp, I've got the cramp." The boatmen pushed off once or twice, and they found it was fun: he soon after cried out in earnest, but nobody believed him, and so he sunk to the bottom.

In short, sir, I am quite displeased with any unnecessary cavalcade whatever; I hope we shall soon have occasion to triumph, and then I shall be ready myself either to eat at a turtle-feast, or to shout at a bonfire; and will lend either my faggot at the fire, or flourish my hat at every loyal health that may be proposed.

I am, Sir, &c.

ESSAY XXVII.[1]

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,—I am the same common councilman who troubled you some days ago. To whom can I complain but to you, for you have many a dismal correspondent; in this time of joy my wife does not choose to hear me, because she says I am always melancholy when she is in spirits. I have been to see the coronation, and a fine sight it was, as I am told. To those who had the pleasure of being near spectators, the diamonds I am told were as thick as Bristol stones in a show-glass; the ladies and gentlemen walked all along, one foot before another, and

[1] Not in the *first* edition, but inserted in the *second*.

threw their eyes about them, on this side and that, perfectly like clockwork. Oh! Mr. Printer, it had been a fine sight indeed, if there was but a little more eating.

Instead of that, there we sate, penned up in our scaffoldings like sheep upon a market-day in Smithfield; but the devil a thing could I get to eat (God pardon me for swearing) except the fragments of a plum-cake, that was all squeezed into crumbs in my wife's pocket, as she came through the crowd.

You must know, sir, that in order to do the thing genteelly, and that all my family might be amused at the same time, my wife, my daughter, and I, took two guinea places for the coronation, and I gave my two eldest boys (who, by-the-by, are twins, fine children,) eighteenpence a-piece to go to Sudrick Fair, to see the court of the black king of Morocco, which will serve to please children well enough.

That we might have good places on the scaffolding, my wife insisted upon going at seven o'clock in the evening before the coronation, for she said she would not lose a full prospect for the world. This resolution I own shocked me. "Grizzle," said I to her, "Grizzle my dear, consider that you are but weakly, always ailing, and will never bear sitting out all night upon the scaffold. You remember what a cold you caught the last fast-day, by rising but half an hour before your time to go to church, and how I was scolded as the cause of it. Besides, my dear, our daughter Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina will look like a perfect fright if she sits up, and you know the girl's face is something at her time of life, considering her fortune is but small." "Mr. Grogan," replied my wife, "Mr. Grogan, this is always the case, when you find me in spirits; I don't want to go, not I, nor I don't care whether I go at all; it is seldom that I am in spirits, but this is always the case." In short, Mr. Printer, what will you have on't, to the coronation we went.

What difficulties we had in getting a coach, how we were shoved about in the mob, how I had my pocket picked of the last new almanack, and my steel tobacco-box; how my daughter lost half an eye-brow, and her laced shoe in a gutter; my wife's lamentations upon this, with the adventures of the crumbled plum-cake, and broken brandy bottle—what need I relate all these? we suffered this, and ten times more, before we got to our places.

At last, however, we were seated. My wife is certainly an

heart of oak; I thought sitting up in the damp night-air would have killed her. I have known her for two months take possession of our easy chair, mobbed up in flannel nightcaps, and trembling at a breath of air; but she now bore the night as merrily as if she had sat up at a christening. My daughter and she did not seem to value it of a farthing. She told me two or three stories that she knows will always make me laugh, and my daughter sung me the noontide air towards one o'clock in the morning. However, with all their endeavours, I was as cold and as dismal as ever I remember. If this be the pleasures of a coronation, cried I to myself, I had rather see the court of king Solomon in all his glory at my ease in Bartholomew Fair.

Towards morning sleep began to come fast upon me; and the sun rising and warming the air, still inclined me to rest a little. You must know, sir, that I am naturally of a sleepy constitution. I have often sat up at table with my eyes open, and have been asleep all the while. What will you have on't, just about eight o'clock in the morning I fell fast asleep. I fell into the most pleasing dream in the world, I shall never forget it; I dreamed that I was at my Lord Mayor's feast, and had scaled the crust of a venison pasty. I kept eating and eating in my sleep, and thought I could never have enough. After some time the pasty methought was taken away, and the dessert was brought in its room. Thought I to myself, if I have not got enough of the venison, I am resolved to make it up by the largest snap at the sweetmeats. Accordingly, I grasped a whole pyramid; the rest of the guests seeing me with so much, one gave me a snap, and the other gave me a snap. I was pulled this way by my neighbour on the right hand, and that by my neighbour on the left; but still kept my ground without flinching, and continued eating and pocketing as fast as I could. I never was so pulled and hauled in my whole life. At length, however, going to smell to a lobster that lay before me, methought it caught me with its claws fast by the nose. The pain I felt upon this occasion is inexpressible, in fact it broke my dream. When awaking I found my wife and daughter applying a smelling bottle to my nose, and telling me it was time to go home; they assured me every means had been tried to awake me while the procession was going forward, but that I still continued to sleep till the whole ceremony was over. Mr. Printer, this is a hard case, and as I read your most

ingenious work, it will be some comfort when I see this inserted, to find that—I write for it too.

I am, Sir, your distressed humble servant,

L. GROGAN.

ESSAY XXVIII.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION: A TALE.[1]

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass and crack'd his joke,
And Freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix,
Our swain arrived at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
O!—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight,
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains closed around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, tho' she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

[1] *See* vol. i., p. 99.

The honey-moon like light'ning flew,
The second brought its transports too.
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face,
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle:
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.

Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!

He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power,
Withers the beauty's transient flower:
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more; flew off by dozens:
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

Poor Madam now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dyed,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen,
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway
She learns good nature every day,
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

ESSAY XXIX.

NEW SIMILE, IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.[1]

LONG had I sought in vain to find[2]
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon;
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to God Mercurius;
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile

Imprimis, pray observe his hat
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bard's decreed:
A just comparison,—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air;
And here my simile unites,
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

[1] *See* vol. i., p. 103.

[2] "I long had rack'd my brains to find."
First Edition.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand;
By classic authors, term'd caducis,
And highly famed for several uses.
To wit—most wond'rously endued,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
It's soporific virtue's such,
Tho' ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.
This diff'rence only, as the God,
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod;
With his goosequill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript,
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But ev'n this deity's existence,
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

*J. B.

UNACKNOWLEDGED ESSAYS.

These Essays, from "The British Magazine," "The Busy Body," and other periodical publications, are attributed to Goldsmith, on the authority of Isaac Reed, Thomas Percy, Thomas Wright, a printer, and James Prior, Esq. Of the genuineness of some I have more than a suspicion. Those on Taste and Poetry (Nos. 14 to 20 inclusive) contain an appreciation of Scotch poets (Thomson, Armstrong, and Blacklock), of blank verse and of new systems of versification, very unlike the ascertained writings and known opinions of Goldsmith. Others, however, have the weight of bullion and mint-mark of Goldsmith himself.[1]

---

[1] The late Mr. Thomas Wright, printer, a man of literary observation and experience, had, during his connection with these periodical publications in which the early works of Goldsmith were originally contained, carefully marked the several compositions of the different writers, as they were delivered to him to print.—*Essays and Criticisms of Dr. Goldsmith*, 3 vols. 12mo. 1798 (Preface to vol. ii.)

UNACKNOWLEDGED ESSAYS.

ESSAY

I. On Public Rejoicings for Victory.

II. On the Different Schools of Music.

III. A Dream. The Fountain of Fine Sense.

IV. The History of Carolan, the last Irish Bard.

V. Parallel between Mrs. Vincent and Miss Brent.

VI. A True History for the Ladies.

VII. A Dream. Visit to Elysium—Mansions of Poetry and Taste.

VIII. History of Miss Stanton.

IX. Reflections on National Prejudices.

X. To the Authors of "The British Magazine."

XI. On the Approaching Coronation.

XII. On National Concord.

XIII. Female Warriors.

XIV. Introduction to the Study of the Belles-Lettres.

XV. On the Cultivation of Taste.

XVI. On the Origin of Poetry.

XVII. On Poetry, as distinguished from other Writing.

XVIII. On the Use of Metaphors.

XIX. On the Use of Hyperbole.

XX. On Versification.

XXI. Description of a Wow-wow.

XXII. On Abuse of our Enemies.

XXIII. The Goddess of Silence, to the Ladies of London and Westminster greeting.

ESSAY
XXIV. Female Characters.
XXV. Zenim and Galhinda; an Eastern Tale.
XXVI. The History of a Poet's Garden.
XXVII. A Comparison between Sentimental and Laughing Comedy.
XXVIII. The History of Cyrillo Padovano, the Noted Sleep-Walker.
XXIX. A Register of Scotch Marriages.
XXX. On Friendship.

UNACKNOWLEDGED ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.[1]

ON PUBLIC REJOICINGS FOR VICTORY.

WHILE our fleets and armies are earning laurels abroad; while victory courts us from every quarter;[2] while our soldiers and sailors not only retrieve the fame of English valour, but raise our reputation above whatever history can show, and mark the reign of George the Second as the great period of British glory, our citizens and mechanics at home are by no means idle, but deal blow for blow, and once more slay the slain.

If triumphs are gained abroad, we shout for the victory at home; if they illuminate a city that soon must fall with infernal fire of bombs and hand-grenades, we illuminate our streets not less with faggots and candles; if their artillery thunders destruction in the ears of the enemy, we echo them with squibs and crackers at home, no less terrifying to a female ear! if some, bravely fighting for their country, lose their lives and fall dead on the field of battle in its defence, we have our bouts as well as they, and can produce our hundreds who have upon this occasion bravely become votaries for their country, and with true patriotism not disdained to fall dead—drunk in every house:—"O fortunata mors, quæ naturæ debita pro patria potissimum reddita est!"

Though my own circumstances are so disposed as neither to be augmented by a victory, nor influenced by a defeat, yet I cannot behold the universal joy of my countrymen without a secret exultation, and am induced to forget the ravages of war and human calamity in national satisfaction. I could not, therefore, help, upon our recent conquest, to pursue the triumph from face to face, to see its different effects upon the different ranks of people, and increase my own satisfaction, as if by reflection from theirs.

Resolved, therefore, to seek adventures from Ludgate to Charing Cross, I left my lodgings[3] on the night of the illumination; with all the intrinsic nothingness of a busy man, yet with the seeming importance of a man of business; determined to jostle in every crowd, to mix in every company, and peep in at every frequented place of resort.

The first scene curiosity led me to was Ashley's Punch-house,[4] where the

[1] From No. 6 of *The Busy Body* for Saturday, 20th October, 1759.

[2] Capture of Ticonderoga (27th July, 1759), battle of Minden (1st Aug., 1759), conquest of Quebec (13th Sept., 1759).

[3] Goldsmith's residence at this time was at No. 12, Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey.

[4] A famous punch-house, "third door from Fleet Bridge," established in or before

whole company seemed deeply attentive to the old waiter, who usually serves his customers with politics and punch. He was on this occasion giving his audience a geographical description of the city of Paris. "Paris may be about two hundred miles off; it is half as big as London; there they make your lace and such sort of stuff; it is a very pretty place to be sure, and would afford our battalions of guards very pretty picking. The walls cannot stand a siege of four-and-twenty hours; it is nothing but sweeping up through the kingdom and taking Lewis the Small by the beard. Lord, Sir, they could never stand it; for how can French fellows fight when they are drunk with punch? If I were Secretary of State, may this be my poison,[1] but I would show them a trick. Only sail up forty men of war to their very gates, and where would they be then?" The whole company, who were every bit as sanguine as he, acquiesced in the justice and vigour of his measures; the French monarch was deposed, the English standard was erected upon the Bastile, and every person present seemed to enjoy the plunder by anticipation.

Upon leaving this, my attention was next attracted by a poor tradesman and his wife, who were at variance in the streets. The woman, whose patriotism was by no means so strong as that of her husband, was assuring the mob, who had officiously gathered round, not to prevent but to promote a quarrel, that he had sent his waistcoat to the pawnbroker's in order to buy candles for the illumination. The husband, who was, it seems, a journeyman shoemaker, damned her for being a Jacobite in her heart; that she had not a spice of loyalty in her whole body; that she was as fond of getting drunk one day as another. "If the French had got the better," continues he, "what would have become of our property? If mounseers in wooden shoes come among us, what would become of the *gentle craft*, what would become of the nation, when perhaps Madame Pompadour[2] herself might have shoes scooped out of an old pear-tree; and (raising his voice) you ungrateful slut, tell me if the French papishes had come over, d——n my blood, what would have become of our religion?"[3]

Going up Fleet Street, I could not avoid admiring the artificial day that was formed by lights placed in every window: every face dressed in smiles, the mob shouting, rockets flying, women persecuted by squibs and crackers, and yet seeming pleased with their distress, served to enliven the scene, and might have relaxed the brow even of rigid philosophy.

In all this confusion, I could not avoid that pleasing serenity which, from the appearance of such pageants as these, often steals upon the mind, and insensibly operates upon the spirits of the wise as well as the vulgar. How blest am I, said I to myself, who make one in this glorious political society, which thus preserves liberty to mankind and to itself; who rejoice only in their conquest over slavery, and bring mankind from bondage into freedom. Thus solitary as I am, am I not greater than an host of slaves? I, who in my little sphere contribute to the happiness of mankind; am I not greater than the greatest monarch, whose only boast is unbounded power?

Let him dictate to his slaves, and ride upon the neck of submission. My king, my country, and I, are friends together, and by a mutual intercourse of kindness and duty, give and receive social happiness.

In the midst of these pleasing reflections, as I was proceeding with a stately pace, and with all the solemnity of a newly acquired and conscious

1735, by James Ashley, who claimed the merit of being the first person who retailed punch in small quantities. There is a scarce engraved portrait of him. He died 5th July, 1776, aged 78.

[1] *See* vol. i., p. 60; vol. ii., p. 96. [2] The favourite mistress of Louis XV.

[3] Compare Letter IV. of "The Citizen of the World" (vol. ii., p. 96).

dignity, I heard a hissing noise in one of the tails of my wig, and looking about, soon perceived a stream of fire dashing from my right ear. I fled, it followed; I shook my head; it was pinned too close to be shook off, and just as I arrived at George's,[1] it went off in a bounce.

I was too much discomposed to pursue my meditations after so unlucky an accident, therefore took refuge in the coffee-room, where I found a very merry group gathered round a gentleman whom I at first imagined to be reading the Gazette, but coming closer, found it to be an heroic poem upon the conquest of Minorca. Never was there a more severe satire than this upon the nation which it had endeavoured to celebrate! Every exaggerated compliment now bore the appearance of the keenest irony. The children of Mars, the thunderbolts of war, the conquest of the world, were now construed as burlesque, and served at intervals to make the company burst into loud fits of laughter. Where the whiskered French soldier was compared to a lion, the company immediately conceived the idea of a cat; and while the poet described his countrymen as clad in terrors, they were now universally allowed to want part of the equipage, as they had no spirits.

From hence I travelled to Slaughter's,[2] where one of the company was haranguing the rest, and assuring them that he believed not one syllable of the matter. "Do you think," says he, "that the French are such fools as to let us deprive them of one of their greatest and most useful possessions? Ridiculous! I'll hold any one twenty pounds"—"Done, sir," says one of the company, "I'll take it up."—"I mean sir," replied the orator, "I'll hold twenty pounds that by next post they sing *Te Deum*, or contradict our Gazette." To this the other had nothing to reply, and our orator remained master of the field.

The Smyrna[3] was the last place I visited on this occasion. The company here were prescribing terms of peace to the enemy, whom they looked upon as utterly undone; they first insisted upon our keeping all North America; they were next for circumscribing the number of the French fleet; for getting back Minorca; for insisting on a carte blanche. With them, our victory seemed only gained to defer the happiness of peace; they would have everything settled in such a manner, as that we could annoy our enemies at pleasure, without their having any power to hurt us. In short, with an exaggerated, yet perhaps pardonable triumph, they were for dictating terms of peace, that none but a conquered nation could submit to. As I perceived now that I spoke to men who could hearken to and understand reason, I addressed one of them as follows:

"The only use of victory is peace. Proposals for a reconciliation are never made with so good a grace as from a victorious army. It is very possible for a country to be very victorious and very wretched. The victories of Sweden have oppressed that people so much, as to render them quite insignificant in the political scale of Europe ever since. It is but prolonging the wished-for peace, to prescribe such terms as is consistent neither with the interest or the honour of our enemies to accept. It is but rendering us ridiculous, to expect such terms as we can never compel them to.

"A country at war resembles a flambeaux, the brighter it burns, the sooner it is often wasted. The exercise of war for a short time may be useful to society, which grows putrid by a long stagnation. Vices spring up in a long continued peace, from too great an admiration of commerce and too great a contempt for arms; war corrects these abuses, if of but a short continuance. But when prolonged beyond that useful period, it is apt to involve society in every distress. The property of a country, by its continuance, is transferred from the industrious to the enterprising; from men of abilities, to men of no other qualification but bravery; every man who is enriched

[1] *See* p. 38. [2] *See* p. 152. [3] *See* p. 41.

by the trade of war, is only rewarded from the spoils of some unhappy member of society, who could no longer live by the trade of peace. Now; now, then, is the time to offer terms of accommodation: and as we conquer our enemies in war, so let us excel them in generosity. Let us sheath the sword that has already reeked with too much blood. Let victory be attended by peace; for peace is the only triumph of victory."

ESSAY II.[1]

ON THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

A SCHOOL in the polite arts properly signifies that succession of artists, which has learned the principles of the art from some eminent master, either by hearing his lessons or studying his works, and consequently who imitate his manner either through design or from habit. Musicians seem agreed in making only three principal schools in music: namely, the school of Pergolesi[2] in Italy, of Lulli[3] in France, and of Handel in England; though some are for making Rameau the founder of a new school, different from those of the former, as he is the inventor of beauties peculiarly his own.

Without all doubt Pergolesi's music deserves the first rank; though excelling neither in variety of movements, number of parts, nor unexpected flights, yet he is universally allowed to be the musical Raphael of Italy. This great master's principal art consisted in knowing how to excite our passions by sounds, which seem frequently opposite to the passion they would express: by slow solemn sounds he is sometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle; and, even by faster movements, he excites melancholy in every heart that sounds are capable of affecting. This is a talent, which seems born with the artist. We are unable to tell why such sounds affect us: they seem no way imitative of the passion they would express, but operate upon us by an inexpressible sympathy; the original of which is as inscrutable as the secret springs of life itself. To this excellence he adds another, in which he is superior to every other artist of the profession, the happy transition from one passion to another. No dramatic poet better knows to prepare his incidents than he: the audience are pleased in those intervals of passion, with the delicate, the simple harmony, if I may so express it, in which the parts are all thrown into figures, or often are barely unison. His melodies also, where no passion is expressed, give equal pleasure from this delicate simplicity: and I need only instance that song in the *Serva Padrona*, which begins *Lo conosco à quegl' occelli*, as one of the finest instances of excellence in the duo.

The Italian artists in general have followed his manner, yet seem fond of embellishing the delicate simplicity of the original. Their style in music seems somewhat to resemble that of Seneca in writing, where there are some

[1] From "The British Magazine" for 1760, p. 74. "The British Magazine, or Monthly Repository for Gentlemen and Ladies, printed for James Rivington and James Fletcher at the Oxford Theatre, and H. Payne, at Dryden's Head, in Paternoster-row." The first number (price sixpence) was published on the 1st January, 1760. For this Magazine Smollett wrote his capital story of "Sir Launcelot Greaves." Goldsmith is said to have contributed in all *twenty-one* papers to the British Magazine; though, when he collected his Essays in 1765, he acknowledged only *four*.

[2] Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, born at Casano, near Naples, in 1704, died 1737.

[3] John Baptist Lulli, born at Florence, 1633, died 1687.

beautiful starts of thought; but the whole is filled with studied elegance and unaffecting affectation.

Lulli, in France, first attempted the improvement of their music, which in general resembled that of our old solemn chaunts in churches. It is worthy of remark in general, that the music of every country is solemn in proportion as the inhabitants are merry; or, in other words, the merriest, sprightliest nations are remarked for having the slowest music; and those whose character it is to be melancholy, are pleased with the most brisk and airy movements. Thus in France, Poland, Ireland, and Switzerland, the national music is slow, melancholy, and solemn; in Italy, England, Spain, and Germany, it is faster, proportionably as the people are grave. Lulli only changed a bad manner, which he found, for a bad one of his own. His drowsy pieces are played still to the most sprightly audience that can be conceived; and even though Rameau,[1] who is at once a musician and a philosopher, has shown, both by precept and example, what improvements French music may still admit of, yet his countrymen seem little convinced by his reasonings; and the Pont-neuf taste, as it is called, still prevails in their best performances.

The English school was first planned by Purcell. He attempted to unite the Italian manner, that prevailed in his time, with the ancient Celtic carol and the Scotch ballad, which probably had also its origin in Italy; for some of the best Scotch ballads,—"The Broom of Cowdenknows," for instance—are still ascribed to David Rizzio. But be that as it will, his manner was something peculiar to the English; and he might have continued as head of the English school, had not his merits been entirely eclipsed by Handel. Handel, though originally a German, yet adopted the English manner; he had long laboured to please by Italian composition, but without success; and though his English Oratorios are accounted inimitable, yet his Italian Operas are fallen into oblivion. Pergolesi excelled in passionate simplicity; Lulli was remarkable for creating a new species of music, where all is elegant, but nothing passionate or sublime: Handel's true characteristic is sublimity; he has employed all the variety of sounds and parts in all his pieces: the performances of the rest may be pleasing, though executed by few performers; his require the full band. The attention is awakened, the soul is roused up at his pieces; but distinct passion is seldom expressed. In this particular he has seldom found success: he has been obliged, in order to express passion, to imitate words by sounds, which though it gives the pleasure which imitation always produces, yet it fails of exciting those lasting affections, which it is in the power of sounds to produce. In a word, no man ever understood harmony so well as he; but in melody he has been exceeded by several.

To the Author of the British Magazine.

[OBJECTIONS BY A CORRESPONDENT, WITH GOLDSMITH'S REPLIES.]

As you are to be supposed accountable for every article that appears in your collection, I must ask your leave to object against some things advanced in your Magazine of January, under the title of "The Different Schools of Music." The author of this article seems too hasty in degrading the harmonious[2] Purcell from the head of the English School,

[1] John Philip Rameau (styled by his countrymen "The Newton of Harmony,") born at Dijon 1683, died at Paris in 1767.

[2] Had the Objector said *melodious* Purcell, it had testified at least a greater acquaintance with music, and Purcell's peculiar excellence. Purcell in melody is frequently great: his song made in his last sickness, called "Rosy Bowers," is a fine instance of this; but in harmony he is far short of the meanest of our modern com-

to erect in his room a foreigner (Handel), who has not yet formed any school.[1] The gentleman, when he comes to communicate his thoughts upon the different schools of painting, may as well place Rubens at the head of the English painters, because he left some monuments of his art in England.[2] He says that Handel, though originally a German (as most certainly he was, and continued so to his last breath), yet adopted the English manner.[3] Yes, to be sure, just as much as Rubens the painter did. Your correspondent, in the course of his discoveries, tells us, besides, that some of the best Scotch ballads ("The Broom of Cowdenknows," for instance) are still ascribed to David Rizzio.[4] This Rizzio must have been a most

posers, his fullest harmonies being exceedingly simple. His opera of "Prince Arthur," the words of which were Dryden's, is reckoned his finest piece. But what is that, in point of harmony, to what we every day hear from modern masters? In short, with respect to genius, Purcell had a fine one; he greatly improved an art but little known in England before his time: for this he deserves our applause; but the present prevailing taste in music is very different from what he left it, and who was the improver since his time we shall see by and by.—GOLDSMITH.

[1] Handel may be said as justly as any man, not Pergolesi excepted, to have founded a new school of music. When he first came into England, his music was entirely Italian: he composed for the Opera; and though, even then, his pieces were liked, yet did they not meet with universal approbation. In those he has too servilely imitated the modern vitiated Italian taste, by placing what foreigners call the *point d'orgue* too closely and injudiciously. But in his oratorios he is perfectly an original genius. In these, by steering between the manners of Italy and England, he has struck out new harmonies, and formed a species of music different from all others. He has left some excellent and eminent scholars, particularly Worgan and Smith, who compose nearly in his manner; a manner as different from Purcell's as from that of modern Italy. Consequently, Handel may be placed at the head of the English school.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] The Objector will not have Handel's school to be called an English school, because he was a German. Handel, in a great measure, found in England those essential differences which characterise his music: we have already shown that he had them not upon his arrival. Had Rubens come over to England but moderately skilled in his art; had he learned here all his excellency in colouring and correctness of designing; had he left several scholars, excellent in his manner behind him; I should not scruple to call the school erected by him, the English school of painting. It is not the country in which a man is born, but his peculiar style either in painting or in music, that constitutes him of this or that school. Thus Champagne, who painted in the manner of the French school, is always placed among the painters of that school, though he was born in Flanders, and should consequently, by the Objector's rule, be placed among the Flemish painters. Kneller is placed in the German school, and Ostade in the Dutch, though both born in the same city. Primatis, who may be truly said to have founded the Roman school, was born in Bologna; though, if his country was to determine his school, he should have been placed in the Lombard. There might several other instances be produced; but these, it is hoped, will be sufficient to prove that Handel, though a German, may be placed at the head of the English school.—GOLDSMITH.

[3] Handel was originally a German; but, by a long continuance in England, he might have been looked upon as naturalised to the country. I don't pretend to be a fine writer: however, if the gentleman dislikes the expression (although he must be convinced it is a common one), I wish it were mended.—GOLDSMITH.

[4] I said they were ascribed to David Rizzio. That they are, the Objector need only look into Mr. Oswald's "Collection of Scotch Tunes," and he will there find not only "The Broom of Cowdenknows," but also "The Black Eagle," and several other of the best Scotch tunes ascribed to him. Though this might be a sufficient answer, yet I must be permitted to go farther, to tell the Objector the opinion of our best modern musicians in this particular. It is the opinion of the melodious Geminiani, that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music, except the Irish; the Scotch and English being originally borrowed from the Italians. And that his

original genius, or have possessed extraordinary imitative powers, to have come, so advanced in life as he did, from Italy, and strike so far out of the common road of his own country's music.

A mere fiddler,[1] a shallow coxcomb, a giddy, insolent, worthless fellow, to compose such pieces as nothing but genuine sensibility of mind, and an exquisite feeling of those passions which animate only the finest souls, could dictate; and in a manner, too, so extravagantly distant from that to which he had all his life been accustomed! It is impossible. He might, indeed, have had presumption enough to add some flourishes to a few favourite airs, like a cobbler of old plays, when he takes it upon him to mend Shakspeare. So far he might go; but farther it is impossible for any one to believe, that has but just ear enough to distinguish between the Italian and Scotch music, and is disposed to consider the subject with the least degree of attention.—I am, &c. S. R.—*Feb.* 18, 1760.

ESSAY III.

A DREAM.

The Fountain of Fine Sense.[2]

I FANCIED myself placed at the foot of a high mountain, and saw round me several people who were preparing to climb up its steepy side. Desirous of knowing whither they were going, I mixed in the crowd, and attempted to ascend as well as the rest. Near half way to the top I perceived a fountain, of which several drank with the utmost eagerness; and not even the pump-room at Bath could be filled with a greater variety of characters. Lords, bishops, squires, tradesmen, and men without trades, strove each for a draught; and as each drank he seemed intoxicated, though but with water. The drinkers spoke frequently without understanding what they said; they decided magisterially on subjects which they did not comprehend; and judged of works they had never seen. They talked of painting without knowing the elements of the art; and decided upon music without having

opinion in this respect is just (for I would not be swayed merely by authorities), it is very reasonable to suppose; first, from the conformity between the Scotch and ancient Italian music. They, who compare the old French Vaudevilles, brought from Italy by Rinuccini, with those pieces ascribed to David Rizzio, who was pretty nearly cotemporary with him, will find a strong resemblance, notwithstanding the opposite characters of the two nations which have preserved those pieces. When I would have them compared, I mean I would have their bases compared, by which the similitude may be most exactly seen. Secondly, it is reasonable, from the ancient music of the Scotch, which is still preserved in the Highlands, and which bears no resemblance at all to the music of the Low-country. The Highland tunes are sung to Irish words, and flow entirely in the Irish manner. On the other hand, the Lowland music is always sung to English words.—GOLDSMITH.

[1] David Rizzio was neither a mere fiddler, nor a shallow coxcomb, nor a worthless fellow, nor a stranger in Scotland. He had, indeed, been brought over from Piedmont, to be put at the head of a band of music, by King James V., one of the most elegant princes of his time, an exquisite judge of music, as well as of poetry, architecture, and all the fine arts. Rizzio, at the time of his death, had been above twenty years in Scotland: he was secretary to the queen, and at the same time an agent from the pope; so that he could not be so obscure as he has been represented.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] From "The British Magazine" for May 1760, p. 129.

an ear to distinguish harmony. Nothing in short could be more ridiculous than their conversation. They in general aimed at being sayers of good things, which some uttered with solemn pride, and others with petulant loquacity.

A lady accosted a certain nobleman: "My dear lord," says she, "are we to expect no production of yours this season? I am so fatigued with the works of those mercenary writers for bread, that I protest if I don't see something new of yours, I shall absolutely discontinue my studies, and return to piquet." "Excuse me, madam," replied his lordship, "I should be very willing to publish my works, if there were many such judges as you; but alas! we have neither taste, sentiment, nor genius amongst us; we are quite fallen; none are capable of distinguishing true delicacy: would you think, madam, that my volume of philosophical poems would not go off, and yet the very same judges had bought Pope's Works with great eagerness? No, madam, I shall reserve my future productions for posterity, who, I flatter myself, will give them a more favourable reception."

In another quarter I perceived a well-dressed poet reading his manuscript to a ragged brother, who seemed in raptures with every line of it; he praised the language, sentiment, and sublimity; shrugged up his shoulders in extasy, and flourished his hands with enthusiasm. As the emperors formerly paid poets for every line they liked, so on the contrary our ragged poet was paid for every line he happened to praise; the writer reading it to him not for the sake of his corrections but his flattery.

My attention was called off from this couple to another, where a young man dressed in shabby finery was asking another, who seemed to be a nobleman by his appearance, for a subscription. "Excuse me, sir," replied his lordship, "I never subscribe except for prints or drawings; for I am resolved to encourage and revive the fine arts among us, and even vie with Italy for the superiority.'

Disgusted with such conversation, I was upon the point of returning back; when one of the crowd, addressing me, said, "Dear sir, won't you drink before you go? here you are got to the fountain of fine sense, and yet are going away without tasting." "What!" replied I, "is this the fountain of fine sense?" "Yes, sir," said he, "and as soon as you shall have drank of its waters, you will find yourself every whit as amiable and pleasing as the rest of the company." "Excuse me, sir," says I, "if the waters are to have the same effect upon me that I see them have upon the rest of the company, I disclaim all pretensions to fine sense, and am much better pleased with common sense." "Ah, my dear sir," returned he, with a shrug, "keep your common sense for a circle of Hollanders or aldermen. Without taste, virtue, and delicacy, how insipid is every society!"

I was just upon the point of descending the mountain, when I perceived some persons at the summit; and though I knew it must cost me great pains, did what I could to join them. When with incredible labour I had gained it, I there found a second fountain, round which several persons were placed, who drank freely of its waters; and seemed at once to unite gravity, sense, and humour. Here I perceived people of all the nations of Europe entertaining each other without rancour, wrangling, or envy. There Metastasio and Maffei paid their mutual compliments, and attempted each other's improvement; there Voltaire and the royal Prussian gave and received fame reciprocally; Gresset and Piron read their works to each other with delight; and there I saw Johnson, Gray, and Mason, with some other authors of our own country, conveying strong sense in the wildest sallies of poetical enthusiasm. Pleased with the company, I was just going to take a draught of the delicious fountain, when an old agreeable acquaintance, who had been long posted there, and who shall be nameless, welcomed me with so violent a shake by the hand that I awoke, and received no other

benefit from my imaginary journey, than a certain conviction that a shallow understanding generally aspires at the reputation of wit; but true genius ever chooses to wear the appearance of good sense.

ESSAY IV.[1]

THE HISTORY OF CAROLAN, THE LAST IRISH BARD.[2]

THERE can be perhaps no greater entertainment than to compare the rude Celtic simplicity with modern refinement. Books, however, seem incapable of furnishing the parallel; and to be acquainted with the ancient manners of our own ancestors, we should endeavour to look for their remains in those countries, which, being in some measure retired from an intercourse with other nations, are still untinctured with foreign refinement, language, or breeding.

The Irish will satisfy curiosity in this respect preferably to all other nations I have seen. They in several parts of that country still adhere to their ancient language, dress, furniture, and superstitions; several customs exist among them that still speak their original; and in some respects, Cæsar's description of the Ancient Britons is applicable to these.

Their Bards, in particular, are still held in great veneration among them; those traditional heralds are invited to every funeral, in order to fill up the intervals of the howl with their songs and harps. In these they rehearse the actions of the ancestors of the deceased, bewail the bondage of their country under the English government, and generally conclude with advising the young men and maidens to make the best use of their time, for they will soon, for all their present bloom, be stretched under the table, like the dead body before them.

Of all the Bards this country ever produced, the last and the greatest was CAROLAN THE BLIND. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp. The original natives never mention his name without rapture, both his poetry and music they have by heart; and even some of the English themselves, who have been transplanted there, find his music extremely pleasing. A song beginning "O Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot," translated by Dean Swift, is of his composition; which, though perhaps by this means the best known of his pieces, is yet by no means the most deserving. His songs, in general, may be compared to those of Pindar, as they have frequently the same flights of imagination, and are composed (I don't say written, for he could not write) merely to flatter some man of fortune upon some excellence of the same kind. In these one man is praised for the excellence of his stable, as in Pindar, another for his hospitality, and a third for the beauty of his wife and children, and a fourth for the antiquity of his family. Whenever any of the original natives of distinction were assembled at feasting or revelling, Carolan was generally there, where he was always ready with his harp to celebrate their praises. He seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so also he was possessed of a most astonishing

[1] From "The British Magazine" for July, 1760, p. 418.

[2] Carolan, or Turlogh O'Carolan, died March, 1738, at Alderford, in the county of Roscommon, and was interred in the parish church of Killronan, in the diocese of Ardagh.

memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite satisfaction. Being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present, who was eminent in the profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, his lordship persuaded the musician to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately taking his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before; which produced some surprise: but their astonishment increased, when he assured them he could make a concerto in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed, and that with such spirit and elegance, that it may compare (for we have it still) with the finest compositions of Italy.

His death was not more remarkable than his life. Homer was never more fond of a glass than he; he would drink whole pints of usquebaugh, and, as he used to think, without any ill consequence. His intemperance, however, in this respect, at length brought on an incurable disorder, and when just at the point of death, he called for a cup of his beloved liquor. Those who were standing round him, surprised at the demand, endeavoured to persuade him to the contrary; but he persisted, and when the bowl was brought him, attempted to drink, but could not; wherefore, giving away the bowl, he observed with a smile, that it would be hard if two such friends as he and the cup should part at least without kissing; and then expired.

ESSAY V.[1]

PARALLEL BETWEEN MRS. VINCENT AND MISS BRENT.

I OWN it gave me some pleasure to find the entertainment at Vauxhall, which I regard, under proper regulations, as one of the most harmless and pleasing we have, much improved this season. Improved, if we consider the expense, which is lessened, or the singers who are better than before. Mrs. Vincent and Miss Brent[2] are certainly capable of furnishing out an agreeable evening; and it must be confessed, the conductor of this entertainment has spared no expense in procuring a very elegant band of performers. The satisfaction which I received the first night I went there was greater than my expectations; I went in company of several friends of both sexes, whose virtues I regard, and judgments I esteem. The music, the entertainment, but particularly the singing, diffused that good humour among us, which constitutes the true happiness of society; but I know not how, from praising both the singers, as they deserved, we insensibly fell into a comparison of their respective perfections: one part of the company seemed to favour the old singer, another the new. The ladies, who in such a case always declare their opinions first, seemed to give it in favour of Mrs. Vincent, because she was a married woman; the generality of the gentlemen were of a contrary opinion, and for a contrary reason. We, however, at length agreed to refer the dispute to two gentlemen of the company, who had been for some time in Italy, and were besides, of themselves tolerable performers. Even they, however, seemed of different opinions, and, as well as I remember, this was the substance of what either said on the occasion:

[1] From "The British Magazine" for June, 1769, p. 348.

[2] *See* Letter lxxix. of "The Citizen of the World" (vol. ii., p. 350).

"I own," says he who spoke first, "that Miss Brent,[1] by pleasing the town last season in the Beggar's Opera, has acquired a share of popularity which may alone lead the injudicious; but let us strip her of her theatrical ornaments, and merely as a singer, compare her with her rival Mrs. Vincent: I think it will be allowed me Mrs. Vincent has, rather, the most graceful person of the two; and even that consideration, trifling as it may seem, is of some consequence, when we are considering the perfections of a female singer. In Italy, you know, Sir, scarce a lady dares appear even in a chorus, upon the stage, or as a public performer, without this natural advantage. Upon some of Miss Brent's notes there is also a huskiness, which her rival is entirely free from; for you must confess, that nothing can be clearer than Mrs. Vincent's voice. Miss Brent, sometimes, drives the feeling theatrical manner into affectation; for though a little of that manner is proper at all times, and is in fact the only thing in which the voice excels an instrument, yet, in plain singing, where acting is not required, it may sometimes be carried to a ridiculous excess. Mrs. Vincent sings with more ease, fetches her inspirations quicker, more unperceived, and with a better grace than your new favourite. Though I must own, that neither the one or the other are, by any means, perfect timists; yet, in this respect, Mrs. Vincent has certainly the advantage, and is seldom guilty of blunders, which the other, through haste, want of skill, or of time, sometimes commits. I have but one thing more to say in favour of Mrs. Vincent, which is, that she would certainly appear to greater advantage were the music she sings more nicely adapted to her voice. Every judicious composer sets his music to the voice of the performer; that which this singer chooses seems, in general, taken by herself at a venture, or composed for her, without a perfect knowledge of her excellences. The lower part of her voice has a much finer body than the upper, which is rather too small, and has somewhat too much of the German-flute tone in it. Though she has great command, yet her transitions are not perfectly graceful; the music therefore adapted to her, and in which she would certainly charm, should be composed of notes not reaching extremely high, and not with difficult transitions. The music composed for Miss Brent, on the contrary, is set with perfect taste, and with a thorough knowledge of her forte. That pretty song of Liberty, in particular, both in delicacy and accompaniment, is far beyond the songs of Mrs. Vincent."

Influenced by this, most of the company were going to declare in favour of Mrs. Vincent, when the other gentleman gave his opinion as follows: "I allow the justice of almost all that has been advanced, but I am of opinion Miss Brent is far superior. It is true her voice is by no means so clear as Mrs. Vincent's, nor have I ever heard any singer equal that lady in this particular; yet still Miss Brent has much the best voice of the two; for it is at once capable of a greater swell, and has a greater body of tone. These two perfections are alone sufficient to give her the preference; but there is another in which she excels almost every singer, I mean that of her voice's being perfectly in tune. I cannot tell whether it be in reality so; but it would seem, by the exact tunefulness of her voice, that she had not been entirely taught to sing from the harpsichord; for such as are wholly taught by that instrument, though they may be sufficiently in tune with any instrument, yet by learning only to chime with a chord, which from the nature of this instrument is not quite perfect, they seldom arrive to that tunefulness which reaches the heart; and hence we see natural singers frequently more pleasing than those who are taught. The lady I refer to

[1] *See* note to Letter lxxix. of "The Citizen of the World" (vol. ii., p. 350). Miss Brent, in the autumn of 1759, played Polly in the Beggar's Opera thirty-nine times. Beard played Macheath.

seems to possess all that native sweetness of voice, at the same time that she has acquired by art the perfect manner of flattening those notes, which upon the voice and every natural instrument, as the trumpet and horn, are naturally too sharp. Her shake, though not perfect (as it is in general too quick) is however much superior to the other's, who is very faulty in this respect. Though she may sometimes feel too much, yet it must be owned that this is preferable to a total vacancy of sensibility, which is the other's case. Let us add to this, that the music we have now heard her sing is preferable to that sung by Mrs. Vincent; and I fancy, upon the whole, we shall find she affords the highest entertainment. I am sensible that both have faults, which neither of us have mentioned; and one among the rest is in the execution of those holding notes of which they both seem so fond. They seem to think that all the art in this respect lies in beginning one of those tedious notes very soft, and then swelling it as loud as possible in the middle, then falling off, and so forth. These should never be continued without that softening which is taken from the tone below; which on the voice is capable of becoming every moment more distinct, till it at last falls naturally into the shake, which should not be of very long continuance neither. But I fear I tire the company: I shall only observe, that the public are greatly obliged to both for one of its most innocent and highest amusements." Just as he had finished we were called away to hear the concluding song, which gave me such pleasure, I could not avoid concluding, that she who sung last always sung best.

ESSAY VI.[1]

A TRUE HISTORY FOR THE LADIES.[2]

In the flowery paths of novel and romance, we are taught to consider love as a blessing that will last for life: it is exalted above its merits; and by teaching the young and unexperienced to expect more from it than it can give, by being disappointed of their expectations they do not receive from it even those advantages it has to bestow.

Love between the sexes should be regarded as an inlet to friendship, nor should the most beautiful of either hope to continue the passion a month beyond the wedding-day. Marriage strips love of all its finery; and if friendship does not appear to supply its place, there is then an end of matrimonial felicity.

But this love and friendship, by being too violent, often destroy themselves. A wife, by expecting too much of her husband's company, or he, on the other hand, desiring too much tenderness from her, only impair that union of heart which both endeavour to cement. Perhaps they who expect least are often paid with most of the pleasures of a married state; as some accidentally happen to fall upon agreeable parties, but seldom find them so, if appointed long beforehand: those bonds which unite the married couple may be tied too closely, which is perhaps a worse inconvenience than if they had not been tied at all.

To illustrate this, let me be permitted to relate a real story that happened

[1] From "The British Magazine" for July 1760, p. 420.

[2] The persons mentioned in this story were, it is said, by the female side, relatives of Goldsmith's uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine. Some of the circumstances are doubtless exaggerated.—*See* PRIOR'S *Life*, vol. i. chap. ii.

near Chester some years ago; which will more clearly display the inconveniences arising from too high a regard on each side, than any remarks of mine upon this occasion.

Thomas and James Chaloner were brothers residing near Chester; they were both possessed of small but independent fortunes, and nearly at the same time intended to improve those fortunes by matrimony. Thomas, the elder, paid his addresses to a young lady of great beauty and family in the neighbourhood, and she received his professions with mutual passion; her father, however, attempted to interrupt the match from mercenary motives, as he was sensible of the inequality of Mr. Thomas Chaloner's fortune to that he intended for his daughter. The young lovers were too much enamoured of each other to attend to the dissuasive voice of avarice upon this occasion; and, contrary to the inclinations of all their friends, were privately married, promising themselves an endless source of felicity in each other's possession.

In the mean time, Mr. James Chaloner also was married; but without any of those circumstances of stolen happiness or forbidden endearment. His wife was chosen from that rank of life immediately beneath his own; she was a farmer's daughter, had a little money, and a hearty blessing from her father. She was neither very handsome, nor extremely sensible; and their amours would by no means have served as the subject of romance.

Both brothers had not been long married, when a lawsuit called them over to Ireland; and, unwilling to leave their wives behind, they all embarked from Parkgate on their passage to Dublin. They had not been at sea an hour when a violent storm arose; the ship was old, and the mariners but few: she was therefore driven at the mercy of the waves, and at length approached a rocky shore, where nothing but instant death was expected, especially to those who could not swim. In this terrible situation the captain desired the passengers to prepare for death, as the ship could not hold out a quarter of an hour longer; but at the same time encouraged those who were skilled in swimming to save themselves as well as they could.

Thomas, who, as we have already observed, had married for love, now showed the whole extent of his passion. Clasping his lovely bride in his arms, he cried out that he disdained to live without her; that as they had lived with the utmost passion, so he was resolved to die with it; and no intreaties could prevail upon him to attempt saving his life, though even his wife joined in the request.

It was very different between the prudent James and his spouse: "My dear," said he, "I would live with you if I could; but my death can give you no satisfaction: and as it is impossible for me to save you, I must endeavour to save myself:" so saying, he plunged into the sea, and had the good fortune to swim on shore.

The danger, however, was not so great as the captain had represented it; the ship held together longer than had been expected, and a calm immediately succeeding, the whole crew were safely landed, and the joyful couple, who had discovered such tenderness, had now an opportunity of reflecting upon the greatness of each other's love.

I wish the story had ended here; but truth demands the rest should be related. For a week or two the enamoured couple enjoyed happiness without allay; but soon, as they expected too much from each other, both began to retrench their mutual liberty. First, slight jealousies, proceeding from too much love, brought on complaints, complaints produced coolness, and this was carried at last into sullen silence. From thence it proceeded to recrimination: soon the quarrel was made up; the same circumstances, however, again were repeated, and again produced the same effects: continual recrimination at last brought on studied constraint, and this settled at last in downright hatred. In short, they parted, heartily tired of each other;

while the contented James and his wife rubbed through life with much content, and now and then some sparring; entertained their friends comfortably enough, and provided very prettily for a numerous family, which for many years continued increasing.

ESSAY VII.[1]

A DREAM.

Visit to Elysium.—Mansions of Poetry and Taste.

THE follies of mankind are an unexhausted fund, which can ever supply a writer with materials. They may be said to be even sterile from their fertility; and an embarrassment in the choice has the same effects with an absence of invention.

Possessed with the truth of such a maxim, I retired to rest, in order to dissipate the chagrin which such reflections naturally produce; but a dream brought the whole train of thought more strongly to my imagination, and by a regular succession of images exhibited the dead for the instruction of the living.

I fancied myself in the Elysian Fields, and ran over in a short time a variety of mansions, in which souls, habituated in life to virtue, had prepared themselves thus for a happy immortality. I shall abridge the account of what I saw which did not deserve particular attention, and shall only remark what particularly struck me in those charming retreats, where kings repose from those labours which in life they endured from a love of their people and a passion for true glory.

Scarce did I meet there with any of those great men who owe their immortality to flattery, and unjustly imputed merit. Achilles, Theseus, Hercules, Alexander, Cæsar, Anthony, were names entirely unknown in these happy mansions. Minos, the judge, had wisely considered, that men, whose whole happiness in life consisted in troubling the repose of others, would be incapable of enjoying eternal repose themselves in those happy retreats, where a great part of the pleasure consisted in tranquillity. The infernal judges therefore granted those regions only to princes, many of whom were entirely unknown to the rest of mankind, who by a life of innocence and peace had prepared themselves for eternal repose below.

Such, instead of endeavouring to extend the bounds of their dominion, only endeavoured to dispel those storms which threatened their country; being rather better pleased with softening the vanity of conquerors by a few trifling submissions, than of raising their resentment by a resistance often vain, always pernicious, even though such resistance should happen to be crowned with success.

Not to those, the true fathers of their people, are we indebted for those new systems of government, and those refined laws, which vain-glory has introduced into states with so little necessity; on the contrary, fond of a rational simplicity, they only cultivated the dictates of truth, observed such laws as experience gave a sanction to, and made their own example the first servant to every institution. In a word, men whose modesty was equal to their other virtues, and who gave up glory to others, content with the pleasing consciousness of having deserved it.

[1] From "The British Magazine" for July 1760, p. 421.

From this most beautiful of all retreats there lies an immense journey to the mansions of Poetry and Taste; yet by that facility of travelling which is natural to a person who dreams, I soon perceived myself among them. I here found a wide difference between the manner of the poet's treatment below and above. Those who while in life had no other lodging than a garret, were here fitted with very genteel apartments; and those who once were the servants of the great, were now attended by some of the deceased nobility, who served them as footmen, valets de chambre, and flatterers. Their city was divided into several compartments, adapted to their peculiar tastes or dispositions; while at stated intervals they all met together, in order to settle disputes, and weigh their reputations, as several had been found to receive a large share of fame immediately after their decease, which, in a succession of ages, evaporated quite away.

Orpheus was the first poet who caught my attention, who sat weeping by the side of a stream, that seemed to murmur back his complaints. His lyre was responsive to his sorrow, and drew round him numbers of enchanted hearers. I own that I was not a little surprised at his complaint, as I saw the beautiful Eurydice, for whom he died, sitting beside him. "Alas!" cried I to a ghost that stood near me, "what can now induce him thus to weep, as he has found the lovely object of all his concern?"—"Fool," replied the spirit, who was wiser than I, "he weeps now because he has found her; for it seems in less than a twelvemonth's acquaintance she became a shrew, and he now feels the same desire to part with her that he had once to find her."

Pindar was next attempting to climb all the sign-posts: sometimes he would sit astride, and call the mob from below to look on; at other times, when he had just reached the top, he would fall headlong down; nor yet seemed very much hurt by the fall, but, like the celebrated Anteus, appeared to gain fresh vigour to rise.

Horace stood gazing among the crowd at this literary rope-dancer, and at intervals would burst out into fits of applause; would, with a great degree of good sense, assure his friends that Pindar fell merely through design, and engaged a large party in his favour. From admiration he soon began to strive at imitation, and began to climb; but when he had got halfway up the post, his strength and spirits failed him; there he stuck, and could get neither up nor down. He looked most pitifully round on the crowd that was laughing below, and begged that some one would lend him a shoulder; when a meagre tall figure, whom I knew to be Scaliger, appearing, took the little man in his arms, and brought him off unhurt before the faces of all the spectators.

As I was pleasing myself with this escape, and following the critic, who was carrying him to a place of safety, I happened to meet Anacreon, who was now turned politician, and settling the balance of hell. I was surprised to find him so very much altered from what he had been on earth. "Where," cries I, "O Teian, are those agreeable sallies of the heart, where the soul, without any aid from the imagination, spoke its most inward feelings, ever tender, ever new?"—"Friend," replied the bard, with a frown, "what can I do in a place where I am refused both women and wine? When I came hither I found myself quite at a loss for employment; and as I knew nothing, I became a politician, for that is a trade that every body knows."

He had scarce finished, when I heard before me a loud uproar of applause and invective; and turning round, I perceived an old man supported on his stick, and yet seemingly held up by two commentators on each side, who served to direct him along; and at the same time continued to assure the populace who were gathered round, that he was by no means so blind as he seemed, but that he frequently saw with the utmost perspicuity. As he

walked along, however, at every four paces he seemed to have an inclination to sleep, and his attitude in this respect was so natural, that the spectators seemed almost to sympathise; but, drowsy as they were, they still continued to cry out, "The divine old man! the incomparable poet! the marvellous genius! the admirable philosopher! the sublime orator!" in short, there was scarcely a title of praise that was not lavished on the immortal Homer.

It would have excited pity to see how much the old bard, who in the main was a man of good sense, seemed ashamed of so much unmerited praise. In vain he attempted to steal away from the crowd that was gathered round him; the commentators were a set of attendants not easily shook off; they even made him frequently blush with their fulsome adulations. Like Sosia, in the comedy, he frequently felt himself all over, in order to know whether he was himself or no; and he could hardly be brought to conceive how his journey to hell could make such a prodigious change in his reputation; and, to confess a truth, he was right. While he was alive, his whole fame consisted in being a good ballad singer, and he considered his poems only as a trade taken up for want of a better, by which he scarcely found a subsistence. It was a matter of wonder, that those very men who formerly denied Homer a little corner in some obscure hospital, in order to rest his muse, fatigued with her vagrant life, now offered him divine honours. He, however, behaved with as much modesty as possible for a man in his circumstances. I could not avoid asking him, why there ran such a similarity through all the books of his Iliad, which must certainly fatigue every reader but those who are determined to admire. To which he very candidly replied, "Ask these gentlemen who support me; they will probably give you good reasons for what I have done, for faith! I am incapable of giving any myself."

Upon applying to the commentators for a solution of my doubts, they heard me with the utmost contempt and indignation, and instead of argument, began to proceed to invective. Happily for me, they were but shades, otherwise I might have expected a much more injurious treatment; and I should certainly have fallen beneath the hands of this company of men, who gloried in the title of Modernicides. Eustathius, however, made up to me with looks of vehement indignation; and lifting up his nervous arm, would have made me feel the force of his resentment, had I not been happily saved from the blow by waking from my dream.

ESSAY VIII.[1]

HISTORY OF MISS STANTON.[2]

I AM apt to fancy you are frequently imposed upon by your correspondents with fictitious stories of distress; such indeed may have real merit in the design, as they promote that tenderness and benevolent love to each other by example, which didactic writers vainly attempt by maxim or reproof: but as they happen to want the sanction of truth, so are they frequently unnatural, and often betray that art which it should be every writer's endeavour to conceal.

If the following story is found to have any real merit, it must be wholly

[1] From "The British Magazine" for July 1760, p. 4-5.

[2] In this brief and abrupt narrative, to which Mr. Prior has the merit of first calling attention, we find something like the rude germ of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

ascribed to that sincerity which guides the pen. I am unused to correspond with magazines; nor should now have walked from obscurity, if not convinced that a true though artless tale would be useful, and sensible that I could not give it a better conveyance to the public, than by diffusing it by means of your magazine.

Within ten miles of H., a town in the north of England, Mr. Stanton, a clergyman with a small fortune, had long resided; and, by a continued perseverance in benevolence and his duty, was esteemed by the rich, and beloved by the poor. He entertained the little circle of his friends with the produce of his glebe; the repast was frugal, but amply recompensed by the cheerfulness of the entertainer. He every evening sat by the way-side to welcome the passing stranger, where he was brought in for the night, and welcomed to a cup of cheerful ale and a glimmering fire. The parson enquired the news of the day, was solicitous to know how the world went, and, as the stranger told some new story, the entertainer would give some parallel instance from antiquity, or some occurrence of his youth. In this manner he had lived for twenty years, bound by every endearment to his parishioners, but particularly attached to one only daughter; the staff of his old age, the pride of the parish, praised by all for her understanding and beauty; and, what is more extraordinary, perfectly deserving all that praise.

As men increase in years, those attachments which are divided on a multiplicity of objects, gradually centre in one; the young have many objects of affection, the aged generally but one. This was the case of Mr. Stanton; every year his love to his dear Fanny increased; in her he saw all her mother's beauty; her appearance every moment reminded him of his former happiness, and in her he expected to protract his now declining life. Thoroughly to feel his tenderness for his child we must be parents ourselves; he undertook to educate her himself, taught his lovely scholar all he knew, and found her sometimes even surpass her master. He expected her every morning to take his lessons in morality, pointed out her studies for the day; and as to music and dancing, those he had her instructed in by the best masters the country could afford. Though such an education generally forms a female pedant, yet Fanny was found to steer between those happy extremes of a thoughtless giggler and a formal reasoner; could heighten the hours of pleasure with gaiety and spirit, and improve every serious interval with good sense of her own, and a happy condescension for those qualities in others.

In this manner she and her father continued to improve each other's happiness; and as she grew up, she took the care of the family under her direction. A life of such tranquillity and undisturbed repose seemed a foretaste of that to come; when a gentleman, whom I may be permitted to call Dawson, happened to travel that way. A travelling rake seldom goes to church, except with a design of seeing the ladies of the country, and this induced the gentleman I refer to, to enter that of Mr. Stanton. Among the various objects that offered, none appeared half so lovely as the poor clergyman's daughter; she seemed, indeed, to surpass anything he had ever seen before.

Mr. Dawson was thirty-six years of age, tolerably well made, and with such a face as is not much impaired by arriving at the middle period of life: but what he wanted in personal beauty, he made up in a perfect knowledge of the world; he had travelled through Europe, and been improved in sentiment and address. He knew perfectly all the windings of the human heart; had kept the very best company; and consequently appeared no way superior to those whose good opinions he endeavoured to conciliate.

This was only one side of his character; the reverse was marked with dissimulation, a passionate admiration, and yet what only seems an inconsistence, at the same time a perfect contempt for the beautiful sex. He had

fortune to second this insidious way of thinking, and perseverance to carry all his schemes into execution. If the passion he felt at church upon seeing the innocent subject of my story can be called love, he loved with the utmost ardour; he had been long unacquainted with any obstacles to his illicit desires, and therefore expected none now.

Dressing himself, therefore, in the habit of a scholar, with a stick in his hand, he, the evening following, walked with seeming fatigue before Mr. Stanton's door, where he expected to find him and his daughter sitting. As he expected, it happened: the old man, perceiving a stranger dressed in black, with a grey wig, passing wearily by his door, was touched at once with pity and curiosity, and instantly invited him in. To this the stranger testified some reluctance; but the daughter joining in her father's intercessions, he was soon prevailed upon to come in, and refresh himself with a cup of home-brewed, which had been made under miss's own inspection. The wily traveller knew how to make the best of this invitation: he complaisantly left his wallet and his staff at the door; the earthen mug went round. Miss touched the cup, the stranger pledged the parson, the reserve of strangeness soon was dissipated; the story was told, and another was given in return. The poor old man found his guest infinitely amusing, desired to hear an account of his travels, of the dangers he had passed, the books he had written, and the countries he had seen. But miss was peculiarly charmed with his conversation: she had hitherto known only 'squires and neighbouring parsons, men really ignorant, or without sufficient art to conceal the art they use. But the insidious Mr. Dawson had learned in courts the whole art of pleasing; and with the most apparent simplicity joined the most consummate address.

When night began to fall, he made some modest though reluctant efforts to withdraw; but the old man, whose bed was ever ready for a stranger, invited him once more to stay; and at the same time he read in the daughter's eyes how very agreeable would be a compliance with her father's request.

This was what he ardently wished for. To abridge the tediousness of the narrative: he thus passed several days in their company, until he at last found he had strongly fixed himself in the young lady's affections. He now thought it the most convenient way to add the blaze of fortune to the stroke he had already given; and, after a fortnight's stay, invited the clergyman and his daughter to his house, about forty miles distant from theirs. He soon got over all their objections to the journey; and one of the principal obstructions he immediately obviated, by ordering his equipage to their door. As before they had been astonished at the wisdom, so now were they astonished at the grandeur of their new companion: they accepted his proposal with pleasure, nor did the deluded Fanny even suppress some forebodings of ambition.

His address now at once indicated his effrontery and experience of the sex. Assiduous in all his actions, patient after a repulse, again attempting and again rejected, he at length succeeded in his villanous design and found that happiness he by no means deserved to possess.

Not able to suppress his triumph at such a dearly earned favour, it was soon discovered as a secret to some of his friends, who soon delivered it as such to others; and the unhappy Miss Stanton's infamy was common before it reached the ears of her father.

Soon, however, the old man became acquainted with her folly, and the disgrace of his unhappy family. Agonizing, despairing, half mad, what could he do! The child of his heart, the only object that stept between him and the horrors of the approaching grave was now contaminated for ever; he was now declined in the vale of years; he had no relations to comfort or assist him; he was in a sacred employment that forbade revenge; he asked his daughter, with fury in his eye, if the report was

true? she at first denied, but soon confessed her shame. "Fanny, my child, my child," said the old man, melting into tears, "why was this, thou dear, lost, deluded excellence? why have you undone yourself and me? had you no pity for this head that has grown grey in thy instruction? But he shall pay for it—though my God, my country, my conscience forbid revenge, yet he shall pay for it."

The betrayer now thought he had nothing to fear; he went on boldly triumphing in his baseness, and a fortnight passed away, when he was told one evening that a gentleman desired to speak to him. Upon coming to the place appointed, he found the poor old man, with his eyes bathed in tears, who, falling at his feet, intreated him to wipe away the infamy that was fallen upon his family; but Dawson, insensible to his intreaties, desired him to have done. "Well then," cried old Stanton, "if you refuse me satisfaction as a man of justice, I demand it as a man of honour." Thus saying, he drew out two pistols from his bosom, and presented one. They retired at proper distances; and the old man, upon the discharge of the other's pistol, fell forward to the ground. By this time the whole family were alarmed, and came running to the place of action. Fanny was among the number; and was the first to see her guardian, instructor, her only friend, fallen in defence of her honour. In an agony of distress she fell lifeless upon the body stretched before her; but soon recovering into an existence worse than annihilation, she expostulated with the body, and demanded a reason for his thus destroying all her happiness and his own.

Though Mr. Dawson was before untouched with the infamy he had brought upon virtuous innocence, yet he had not a heart of stone; and bursting into anguish, flew to the lovely mourner, and offered that moment to repair his foul offences by matrimony. The old man, who had only pretended to be dead, now rising up, claimed the performance of his promise; and the other had too much honour to refuse. They were immediately conducted to church, where they were married, and now live exemplary instances of conjugal love and felicity.

ESSAY IX.[1]

REFLECTIONS ON NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals, who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half-a-dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots, and beastly

[1] From "The British Magazine" for August 1760, p. 460.

gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants: but that in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the world.

This very learned and judicious remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble servant; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping, by this means, to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily: not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him, that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of the several nations with great care and accuracy; that, perhaps a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous, too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive, that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer; which I had no sooner done than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government, to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments, I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning, and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher, who being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world. How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession! We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds, and influence the conduct even of our gentlemen; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion,

ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman: for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet, if he is not free from the national and all other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find, that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on, than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural: the slender vine twists around the sturdy oak for no other reason in the world, but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alleged in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter; I answer that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm too are the growth of religion; but who ever took it in his head to affirm, that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this heavenly plant; but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopt off, without doing any harm to the parent stock: nay, perhaps, till once they are lopt off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? That I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons? Most certainly it is: and if it were not—but what need I suppose what is absolutely impossible?—but if it were not, I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, namely, a citizen of the world, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever.

ESSAY X.[1]

To the Authors of the British Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—I was much affected with the philosophical resignation of the honest soldier, who made his appearance in your number for June,[2] and his story made the deeper impression upon my mind, as his disposition forms a striking contrast with my own. I was the second son of a wealthy gentleman, who reserved the bulk of his fortune for my elder brother: so that the only provision I enjoyed, was a tolerable education and a lieutenant's commission in the army. During the late war I obtained a company, by dint of service, and at the peace was reduced upon half-pay. But this reduction was no great misfortune to me, who had learned to practise economy in an inferior station, and was so much master of my accounts, that I could live independently even to my wish, and could save something out of the appointments of a reformed captain.

My father having by this time resigned his breath, I had no parental

[1] From "The British Magazine" for August 1760, p. 473.

[2] The "Distresses of a Common Soldier," in the "The British Magazine" for June 1769, p. 369, now Letter cxix. of "The Citizen of the World" and Essay xxiv. of Collected Essays (*see* p. 242).

home to which I could retire; therefore I set up my rest in a country town where I had been formerly quartered with the regiment, and made some agreeable acquaintances. There I passed my time according to my heart's desire. I fished, fowled, and hunted with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who entertained me in their houses with the most cordial hospitality. I walked, I chatted, I danced and played at cards with their wives and daughters. Delightful excursions, and amusing parties of pleasure, were planned and executed every day. The time stole away insensibly: I knew no care; I felt no disorder. I inherited from nature a vigorous constitution, a happy serenity of temper, and was distinguished among my friends as the best-humoured fellow in the world.

In the midst of these enjoyments my heart was touched by the amiable qualities of a young lady, who was content to unite her fate with mine, contrary to the inclination and without the consent of her father, who possessed a very large fortune, and resented her marriage with such perseverance of indignation, that he never would admit her into his presence, nor even, at his death, forgive her for the step she had taken. His displeasure, however, affected us the less, as we found happiness in our mutual passion, and knew no wants; for my wife inherited from an aunt a legacy of eighteen hundred pounds, the interest of which, together with my half-pay, was sufficient to answer all our occasions.

We found great satisfaction in contriving plans for living snug upon our income, and enjoyed unspeakable pleasure in executing the scheme to which we had given the preference. Chance presented us with an opportunity to purchase a small, though neat and convenient house, with about twenty acres of land, in an agreeable rural situation; and there our time was parcelled out in a succession of tasks, for improving a large farm that we rented, and cultivating a sweet little garden laid out on a gentle slope, the foot of which was watered by a brawling rivulet of pure, transparent water. Although heaven had not thought proper to indulge us with children, we were favoured with every other substantial blessing; and every circumstance of rural economy proved a source of health and satisfaction.

The labours of the field, the little domestic cares of the barn-yard, the poultry-yard, and the dairy, were productive of such delights as none of your readers will conceive, except those who are enamoured of a country life. I cannot remember those peaceful scenes of innocence and tranquillity without regret; they often haunt my imagination, like the ghosts of departed happiness. Within the bosom of this charming retreat we lived, in a state of uninterrupted enjoyment, until our felicity was invaded by two unexpected events, at which, I am afraid, we shall always have cause to repine: my nephew, who had succeeded to my father's estate, died of the small-pox, and, a few weeks after this incident, my wife's only brother broke his neck in leaping a five-barred gate: so that we found ourselves, all at once, in possession of a very opulent fortune, and violently transported from that element for which our tempers had been so well adapted.

In the first flutter and agitation of mind, occasioned by this unhoped-for accession, we quitted our romantic solitude, and rushed into all the pageantry of high life. Thus irresistibly sucked within the vortex of dissipation, we grew giddy in a rapid whirl of unnatural diversion: we became enamoured of tinsel liveries, equipage, and all the frippery of fashion. Instead of tranquillity, health, a continual flow of satisfaction, and a succession of rational delights, which we formerly derived from temperance, exercise, the study of nature, and practice of benevolence, we now tasted no pleasure but what consists in the gratification of idle vanity, tossed for ever on a sea of absurd amusements, by such loud storms of riot and tumult, as drowned the voice of reason and reflection, and overwhelmed all the best faculties of the soul. We deserted nature, sentiment, and true

taste, to lead a weary life of affectation, folly, and intemperance; our senses became so depraved, that our eyes were captivated with glare and glitter, and our ears with noise and clamour; while our fancy dwelt with pleasure on every gewgaw of gothic extravagance. We entertained guests whom we despised, we visited friends whom we did not love, and invited company whom we could not esteem. We drank wines that we could not relish, and ate victuals that we could not digest. We frequented concerts which we did not understand, plays that we did not like, and public diversions which we could not enjoy. Our house might have been termed the temple of uproar; card-tables were the shrines, and the votaries seemed agitated by the demons of envy, spite, rage, vexation, and despair. In a word, all was farce and form; all was a phantasma, and a hideous dream of incoherent absurdities.

These pleasures, like brandy to a dram-drinker, have lost their effect: we have waked from the intoxication to a due sense of our miserable condition; for the vigour both of mind and body is quite impaired. With respect to each other, we find ourselves in a state of mutual disgust; and all the enjoyments of life we either taste with indifference, or reject with loathing. For my own part, I am overwhelmed with what the French call *Ennui*;—a distemper for which there is no name in the English language;[1] a distemper which may be understood from the following lines of the poet:[2]

> "Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
> Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair;
> And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
> The Pains and Penalties of Idleness."

It is not a common vacancy of thought, or an ordinary languor of the nerves, that I labour under, but a confirmed imbecility of mind, and a want of relish, attended with a thousand uneasinesses, which render life almost insupportable. I sleep without refreshment; I am fatigued without labour. I am scarcely risen when I wish the day was done, and when night comes, I long for morning. I eat without appetite, drink without exhilaration; exercise affords no spirits, conversation no amusement, reading no entertainment, and diversion no pleasure. It is not from affectation, but an acquired insensibility, that I see Falstaff without a smile, and the Orphan without emotion. I endeavour to kill the time by shifting continually the scene of dissipation; but I am close pursued by disgust: all is disappointment, insipid, nauseous, or shocking. My temper is grown so fretful and peevish, that I quarrel by turns with my servants and myself; even she that was once the delight of my eyes and the joy of my heart, is now become the subject of perpetual disquiet. I harbour wishes which I dare not approve; my heart palpitates with passions which I am ashamed to avow. I am tormented by a thousand petty grievances, which rise like angry pimples from the ebullitions of a soured disposition, and incidents that would move the mirth of other men, are to me productive of choler and anxiety. Two days ago I ordered my servants to horsewhip a cobbler, who refused to leave off whistling in his stall as he sat at work, opposite to my chamber-window; and if I had then met with your maimed soldier, in all probability I should have chastised him for presuming to be more happy than his betters.

Gentlemen, if you have any recipe for the cure of my disorder, it will be

[1] ——"Ennui is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language:—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate."—BYRON, *Don Juan*.

[2] Pope, "Dunciad," b. iv.—"The name," says Pope, "is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering courtly squire*, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris."

charity to publish it, for the benefit of many thousands that labour under the same malady which now afflicts your humble servant,

PICROMACHUS.

NOTE.

The distemper of our correspondent is endemial among the great, and may be termed a scurvy of the spirits. Exercise is as necessary to the mind as to the body, and mental exercise consists in study and reflection: this being long disused, the powers of reason lose their tone; and a relaxation of the nerves from idleness and surfeit, co-operating with this languor, the whole machine is, as it were, unstrung; all the faculties being thus untwisted and out of tune, the mind jars on every string, and nothing can be produced but discord and disquiet. If Picromachus and his lady are really determined, if possible, to obtain a radical cure, and retrieve their good-humour, let them make over to the next heirs the great estates which devolved to them so unexpectedly, and return to the farm with the same necessities which their own industry had before so happily supplied. Should this be an effort of self-denial beyond the pitch of their resolution, we would advise them to renounce their fashionable connexions, and endeavour to contract friendships with a few rational creatures; to dismiss their superfluous servants, including the French cook, and every gaudy appurtenance of ostentation; to retire from London, and engage in the avocations of husbandry; to use the cold bath every morning, ride twenty miles every day before dinner, eat moderately of plain English food, go to bed by eleven, rise before eight, and fast one day in the week, until their appetites are perfectly restored.

ESSAY XI.[1]

ON THE APPROACHING CORONATION.[2]

THAT a time of war is a time of parsimony, is a maxim which patriots and senators have had often in their mouths, and which I do not remember ever to have been denied. I know not whether by the acute enquiries of the present age, this opinion has been discovered to be groundless, and is therefore thrown aside among obsolete follies; or whether it happened on this, as on other occasions, that conviction is on one side, and practice on the other; but so it is, that the war, whatever it has taken from the wealth, has added nothing to our frugality. Every place of splendid pleasure is filled with assemblies, every sale of expensive superfluities is crowded with buyers; and war has no other effect, than that of enabling us to show that we can be at once military and luxurious, and pay soldiers and fiddlers at the same time.

Among other changes which time has effected, a new species of profusion has been produced. We are now, with an emulation never known before, outbidding one another for a sight of the Coronation; the annual rent of palaces is offered for a single room for a single day.[3]

[1] From "The British Magazine" for December 1760, p. 703.

[2] That of George III. on the 22nd Sept., 1761. *See* Letter cv. of "The Citizen of the World" (vol. ii. p. 425), and Essays xxv. and xxvi.

[3] The front seats in the galleries of Westminster Abbey were let at ten guineas each, and those in commodious houses along the procession at no less prices. The prices in

I am far from desiring to repress curiosity, to which we owe so great a part of our intellectual pleasures; nor am I hardy enough to oppose the general practice of mankind, so much as to think all pomp or magnificence useless or ridiculous. But all passions have their limits, which they cannot exceed without putting our happiness in danger; and although a fine show be a fine thing, yet, like other fine things, it may be purchased too dear. All pleasures are valuable in proportion to their greatness and duration: that the pleasure of a show is not of any long continuance, all know, who are now striving for places; for if a show was long it would not be rare. This is not the worst, the pleasure while it lasts will be less than is expected. No human performance can rise up to human ideas. Grandeur is less grand, and finery less fine than it is painted by the fancy; and such is the difference between hope and possession, that, to a great part of the spectators, the show will cease as soon as it appears.

Let me yet not deceive my readers to their disadvantage, or represent the little pleasures of life as less than they are. Those who come to see come likewise to be seen, and will, for many hours before the procession, enjoy the eyes of innumerable gazers. Nor will this be the last or the longest gratification; those who have seen the coronation, will have whole years of triumph over those who saw it not. They will have an opportunity of amusing their humble friends and rustic acquaintances with narratives, often heard with envy, and often with wonder; and when they hear the youth of the next generation boasting the splendour of any future procession, they will talk with contemptuous superiority of the Coronation of George the Third.

ESSAY XII.[1]

ON NATIONAL CONCORD.[2]

As you seem by your writings to have a just regard and filial affection for your country, and as your monthly lucubrations are widely diffused over all the dominions of Great Britain, I take the liberty to communicate to the public, through your channel, a few loose thoughts upon a subject, which, though often handled, has not yet, in my opinion, been fully discussed: I mean national concord, or unanimity, which, in this kingdom, has been generally considered as a bare possibility, that existed nowhere but in speculation. Such an union is, perhaps, neither to be expected nor wished for, in a country whose liberty depends rather upon the genius of the people than upon any precautions which they have taken in a constitutional way, for the guard and preservation of this inestimable blessing.

There is a very honest gentleman with whom I have been acquainted these thirty years, during which there has not been one speech uttered against the ministry in parliament; nor a struggle at an election for a burgess to serve in the House of Commons; nor a pamphlet published in opposition to any measure of the administration; nor even a private censure passed in his hearing upon the misconduct of any person concerned in public affairs—but he is immediately alarmed, and loudly exclaims against such

the ordinary houses were from five guineas to one guinea.—*Annual Register* for 1761, p. 218. We are to remember that thirty-three years had elapsed since the previous coronation.

[1] From "The British Magazine." [2] Written in December, 1760.

factious doings, in order to set the people by the ears together at such a delicate conjuncture. "At any other time," says he, "such opposition might not be improper, and I do not question the facts that are alleged; but at this crisis, Sir, to inflame the nation!—the man deserves to be punished as a traitor to his country." In a word, according to this gentleman's opinion, the nation has been in a violent crisis at any time these thirty years; and were it possible for him to live another century, he would never find any period at which a man might with safety impugn the infallibility of a minister.

The case is no more than this: my honest friend has invested his whole fortune in the stocks, on government security, and trembles at every whiff of popular discontent. Were every British subject of the same tame and timid disposition, Magna Charta (to use the coarse phrase of Oliver Cromwell) would be no more regarded by an ambitious prince than magna f——ta, and the liberties of England expire without a groan. Opposition, when restrained within due bounds, is the salubrious gale that ventilates the opinions of the people, which might otherwise stagnate into the most abject submission. It may be said to purify the atmosphere of politics; to dispel the gross vapours raised by the influence of ministerial artifice and corruption, until the constitution, like a mighty rock, stands full disclosed to the view of every individual who dwells within the shade of its protection. Even when this gale blows with augmented violence, it generally tends to the advantage of the commonwealth; it awakes the apprehension, and consequently arouses all the faculties, of the pilot at the helm, who redoubles his vigilance and caution, exerts his utmost skill, and becoming acquainted with the nature of the navigation, in a little time learns to suit his canvas to the roughness of the sea, and the trim of the vessel. Without these intervening storms of opposition to exercise his faculties, he would become enervate, negligent, and presumptuous; and in the wantonness of his power, trusting to some deceitful calm, perhaps hazard a step that would wreck the constitution. Yet there is a measure in all things: a moderate frost will fertilize the glebe with nitrous particles, and destroy the eggs of pernicious insects that prey upon the fancy of the year: but if this frost increases in severity and duration, it will chill the seeds, and even freeze up the roots of vegetables; it will check the bloom, nip the buds, and blast all the promise of the spring. The vernal breeze that drives the frogs before it, that brushes the cobwebs from the boughs, that fans the air and fosters vegetation, if augmented to a tempest, will strip the leaves, overthrow the tree, and desolate the garden. The auspicious gale before which the trim vessel ploughs the bosom of the sea, while the mariners are kept alert in duty and in spirits, if converted to a hurricane, overwhelms the crew with terror and confusion. The sails are rent, the cordage cracked, the masts give way; the master eyes the havoc with mute despair, and the vessel founders in the storm. Opposition, when confined within its proper channel, sweeps away those beds of soil and banks of sand which corruptive power had gathered; but when it overflows its banks, and deluges the plain, its course is marked by ruin and devastation.

The opposition necessary in a free state like that of Great Britain, is not at all incompatible with that national concord which ought to unite the people on all emergencies in which the general safety is at stake. It is the jealousy of patriotism, not the rancour of party; the warmth of candour, not the virulence of hate; a transient dispute among friends, not an implacable feud that admits of no reconciliation. The history of all ages teems with the fatal effects of internal discord; and were history and tradition annihilated, common sense would plainly point out the mischiefs that must arise from want of harmony and national union. Every school-boy can have recourse to the fable of the rods, which, when united in a bundle, no

strength could bend; but when separated into single twigs, a child could break with ease.

There are certain constitutional periods at which this national union ought to appear in full force, particularly at such a delicate conjuncture, when a young prince, whose amiable character hath kindled the most agreeable hope in the breasts of the people, ascends the throne of his ancestors, and succeeds at once to the management of a sceptre, which he has not been gradually accustomed to wield. The crown devolves upon him with such additional weight as requires the full exertion of royalty to bear; and perhaps he inherits a scheme of politics, which even though he should disapprove of the system, he cannot suddenly renounce with any respect to the faith of treaties, with any regard to the honour of the nation. The work of reformation cannot be finished in a day, nor even begun before the preparative steps have been taken, unless he risks the authority of the crown, or the security of the commonwealth. Even an alteration of measures must be gradually introduced, in order to avoid the violent shocks of state convulsions. A sudden change of system might be as dangerous to the community as an attempt to stop the course of a vessel under the impulse of a leading gale with all her canvas out, and her motion greatly accelerated. In this situation, to turn her head to the wind, and throw all her sails aback of a sudden, would be a desperate step that might send her to the bottom in the twinkling of an eye.

But if national union be necessary at all constitutional periods for the preservation of our liberties, it more especially becomes our duty towards our sovereign, at the accession of a prince whose conduct hath been hitherto without reproach, whose character seems to promise the most scrupulous attention to the interests and happiness of his people. Let us not be so unreasonable as to entertain doubts where there are not the least grounds for suspicion, and deny our sovereign the justice which the law allows to the meanest subject, the justice of being deemed innocent, until some presumption of the contrary shall appear. Let us discard every suggestion of that fatal jealousy which tends only to the poisoning of our own peace; that domestic fiend which delights in raising unreasonable clamour, in exciting the rage of civil dissension, impeding the wheels of government, and giving every handle of advantage to the external and internal enemies of Great Britain.

ESSAY XIII.[1]

FEMALE WARRIORS.[2]

I HAVE spent the greater part of my life in making observations on men and things, and in projecting schemes for the advantage of my country, and though my labours have met with an ungrateful return, I will still persist in my endeavours for its service, like that venerable, unshaken, and neglected patriot, Mr. Jacob Henriquez, who, though of the Hebrew nation, hath exhibited a shining example of Christian fortitude and perseverance.[3] And here my conscience urges me to confess, that the hint upon which the following proposals are built, was taken from an advertisement of the said patriot Henriquez, in which he gives the public to understand, that Heaven had indulged him with "seven blessed daughters." Blessed they are, no

[1] From "The British Magazine." [2] Written in January, 1762.
[3] Compare Letter CX. of "The Citizen of the World" (vol. ii. p. 442).

doubt, on account of their own and their father's virtues; but more blessed may they be, if the scheme I offer should be adopted by the legislature.

The proportion which the number of females born in these kingdoms bears to the male children, is, I think, supposed to be as thirteen to fourteen: but as women are not so subject as the other sex to accidents and intemperance, in numbering adults we shall find the balance on the female side. If, in calculating the numbers of the people, we take in the multitudes that emigrate to the plantations, from whence they never return, those that die at sea and make their exit at Tyburn, together with the consumption of the present war by sea and land in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, in the German and Indian Oceans, in Old France, New France, North America, the Leeward Islands, Germany, Africa, and Asia, we may fairly state the loss of men during the war at one hundred thousand. If this be the case, there must be a superplus of the other sex amounting to the same number, and this superplus will consist of women able to bear arms; as I take it for granted, that all those who are fit to bear children are likewise fit to bear arms. Now, as we have seen the nation governed by old women, I hope to make it appear that it may be defended by young women; and surely this scheme will not be rejected as unnecessary at such a juncture, when our armies in the four quarters of the globe are in want of recruits; when we find ourselves entangled in a new war with Spain, on the eve of a rupture in Italy, and indeed in a fair way of being obliged to make head against all the great potentates of Europe.

But before I unfold my design, it may be necessary to obviate, from experience as well as argument, the objections which may be made to the delicate frame and tender disposition of the female sex rendering them incapable of the toils, and insuperably averse to the horrors of war. All the world has heard of the nation of Amazons, who inhabited the banks of the river Thermodoon in Cappadocia; who expelled their men by force of arms, defended themselves by their own prowess, managed the reins of government, prosecuted the operations in war, and held the other sex in the utmost contempt. We are informed by Homer, that Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, acted as auxiliary to Priam, and fell valiantly fighting in his cause before the walls of Troy. Quintus Curtius tells us, that Thalestris brought one hundred armed Amazons in a present to Alexander the Great. Diodorus Siculus expressly says, there was a nation of female warriors in Africa, who fought against the Lybian Hercules. We read in the voyages of Columbus, that one of the Carribbee Islands was possessed by a tribe of female warriors, who kept all the neighbouring Indians in awe; but we need not go further than our own age and country to prove, that the spirit and constitution of the fair sex are equal to the dangers and fatigues of war. Every novice who has read the authentic and important History of the Pirates, is well acquainted with the exploits of two heroines, called Mary Read and Anne Bonny. I myself have had the honour to drink with Anne Cassier, *alias* Mother Wade, who had distinguished herself among the Buccaneers of America, and in her old age kept a punch-house in Port-Royal of Jamaica. I have likewise conversed with Moll Davis, who had served as a dragoon in all Queen Anne's wars, and was admitted on the pension of Chelsea. The late war with Spain, and even the present, hath produced instances of females enlisting both in the land and sea service, and behaving with remarkable bravery in the disguise of the other sex. And who has not heard of the celebrated Jenny Cameron, and some other enterprising ladies of North Britain, who attended a certain Adventurer in all his expeditions, and headed their respective clans in a military character? That strength of body is often equal to the courage of mind implanted in the fair sex, will not be denied by those who have seen the waterwomen of Plymouth; the female drudges of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the fishwomen

of Billingsgate; the weeders, podders, and hoppers, who swarm in the fields; and the bunters who swagger in the streets of London; not to mention the indefatigable trulls who follow the camp, and keep up with the line of march, though loaded with bantlings and other baggage.

There is scarcely a street in this metropolis without one or more viragos, who discipline their husbands and domineer over the whole neighbourhood. Many months are not elapsed since I was witness to a pitched battle between two athletic females, who fought with equal skill and fury, until one of them gave out, after having sustained seven falls on the hard stones. They were both stripped to the under-petticoat; their breasts were carefully swathed with handkerchiefs, and as no vestiges of features were to be seen in either when I came up, I imagined the combatants were of the other sex, until a bystander assured me of the contrary, giving me to understand, that the conqueror had lain-in about five weeks of twin bastards, begot by her second, who was an Irish chairman. When I see the avenues of the Strand beset every night with troops of fierce Amazons, who, with dreadful imprecations, stop and beat and plunder passengers, I cannot help wishing, that such martial talents were converted to the benefit of the public; and that those who are so loaded with temporal fire, and so little afraid of eternal fire, should, instead of ruining the souls and bodies of their fellow-citizens, be put in a way of turning their destructive qualities against the enemies of the nation.

Having thus demonstrated that the fair sex are not deficient in strength and resolution, I would humbly propose, that as there is an excess on their side in quantity to the amount of one hundred thousand, part of that number may be employed in recruiting the army, as well as in raising thirty new Amazonian regiments, to be commanded by females, and serve in regimentals adapted to their sex. The Amazons of old appeared with the left breast bare, an open jacket, and trowsers that descended no farther than the knee; the right breast was destroyed, that it might not impede them in bending the bow, or darting the javelin; but there is no occasion for this cruel excision in the present discipline, as we have seen instances of women who handle the musket, without finding any inconvenience from that protuberance.

As the sex love gaiety, they may be clothed in vests of pink satin and open drawers of the same, with buskins on their feet and legs, their hair tied behind and floating on their shoulders, and their hats adorned with white feathers: they may be armed with light carbines and long bayonets, without the incumbrance of swords or shoulder-belts. I make no doubt but many young ladies of figure and fashion will undertake to raise companies at their own expense, provided they like their colonels; but I must insist upon it, if this scheme should be embraced, that Mr. Henriquez's seven blessed daughters may be provided with commissions, as the project is in some measure owing to the hints of that venerable patriot. I moreover give it as my opinion, that Mrs. Kitty Fisher[1] shall have the command of a battalion, and the nomination of her own officers, provided she will warrant them all sound, and be content to wear proper badges of distinction.

A female brigade, properly disciplined and accoutred, would not, I am persuaded, be afraid to charge a numerous body of the enemy, over whom they would have a manifest advantage; for if the barbarous Scythians were ashamed to fight with the Amazons who invaded them, surely the French, who pique themselves on their sensibility and devotion to the fair sex, would not act upon the offensive against a band of female warriors, arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty.

[1] A celebrated courtesan, whose lovely features have been preserved to us by the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. She sat to him for Cleopatra dissolving the pearl, and is said to have spent twelve thousand pounds in nine months.

ESSAY XIV.[1]

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE BELLES-LETTRES.

AMIDST the frivolous pursuits and pernicious dissipations of the present age, a respect for the qualities of the understanding still prevails to such a degree, that almost every individual pretends to have a taste for the Belles-Lettres. The spruce 'prentice sets up for a critic, and the puny beau piques himself upon being a connoisseur. Without assigning causes for this universal presumption, we shall proceed to observe, that if it was attended with no other inconvenience than that of exposing the pretender to the ridicule of those few who can sift his pretensions, it might be unnecessary to undeceive the public, or to endeavour at the reformation of innocent folly, productive of no evil to the commonwealth. But in reality this folly is productive of manifold evils to the community. If the reputation of Taste can be acquired without the least assistance of literature, by reading modern poems and seeing modern plays, what person will deny himself the pleasure of such an easy qualification? Hence the youth of both sexes are debauched to diversion, and seduced from much more profitable occupations, into idle endeavours after literary fame; and a superficial false taste, founded on ignorance and conceit, takes possession of the public. The acquisition of learning, the study of nature, is neglected as superfluous labour; and the best faculties of the mind remain unexercised and indeed unopened, by the power of thought and reflection. False taste will not only diffuse itself through all our amusements, but even influence our moral and political conduct; for what is false taste, but want of perception to discern propriety and distinguish beauty?

It has often been alleged, that taste is a natural talent, as independent of art as strong eyes, or a delicate sense of smelling; and without all doubt, the principal ingredient in the composition of taste is a natural sensibility, without which it cannot exist; but it differs from the senses in this particular, that they are finished by nature, whereas taste cannot be brought to perfection without proper cultivation; for taste pretends to judge not only of nature but also of art; and that judgment is founded upon observation and comparison. What Horace has said of genius is still more applicable to taste.

> "Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
> Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
> Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
> Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè."—*Art. Poet.*

> "'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
> From art or nature their best right to fame;
> But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
> And a rude genius of uncultur'd strain,
> Are useless both; but when in friendship join'd,
> A mutual succour in each other find."—FRANCIS.

We have seen genius shine without the help of art; but taste must be cultivated by art, before it will produce agreeable fruit. This, however, we must still inculcate with Quintilian, that study, precept, and observation,

[1] This and the following six Essays are from "The British Magazine" for the years 1761, 1762, and 1763. I must repeat my belief (from a renewed perusal) that they are not by Goldsmith.

will nought avail, without the assistance of nature:—"Illud tamen imprimis testandum est, nihil præcepta atque artes valere, nisi adjuvante naturâ."

Yet even though nature has done her part, by implanting the seeds of taste, great pains must be taken and great skill exerted, in raising them to a proper pitch of vegetation. The judicious tutor must gradually and tenderly unfold the mental faculties of the youth committed to his charge. He must cherish his delicate perception; store his mind with proper ideas; point out the different channels of observation; teach him to compare objects; to establish the limits of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; to distinguish beauty from tinsel, and grace from affectation; in a word, to strengthen and improve by culture, experience, and instruction, those natural powers of feeling and sagacity, which constitute the faculty called taste, and enable the professor to enjoy the delights of the Belles-Lettres.

We cannot agree in opinion with those who imagine that nature has been equally favourable to all men, in conferring upon them a fundamental capacity, which may be improved to all the refinement of taste and criticism. Every day's experience convinces us of the contrary. Of two youths educated under the same preceptor, instructed with the same care, and cultivated with the same assiduity, one shall not only comprehend, but even anticipate the lessons of his master, by dint of natural discernment, while the other toils in vain to imbibe the least tincture of instruction. Such indeed is the distinction between genius and stupidity, which every man has an opportunity of seeing among his friends and acquaintance. Not that we ought too hastily to decide upon the natural capacities of children, before we have maturely considered the peculiarity of disposition, and the bias by which genius may be strangely warped from the common path of education. A youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the classics, may nevertheless make great progress in mathematics; nay, he may have a strong genius for the mathematics, without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid; because his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is so intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view, that it cannot perceive it in any other. We have known an instance of a boy, who, while his master complained that he had not capacity to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power of his genius, formed a mathematical system of his own, discovered a series of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction.

Besides, in the education of youth, we ought to remember, that some capacities are like the *pyra præcocia;* they soon blow, and soon attain to all that degree of maturity which they are capable of acquiring; while, on the other hand, there are geniuses of slow growth, that are late in bursting the bud, and long in ripening. Yet the first shall yield a faint blossom and insipid fruit; whereas the produce of the other shall be distinguished and admired for its well-concocted juice and exquisite flavour. We have known a boy of five years of age surprise everybody by playing on the violin, in such a manner as seemed to promise a prodigy in music. He had all the assistance that art could afford; by the age of ten his genius was at the *acmé;* yet after that period, notwithstanding the most intense application, he never gave the least signs of improvement. At six he was admired as a miracle of music; at six-and-twenty he was neglected as an ordinary fiddler. The celebrated Dean Swift was a remarkable instance in the other extreme. He was long considered as an incorrigible dunce, and did not obtain his degree at the University but *ex speciali gratiâ:*[1] yet, when his

[1] When the time came for taking his degree as bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit,

powers began to unfold, he signalised himself by a very remarkable superiority of genius. When a youth, therefore, appears dull of apprehension, and seems to derive no advantage from study and instruction, the tutor must exercise his sagacity in discovering whether the soil be absolutely barren, or sown with seed repugnant to its nature, or of such a quality as requires repeated culture and length of time to set its juices in fermentation. These observations, however, relate to capacity in general, which we ought carefully to distinguish from taste. Capacity implies the power of retaining what is received; taste is the power of relishing or rejecting whatever is offered for the entertainment of the imagination. A man may have capacity to acquire what is called learning and philosophy; but he must have also sensibility, before he feels those emotions with which taste receives the impressions of beauty.

Natural taste is apt to be seduced and debauched by vicious precept and bad example. There is a dangerous tinsel in false taste, by which the unwary mind and young imagination are often fascinated. Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing. Simplicity in this acceptation has a larger signification than either the ἁπλόον of the Greeks, or the *simplex* of the Latins; for it implies beauty. It is the ἁπλόον καὶ ἡδύν of Demetrius Phalereus, the *simplex munditiis* of Horace, and expressed by one word, *naïveté*, in the French language. It is, in fact, no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament. In statuary, it is the Venus of Medicis; in architecture, the Pantheon. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the instances of this natural simplicity that occur in poetry and painting, among the ancients and moderns. We shall only mention two examples of it, the beauty of which consists in the pathetic.

Anaxagoras the philosopher, and preceptor of Pericles, being told that both his sons were dead, laid his hand upon his heart, and after a short pause, consoled himself with a reflection couched in three words, ἤδειν θνητοὺς γεγεννηκώς, "I knew they were mortal." The other instance we select from the tragedy of Macbeth. The gallant Macduff, being informed that his wife and children were murdered by order of the tyrant, pulls his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out into an exclamation of four words, the most expressive, perhaps, that ever were uttered: "He has no children!" This is the energetic language of simple nature, which is now grown into disrepute. By the present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, and all simplicity in manners is rejected. We are taught to disguise and distort our sentiments, until the faculty of thinking is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation. Our perception is abused, and even our senses are perverted. Our minds lose their native force and flavour. The imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid bloom. The genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, extending its branches on every side, and bearing delicious fruit, resembles a stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, yielding no fruit, and affording nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green

which is called in that College *speciali gratiâ*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their College registry. *Swift's Account of Himself.* (Scott's Misc. Prose Works, ii. 462).

sickness, prefer a biscuit to a cinder. It has been often alleged, that the passions can never be wholly deposited; and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers: but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay, sometimes totally extinguished, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at the theatre is the tear of sympathy and the burst of laughter repressed by a ridiculous species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience! This seeming insensibility is not owing to any original defect. Nature has stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displaced and distracted by the violence of pride; it may have lost its tone through long disuse; or be so twisted or overstrained as to produce the most jarring discords.

If so little regard is paid to nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A person must have delicate feelings that can taste the celebrated repartee in Terence: *Homo sum; nihil humani à me alienum puto:* "I am a man; therefore think I have an interest in everything that concerns humanity." A clear blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove an insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches and tapers, gilding and glitter: eyes that will turn with disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy silken robe, striped and intersected with unfriendly tints, that fritter the masses of light and distract the vision, pinked into the most fantastic forms, flounced, and furbelowed, and fringed with all the littleness of art unknown to elegance.

Those ears that are offended by the notes of the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale, will be regaled and ravished by the squeaking fiddle, touched by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, and the alarming knock by which the doors of fashionable people are so loudly distinguished. The sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loathe the fragrance of new-mown hay, the sweetbrier, the honeysuckle, and the rose. The organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal bled into a palsy, crammed fowls, and dropsical brawn, pease without substance, peaches without taste, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welch beef, Banstead mutton,[1] and barn-door fowls, whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise. In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment, of consequence, unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It will prefer Ovid to Tibullus, and the rant of Lee to the tenderness of Otway. The soul sinks into a kind of sleepy idiotism, and is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten and dance before the eye; and, like an infant, is kept awake and inspirited by the sound of a rattle. It must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception,

[1] "'Tis true no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords;
To Hounslow Heath I point and Banstead Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own."
POPE, *2nd Satire of 2nd Book.*

business, intricacy, and intrigue; a kind of low juggle, which may be termed the legerdemain of genius.

In this state of depravity the mind cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish the charms of natural and moral beauty and decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation; nay, the very crimson glow of health, and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed, as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition. Thus we see how moral and natural beauty are connected; and of what importance it is, even to the formation of taste, that the manners should be severely superintended. This is a task which ought to take the lead of science; for we will venture to say, that virtue *is* the foundation of taste; or rather, that virtue and taste are built upon the same foundation of sensibility, and cannot be disjoined without offering violence to both. But virtue must be informed, and taste instructed; otherwise they will both remain imperfect and ineffectual:

> "Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,
> Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes,
> Quod fit conscripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
> Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profectò
> Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique."—HORACE.

> "The critic, who with nice discernment knows
> What to his country and his friends he owes;
> How various nature warms the human breast,
> To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest;
> What the great offices of judges are,
> Of senators, of generals sent to war;
> He can distinguish, with unerring art,
> The strokes peculiar to each different part."—FRANCIS.

Thus we see taste is composed of nature improved by art; of feeling tutored by instruction.

ESSAY XV.[1]

ON THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

HAVING explained what we conceive to be true taste, and in some measure accounted for the prevalence of vitiated taste, we shall proceed to point out the most effectual manner, in which a natural capacity may be improved into a delicacy of judgment, and an intimate acquaintance with the Belles-Lettres. We shall take it for granted, that proper means have been used to form the manners, and attach the mind to virtue. The heart cultivated by precept, and warmed by example, improves in sensibility, which is the foundation of taste. By distinguishing the influence and scope of morality, and cherishing the ideas of benevolence, it acquires a habit of sympathy, which tenderly feels responsive, like the vibration of unisons, every touch of moral beauty. Hence it is that a man of a social heart, entendered by the practice of virtue, is awakened to the most pathetic

[1] See Note p. 292.

emotions by every uncommon instance of generosity, compassion, and greatness of soul. Is there any man so dead to sentiment, so lost to humanity, as to read unmoved the generous behaviour of the Romans to the states of Greece, as it is recounted by Livy, or embellished by Thomson in his poem of "Liberty?"[1] Speaking of Greece in the decline of her power, when her freedom no longer existed, he says:

"As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full assembled youth innumerous swarm'd,
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sat;
A victor he, from the deep Phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd:
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd; the sudden trumpet sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald—'To the states of Greece
The Roman people, unconfin'd, restore
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.'
The crowd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
(Like one who, dreaming between hope and fear,
Is lost in anxious joy) 'Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, distinct and loud!'
Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd;
And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
Awhile severe amazement held them mute,
Then bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks and vocal hills—
Like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace,
Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims, till night,
Round the proconsul's tent repeated rung."

To one acquainted with the genius of Greece, the character and disposition of that polished people, admired for science, renowned for an unextinguishable love of freedom, nothing can be more affecting than this instance of generous magnanimity of the Romish people, in restoring them unasked to the full fruition of those liberties which they had so unfortunately lost.

The mind of sensibility is equally struck by the generous confidence of Alexander, who drinks without hesitation the potion presented by his physician Philip, even after he had received intimation that poison was contained in the cup: a noble and pathetic scene! which hath acquired new dignity and expression under the inimitable pencil of a Le Sueur. Humanity is melted into tears of tender admiration, by the deportment of Henry IV. of France, while his rebellious subjects compelled him to form the blockade of his capital. In chastising his enemies, he could not but remember they were his people; and knowing they were reduced to the extremity of famine, he generously connived at the methods practised to supply them with provision. Chancing one day to meet two peasants who had been detected in these practices, as they were led to execution, they implored his clemency, declaring in the sight of Heaven, they had no other

[1] Part iii.

way to procure subsistence for their wives and children. He pardoned them on the spot, and giving them all the money that was in his purse, "Henry of Bearne is poor," said he; "had he more money to afford, you should have it—go home to your families in peace; and remember your duty to God, and your allegiance to your sovereign." Innumerable examples of the same kind may be selected from history, both ancient and modern; the study of which we would therefore strenuously recommend.

Historical knowledge, indeed, becomes necessary on many other accounts, which in its place we will explain: but, as the formation of the heart is of the first consequence, and should precede the cultivation of the understanding, such striking instances of superior virtue ought to be culled for the perusal of the young pupil, who will read them with eagerness, and revolve them with pleasure. Thus the young mind becomes enamoured of moral beauty, and the passions are listed on the side of humanity. Meanwhile, knowledge of a different species will go hand in hand with the advances of morality, and the understanding be gradually extended. Virtue and sentiment reciprocally assist each other, and both conduce to the improvement of perception. While the scholar's chief attention is employed in learning the Latin and Greek languages, and this is generally the task of childhood and early youth, it is even then the business of the preceptor to give his mind a turn for observation, to direct his powers of discernment, to point out the distinguishing marks of character, and dwell upon the charms of moral and intellectual beauty, as they may chance to occur in the classics that are used for his instruction.

In reading Cornelius Nepos and Plutarch's Lives, even with a view to grammatical improvement only, he will insensibly imbibe and learn to compare ideas of great importance. He will become enamoured of virtue and patriotism, and acquire a detestation for vice, cruelty, and corruption. The perusal of the Roman story in the works of Florus, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus, will irresistibly engage his attention, expand his conception, cherish his memory, exercise his judgment, and warm him with a noble spirit of emulation. He will contemplate with love and admiration the disinterested candour of Aristides, surnamed the Just, whom the guilty cabals of his rival Themistocles exiled from his ungrateful country, by a sentence of ostracism. He will be surprised to learn, that one of his fellow-citizens, an illiterate artisan, bribed by his enemies, chancing to meet him in the street without knowing his person, desired he would write Aristides on his shell (which was the method those plebeians used to vote against delinquents), when the innocent patriot wrote his own name without complaint or expostulation. He will with equal astonishment applaud the inflexible integrity of Fabricius, who preferred the poverty of innocence to all the pomp of affluence, with which Pyrrhus endeavoured to seduce him from the arms of his country. He will approve with transport the noble generosity of his soul in rejecting the proposal of that prince's physician, who offered to take him off by poison; and in sending the caitiff bound to his sovereign, whom he would have so basely and cruelly betrayed.

In reading the ancient authors, even for the purposes of school education, the unformed taste will begin to relish the irresistible energy, greatness, and sublimity of Homer; the serene majesty, the melody, and pathos of Virgil; the tenderness of Sappho and Tibullus; the elegance and propriety of Terence; the grace, vivacity, satire, and sentiment of Horace.

Nothing will more conduce to the improvement of the scholar in his knowledge of the languages, as well as in taste and morality, than his being obliged to translate choice parts and passages of the most approved classics, both poetry and prose, especially the latter; such as the orations of Demosthenes and Isocrates, the treatise of Longinus on the Sublime, the

Commentaries of Cæsar, the Epistles of Cicero and the younger Pliny, and the two celebrated speeches in the Catilinarian conspiracy by Sallust. By this practice, he will become more intimate with the beauties of the writing, and the idioms of the language from which he translates; at the same time it will form his style, and by exercising his talent of expression, make him a more perfect master of his mother tongue. Cicero tells us, that in translating two orations, which the most celebrated orators of Greece pronounced against each other, he performed this task, not as a servile interpreter, but as an orator, preserving the sentiments, forms, and figures of the original, but adapting the expression to the taste and manners of the Romans: "*In quibus non verbum pro verbo necesse habui reddere, sed genus omnium verborum vimque servavi*:—in which I did not think it was necessary to translate literally word for word, but I preserved the natural and full scope of the whole." Of the same opinion was Horace, who says, in his Art of Poetry,

> "Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
> Interpres——"
>
> "Nor word for word translate with painful care—"

Nevertheless, in taking the liberty here granted, we are apt to run into the other extreme, and substitute equivalent thoughts and phrases, till hardly any features of the original remain. The metaphors of figures, especially in poetry, ought to be as religiously preserved as the images of painting, which we cannot alter or exchange without destroying, or injuring at least, the character and style of the original.

In this manner the preceptor will sow the seeds of that taste, which will soon germinate, rise, blossom, and produce perfect fruit, by dint of future care and cultivation. In order to restrain the luxuriancy of the young imagination, which is apt to run riot, to enlarge the stock of ideas, exercise the reason, and ripen the judgment, the pupil must be engaged in the severer study of science. He must learn geometry, which Plato recommends for strengthening the mind, and enabling it to think with precision. He must be made acquainted with geography and chronology, and trace philosophy through all her branches. Without geography and chronology, he will not be able to acquire a distinct idea of history; nor judge of the propriety of many interesting scenes, and a thousand allusions that present themselves in the works of genius. Nothing opens the mind so much as the researches of philosophy; they inspire us with sublime conceptions of the Creator, and subject, as it were, all nature to our command. These bestow that liberal turn of thinking, and in a great measure contribute to that universality in learning, by which a man of taste ought to be eminently distinguished. But history is the inexhaustible source from which he will derive his most useful knowledge respecting the progress of the human mind, the constitution of government, the rise and decline of empires, the revolution of arts, the variety of character, and the vicissitudes of fortune.

The knowledge of history enables the poet not only to paint characters, but also to describe magnificent and interesting scenes of battle and adventure. Not that the poet or painter ought to be restrained to the letter of historical truth. History represents what has really happened in nature; the other arts exhibit what might have happened, with such exaggeration of circumstance and feature, as may be deemed an improvement on nature: but this exaggeration must not be carried beyond the bounds of probability; and these, generally speaking, the knowledge of history will ascertain. It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find a man actually existing, whose proportions should answer to those of the Greek statue distinguished by the name of the Apollo of Belvedere; or to produce a woman similar in proportion of parts to the other celebrated piece called

the Venus de Medicis: therefore it may be truly affirmed, that they are not conformable to the real standard of nature; nevertheless, every artist will own that they are the very archetypes of grace, elegance, and symmetry; and every judging eye must behold them with admiration, as improvements on the lines and lineaments of nature. The truth is, the sculptor or statuary composed the various proportions in nature from a great number of different subjects, every individual of which he found imperfect or defective in some one particular, though beautiful in all the rest; and from these observations, corroborated by taste and judgment, he formed an ideal pattern, according to which his idea was modelled, and produced in execution.

Everybody knows the story of Zeuxis, the famous painter of Heraclea, who, according to Pliny, invented the *chiaro oscuro*, or disposition of light and shade, among the ancients, and excelled all his contemporaries in the chromatique, or art of colouring. This great artist being employed to draw a perfect beauty in the character of Helen, to be placed in the temple of Juno, culled out five of the most beautiful damsels the city could produce, and selecting what was excellent in each, combined them in one picture according to the predisposition of his fancy, so that it shone forth an amazing model of perfection. In like manner, every man of genius, regulated by true taste, entertains in his imagination an ideal beauty, conceived and cultivated as an improvement upon nature; and this we refer to the article of invention.

It is the business of art to imitate nature, but not with a servile pencil; and to choose those attitudes and dispositions only, which are beautiful and engaging. With this view we must avoid all disagreeable prospects of nature, which excite the ideas of abhorrence and disgust. For example, a painter would not find his account in exhibiting the resemblance of a dead carcase half consumed by vermin, or of swine wallowing in ordure, or of a beggar lousing himself on a dunghill, though these scenes should be painted never so naturally, and all the world must allow that the scenes were taken from nature; because the merit of the imitation would be greatly overbalanced by the vile choice of the artist. There are, nevertheless, many scenes of horror, which please in the representation, from a certain interesting greatness, which we shall endeavour to explain when we come to consider the sublime.

Were we to judge every production by the rigorous rules of nature, we should reject the Iliad of Homer, the Æneid of Virgil, and every celebrated tragedy of antiquity and the present times, because there is no such thing in nature as a Hector or Turnus talking in hexameter, or an Othello in blank verse: we should condemn the Hercules of Sophocles, and the Miser of Molière, because we never knew a hero so strong as the one, or a wretch so sordid as the other. But if we consider poetry as an elevation of natural dialogue, as a delightful vehicle for conveying the noblest sentiments of heroism and patriot virtue, to regale the sense with the sounds of musical expression, while the fancy is ravaged with enchanting images, and the heart warmed to rapture and ecstasy, we must allow that poetry is a perfection to which nature would gladly aspire; and that though it surpasses, it does not deviate from her, provided the characters are marked with propriety, and sustained by genius. Characters, therefore, both in poetry and painting, may be a little overcharged or exaggerated without offering violence to nature; nay, they must be exaggerated in order to be striking, and to preserve the idea of imitation, whence the reader and spectator derive in many instances their chief delight. If we meet a common acquaintance in the street, we see him without emotion; but should we chance to spy his portrait well executed, we are struck with pleasing admiration. In this case the pleasure arises entirely from the imitation. We every day hear unmoved the natives of Ireland and

Scotland speaking their own dialects; but, should an Englishman mimic either, we are apt to burst out into a loud laugh of applause, being surprised and tickled by the imitation alone; though at the same time, we cannot but allow that the imitation is imperfect. We are more affected by reading Shakespeare's description of Dover Cliff,[1] and Otway's picture of the Old Hag,[2] than we should be were we actually placed on the summit of the one, or met in reality with such a beldame as the other; because in reading these descriptions we refer to our own experience, and perceive with surprise the justness of the imitations. But if it is so close as to be mistaken for nature, the pleasure then will cease, because the μίμησις or imitation no longer appears.

Aristotle says, that all poetry and music is imitation, whether epic, tragic, or comic, whether vocal or instrumental, from the pipe or the lyre. He observes, that in man there is a propensity to imitate even from his infancy: that the first perceptions of the mind are acquired by imitation; and seems to think, that the pleasure derived from imitation is the gratification of an appetite implanted by nature. We should rather think the pleasure it gives arises from the mind's contemplating that excellency of art, which thus rivals nature, and seems to vie with her in creating such a striking resemblance of her works. Thus the arts may be justly termed imitative, even in the article of invention: for in forming a character, contriving an incident, and describing a scene, he must still keep nature in view, and refer every particular of his invention to her standard; otherwise his production will be destitute of truth and probability, without which the beauties of imitation cannot subsist. It will be a monster of incongruity, such as Horace alludes to, in the beginning of his Epistle to the Pisos:

> "Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
> Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
> Undique collatis membris, aut turpiter atrum
> Desinat in piscem, mulier formosa superne;
> Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?"
>
> "Suppose a painter to an human head,
> Should join an horse's neck, and wildly spread
> The various plumage of the feather'd kind
> O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd;
> Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid,
> Above the waist with every charm array'd;
> Should a foul fish her lower parts infold,
> Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?"—FRANCIS.

The magazine of nature supplies all those images which compose the most beautiful imitations. This the artist examines occasionally, as he would consult a collection of masterly sketches; and selecting particulars for his purpose, mingles the ideas with a kind of enthusiasm, or τὸ θεῖον, which is that gift of Heaven we call genius, and finally produces such a whole, as commands admiration and applause.

---

[1] Lear, act iv. sc. 6.

[2] "Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her God;
And many an ugly loathsome toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her roof all dismal, black, and smok'd,
Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,
Sprawling nests of little cats;
All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,
To make her spells succeed and good.
Still at her rivell'd breasts they hung, whene'er mankind she curst,
And with these foster brethren was our monster nurst."

OTWAY, *The Poet's Complaint.*

ESSAY XVI.[1]

ON THE ORIGIN OF POETRY.

THE study of polite literature is generally supposed to include all the liberal arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, music, eloquence, and architecture. All these are founded on imitation; and all of them mutually assist and illustrate each other. But as painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, cannot be perfectly attained without long practice of manual operation, we shall distinguish them from poetry and eloquence, which depend entirely on the faculties of the mind; and on these last, as on the arts which immediately constitute the Belles-Lettres, employ our attention in the present inquiry: or, if it should run to a greater length than we propose, it shall be confined to poetry alone; a subject that comprehends in its full extent the province of taste, or what is called polite literature, and differs essentially from eloquence, both in its end and origin.

Poetry sprang from ease, and was consecrated to pleasure; whereas eloquence arose from necessity, and aims at conviction. When we say poetry sprang from ease, perhaps we ought to except that species of it which owed its rise to inspiration and enthusiasm, and properly belonged to the culture of religion. In the first ages of mankind, and even in the original state of nature, the unlettered mind must have been struck with sublime conceptions, with admiration and awe, by those great phenomena, which, though every day repeated, can never be viewed without internal emotion. Those would break forth in exclamations expressive of the passion produced, whether surprise or gratitude, terror or exultation. The rising, the apparent course, the setting, and seeming renovation of the sun; the revolution of light and darkness; the splendour, change, and circuit of the moon, and the canopy of heaven bespangled with stars, must have produced expressions of wonder and adoration. "O glorious luminary! great eye of the world! source of that light which guides my steps! of that heat which warms me when chilled with cold! of that influence which cheers the face of nature! whither dost thou retire every evening with the shades? Whence dost thou spring every morning with renovated lustre, and never-fading glory? Art thou not the ruler, the creator, the god, of all that I behold? I adore thee, as thy child, thy slave, thy suppliant! I crave thy protection, and the continuance of thy goodness! Leave me not to perish with cold, or to wander solitary in utter darkness! Return, return, after thy wonted absence: drive before thee the gloomy clouds that would obscure the face of nature. The birds begin to warble, and every animal is filled with gladness at thy approach: even the trees, the herbs, and the flowers, seem to rejoice with fresher beauties, and send forth a grateful incense to thy power, whence their origin is derived!" A number of individuals, inspired with the same ideas, would join in these orisons, which would be accompanied with corresponding gesticulations of the body. They would be improved by practice, and grow regular from repetition. The sounds and gestures would naturally fall into measured cadence. Thus, the song and dance will be produced; and a system of worship being formed, the Muse would be consecrated to the purposes of religion.

[1] *See* Note, p. 292.

Hence those forms of thanksgivings, and litanies of supplication, with which the religious rites of all nations, even the most barbarous, are at this day celebrated in every quarter of the known world. Indeed, this is a circumstance in which all nations surprisingly agree, how much soever they may differ in every other article of laws, customs, manners, and religion. The ancient Egyptians celebrated the festivals of their god Apis with hymns and dances. The superstition of the Greeks, partly derived from the Egyptians, abounded with poetical ceremonies, such as choruses and hymns, sung and danced at their apotheoses, sacrifices, games, and divinations. The Romans had their *carmen seculare*, and Salian priests, who on certain festivals sung and danced through the streets of Rome. The Israelites were famous for this kind of exultation: "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord," &c.—"And David danced before the Lord with all his might." The psalms composed by this monarch, the songs of Deborah and Isaiah, are farther confirmations of what we have advanced.

From the Phœnicians the Greeks borrowed the cursed Orthyan song, when they sacrificed their children to Diana. The poetry of the bards constituted great part of the religious ceremonies among the Gauls and Britons, and the carousals of the Goths were religious institutions, celebrated with songs of triumph. The Mahometan Dervise dances to the sound of the flute, and whirls himself round until he grows giddy, and falls into a trance. The Marabous compose hymns in praise of Allah. The Chinese celebrate their grand festivals with processions of idols, songs, and instrumental music. The Tartars, Samoieds, Laplanders, Negroes, even the Caffres called Hottentots, solemnise their worship, such as it is, with songs and dancing; so that we may venture to say, poetry is the universal vehicle, in which all nations have expressed their most sublime conceptions.

Poetry was, in all appearance, previous to any concerted plan of worship, and to every established system of legislation. When certain individuals, by dint of superior prowess or understanding, had acquired the veneration of their fellow savages, and erected themselves into divinities on the ignorance and superstition of mankind; then mythology took place, and such a swarm of deities arose, as produced a religion replete with the most shocking absurdities. Those whom their superior talents had deified were found to be still actuated by the most brutal passions of human nature; and, in all probability, their votaries were glad to find such examples, to countenance their own vicious inclinations. Thus fornication, incest, rape, and even bestiality, were sanctified by the amours of Jupiter, Pan, Mars, Venus, and Apollo. Theft was patronised by Mercury, drunkenness by Bacchus, and cruelty by Diana. The same heroes and legislators, those who delivered their country, founded cities, established societies, invented useful arts, or contributed in any eminent degree to the security and happiness of their fellow-creatures, were inspired by the same lusts and appetites which domineered among the inferior classes of mankind; therefore, every vice incident to human nature was celebrated in the worship of one or other of these divinities, and every infirmity consecrated by public feast and solemn sacrifice.

In these institutions the poet bore a principal share. It was his genius that contrived the plan, that executed the form of worship, and recorded in verse the origin and adventures of their gods and demi-gods. Hence the impurities and horrors of certain rites, the groves of Paphos and Baal-Peor, the orgies of Bacchus, the human sacrifices to Moloch and Diana. Hence the theogony of Hesiod, the theology of Homer, and those innumerable maxims scattered through the ancient poets, inviting mankind to gratify

their sensual appetites, in imitation of the gods, who were certainly the best judges of happiness. It is well known, that Plato expelled Homer from his commonwealth, on account of the infamous characters by which he has distinguished his deities, as well as for some depraved sentiments which he found diffused through the course of the Iliad and Odyssey. Cicero enters into the spirit of Plato, and exclaims, in his first book, De Naturâ Deorum:—"Nec multa absurdiora sunt ea, quæ, poetarum vocibus fusa, ipsâ suavitate nocuerunt: qui, et irâ inflammatos, et libidine furentes, induxerunt Deos, feceruntque ut eorum bella, pugnas, prælia, vulnera videremus: odia præterea, dissidia, discordias, ortus, interritus, querelas, lamentationes, effusas in omni intemperantiâ libidines, adulteria, vincula, cum humano genere concubitus, mortalesque ex immortali procreatos." "Nor are those things much more absurd which, flowing from the poet's tongue, have done mischief even by the sweetness of his expression. The poets have introduced gods inflamed with anger and enraged with lust; and even produced before our eyes their wars, their wrangling, their duels, and their wounds. They have exposed, besides, their antipathies, animosities, and dissensions; their origin and death; their complaints and lamentations; their appetites, indulged to all manner of excess, their adulteries, their fetters, their amorous commerce with the human species, and from immortal parents derived a mortal offspring."

As the festivals of the gods necessarily produced good cheer, which often carried to riot and debauchery, mirth of consequence prevailed; and this was always attended with buffoonery. Taunts and jokes, and raillery and repartee, would necessarily ensue; and individuals would contend for the victory in wit and genius. These contests would in time be reduced to some regulations, for the entertainment of the people thus assembled, and some prize would be decreed to him who was judged to excel his rivals. The candidates for fame and profit being thus stimulated, would task their talents, and naturally recommend these alternate recriminations to the audience, by clothing them with a kind of poetical measure, which should bear a near resemblance to prose. Thus, as the solemn service of the day was composed in the most sublime species of poetry, such as the ode or hymn, the subsequent altercation was carried on in iambics, and gave rise to satire. We are told by the Stagirite, that the highest species of poetry was employed in celebrating great actions, but the humbler sort used in this kind of contention; and that in the ages of antiquity there were some bards that professed heroics, and some that pretended to iambics only. *Οἱ μὲν ἡρωϊκῶν οἱ δὲ ἰάμβων ποιῆται.*

To these rude beginnings we not only owe the birth of satire, but likewise the origin of dramatic poetry. Tragedy herself, which afterwards attained to such dignity as to rival the epic muse, was at first no other than a trial of crambo, or iambics, between two peasants, and a goat was the prize, as Horace calls it, *vile certamen ob hircum*, "a mean contest for a he-goat." Hence, the name *τραγῳδία*, signifying the goat-song, from *τράγος*, *hircus*, and *ᾠδή*, *carmen*.

> "Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
> Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavit, et asper
> Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eò quòd
> Illecebris erat et gratâ novitate morandus
> Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus et exlex.
>
> "The tragic bard, who for a worthless prize,
> Bid naked satyrs in his chorus rise;
> His muse severe, secure, and undismay'd,
> The rustic joke in solemn strain convey'd;
> For novelty alone, he knew, could charm
> A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm."

Satire then was originally a clownish dialogue in loose iambics, so called because the actors were disguised like satyrs, who not only recited the praises of Bacchus, or some other deity, but interspersed their hymns with sarcastic jokes and altercation. Of this kind is the Cyclop of Euripides, in which Ulysses is the principal actor. The Romans also had their Atellanæ or interludes of the same nature, so called from the city of Atella, where they were first acted; but these were highly polished in comparison of the original entertainment, which was altogether rude and innocent. Indeed the Cyclop itself, though composed by the accomplished Euripides, abounds with such impurity as ought not to appear on the stage of any civilised nation.

It is very remarkable, that the Atellanæ, which were in effect tragi-comedies, grew into such esteem among the Romans, that the performers in these pieces enjoyed several privileges which were refused to the ordinary actors. They were not obliged to unmask, like the other players, when their action was disagreeable to the audience. They were admitted into the army, and enjoyed the privileges of free citizens, without incurring that disgrace which was affixed to the characters of other actors. The poet Laberius, who was of equestrian order, being pressed by Julius Cæsar to act a part in his own performance, complied with great reluctance, and complained of the dishonour he had incurred, in his proverb preserved by Macrobius, which is one of the most elegant morsels of antiquity.

Tragedy and comedy flowed from the same fountain, though their streams were soon divided. The same entertainment which, under the name of *tragedy*, was rudely exhibited by clowns, for the prize of a goat, near some rural altar of Bacchus, assumed the appellation of *comedy* when it was transferred into cities, and represented with a little more decorum in a cart or waggon that strolled from street to street, as the name κωμῳδία implies, being derived from κώμη a street, and ᾠδή a poem. To this origin Horace alludes in these lines:

> "Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
> Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fœcibus ora."

> "Thespis, inventor of dramatic art,
> Convey'd his vagrant actors in a cart:
> High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
> And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd."

Thespis is called the inventor of the dramatic art, because he raised the subject from clownish altercation to the character and exploits of some hero: he improved the language and versification, and relieved the chorus by the dialogue of two actors. This was the first advance towards that consummation of genius and art, which constitutes what is now called a perfect tragedy. The next great improver was Æschylus, of whom the same critic says,

> "Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
> Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis;
> Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno."

> "Then Æschylus a decent vizard used;
> Built a low stage; the flowing robe diffused.
> In language more sublime two actors rage,
> And in the graceful buskin tread the stage."

The dialogue which Thespis introduced was called the *episode*, because it was an addition to the former subject, namely, the praises of Bacchus; so that now tragedy consisted of two distinct parts, independent of each other; the old recitative, which was the chorus, sung in honour of the gods; and the episode, which turned upon the adventures of some hero. This episode being

found very agreeable to the people, Æschylus, who lived about half-a-century after Thespis, still improved the drama, united the chorus to the episode, so as to make them both parts or members of one fable, multiplied the actors, contrived the stage, and introduced the decorations of the theatre; so that Sophocles, who succeeded Æschylus, had but one step to surmount in order to bring the drama to perfection. Thus tragedy was gradually detached from its original institution, which was entirely religious. The priests of Bacchus loudly complained of this innovation by means of the episode, which was foreign to the intention of the chorus; and hence arose the proverb of *Nihil ad Dionysium,* "Nothing to the purpose." Plutarch himself mentions the episode, as a perversion of tragedy from the honour of the gods to the passions of men. But, notwithstanding all opposition, the new tragedy succeeded to admiration; because it was found the most pleasing vehicle of conveying moral truths, of meliorating the heart, and extending the interests of humanity.

Comedy, according to Aristotle, is the younger sister of tragedy. As the first originally turned upon the praises of the gods, the latter dwelt on the follies and vices of mankind. Such, we mean, was the scope of that species of poetry which acquired the name of comedy, in contradiction to the tragic muse; for in the beginning they were the same. The foundation upon which comedy was built, we have already explained to be the practice of satirical repartee or altercation, in which individuals exposed the follies and frailties of each other on public occasions of worship and festivity.

The first regular plan of comedy is said to have been the Margites of Homer, exposing the idleness and folly of a worthless character; but of this performance we have no remains. That division which is termed the ancient comedy, belongs to the labours of Eupolis, Cratinus and Aristophanes, who were contemporaries, and flourished at Athens about four hundred and thirty years before the Christian era. Such was the license of the muse at this period, that far from lashing vice in general characters, she boldly exhibited the exact portrait of every individual who had rendered himself remarkable or notorious by his crimes, folly, or debauchery. She assumed every circumstance of his external appearance, his very attire, air, manner, and even his name; according to the observation of Horace,

"———— Poetæ
———— quorum comœdia prisca virorum est:
Si quis erat dignus describi, quòd malus, aut fur,
Quòd mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus, multâ cum libertate notabant."

"The comic poets, in its earliest age,
Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage—
Was there a villain who might justly claim
A better right of being damn'd to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They boldly stigmatised the wretch in rhyme."

Eupolis is said to have satirised Alcibiades in this manner, and to have fallen a sacrifice to the resentment of that powerful Athenian; but others say he was drowned in the Hellespont, during a war against the Lacedemonians; and that in consequence of this accident the Athenians passed a decree that no poet should ever bear arms.

The comedies of Cratinus are recommended by Quintilian for their eloquence; and Plutarch tells us, that even Pericles himself could not escape the censure of this poet.

Aristophanes, of whom there are eleven comedies still extant, enjoyed such a pre-eminence of reputation, that the Athenians by a public decree honoured him with a crown made of a consecrated olive-tree, which grew

in the citadel, for his care and success in detecting and exposing the vices of those who governed the commonwealth. Yet this poet, whether impelled by mere wantonness of genius, or actuated by malice and envy, could not refrain from employing the shafts of his ridicule against Socrates, the most venerable character of Pagan antiquity. In the comedy of the "Clouds," this virtuous philosopher was exhibited on the stage under his own name, in a cloak exactly resembling that which Socrates wore, in a mask modelled from his features, disputing publicly on the nature of right and wrong. This was undoubtedly an instance of the most flagrant licentiousness; and what renders it the more extraordinary, the audience received it with great applause, even while Socrates himself sat publicly in the theatre. The truth is, the Athenians were so fond of ridicule, that they relished it even when employed against the gods themselves, some of whose characters were very roughly handled by Aristophanes and his rivals in reputation.

We might here draw a parallel between the inhabitants of Athens and the natives of England, in point of constitution, genius, and disposition. Athens was a free state like England, that piqued itself upon the influence of the democracy. Like England, its wealth and strength depended upon its maritime power; and it generally acted as umpire in the disputes that arose among its neighbours. The people of Athens, like those of England, were remarkably ingenious, and made great progress in the arts and sciences. They excelled in poetry, history, philosophy, mechanics, and manufactures; they were acute, discerning, disputatious, fickle, wavering, rash, and combustible, and, above all other nations in Europe, addicted to ridicule; a character which the English inherit in a very remarkable degree.

If we may judge from the writings of Aristophanes, his chief aim was to gratify the spleen and excite the mirth of his audience; of an audience too, that would seem to have been uninformed by taste, and altogether ignorant of decorum; for his pieces are replete with the most extravagant absurdities, virulent slander, impiety, impurities, and low buffoonery. The comic muse, not contented with being allowed to make free with the gods and philosophers, applied her scourge so severely to the magistrates of the commonwealth, that it was thought proper to restrain her within bounds by a law, enacting, that no person should be stigmatised under his real name; and thus the chorus was silenced. In order to elude the penalty of this law, and gratify the taste of the people, the poets began to substitute fictitious names, under which they exhibited particular characters in such lively colours, that the resemblance could not possibly be mistaken or overlooked. This practice gave rise to what is called the *middle comedy*, which was but of short duration; for the legislature, perceiving that that the first law had not removed the grievance against which it was provided, issued a second ordinance, forbidding, under severe penalties, any real or family occurrences to be represented. This restriction was the immediate cause of improving comedy into a general mirror, held forth to reflect the various follies and foibles incident to human nature; a species of writing called the *new comedy*, introduced by Diphilus and Menander, of whose works nothing but a few fragments remain.

ESSAY XVII.[1]

ON POETRY, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM OTHER WRITING.

HAVING communicated our sentiments touching the origin of poetry, by tracing tragedy and comedy to their common source, we shall now endeavour to point out the criteria by which poetry is distinguished from every other species of writing. In common with other arts, such as statuary and painting, it comprehends imitation, invention, composition, and enthusiasm. Imitation is, indeed, the basis of all the liberal arts: invention and enthusiasm constitute genius, in whatever manner it may be displayed. Eloquence of all sorts admits of enthusiasm. Tully says, an orator should be "vehemens ut procella, excitatus ut torrens, incensus ut fulmen; tonat, fulgurat, et rapidis eloquentiæ fluctibus cuncta proruit et proturbat:" "Violent as a tempest, impetuous as a torrent, and glowing intense like the red bolt of heaven; he thunders, lightens, overthrows, and bears down all before him, by the irresistible tide of eloquence." This is the *mens divinior atque os magna sonaturum* of Horace. This is the talent,

> "—— Meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet:
> Ut magus."
>
> "With passions not my own who fires my heart;
> Who with unreal terrors fills my breast,
> As with a magic influence possess'd."

We are told, that Michael Angelo Buonaroti used to work at his statues in a fit of enthusiasm, during which he made the fragments of the stone fly about him with surprising violence. The celebrated Lulli being one day blamed for setting nothing to music but the languid verses of Quinault, was animated with the reproach, and running in a fit of enthusiasm to his harpsichord, sung in recitative, and accompanied four pathetic lines from the Iphigenia of Racine, with such expression as filled the hearers with astonishment and horror.

Though versification be one of the criteria that distinguish poetry from prose, yet it is not the sole mark of distinction. Were the histories of Polybius and Livy simply turned into verse, they would not become poems; because they would be destitute of those figures, embellishments, and flights of imagination, which display the poet's art and invention. On the other hand, we have many productions that justly lay claim to the title of poetry, without having the advantage of versification; witness the Psalms of David, the Song of Solomon, with many beautiful hymns, descriptions, and rhapsodies, to be found in different parts of the Old Testament, some of them the immediate production of divine inspiration; witness the Celtic fragments which have lately appeared in the English language, and are certainly replete with poetical merit. But though good versification alone will not constitute poetry, bad versification alone will certainly degrade and render disgustful the sublimest sentiments and finest flowers of imagination. This humiliating power of bad verse appears in many translations of the ancient poets; in Ogilby's Homer, Trapp's Virgil, and frequently in Creech's

[1] *See* Note, p. 292.

Horace. This last indeed is not wholly devoid of spirit; but it seldom rises above mediocrity, and, as Horace says,

"—— Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Dî, non concessere columnæ."

"But gods, and men, and letter'd post denies,
That poets ever are of middling size."

How is that beautiful ode, beginning with "Justum et tenacem propositi virum," chilled and tamed by the following translation:

"He who by principle is sway'd,
In truth and justice still the same,
Is neither of the crowd afraid,
Though civil broils the state inflame;
Nor to a haughty tyrant's frown will stoop,
Nor to a raging storm, when all the winds are up.
Should nature with convulsions shake,
Struck with the fiery bolts of Jove,
The final doom and dreadful crack
Cannot his constant courage move."

That long Alexandrine—"Nor to a raging storm, when all the winds are up," is drawling, feeble, swoln with a pleonasm or tautology, as well as deficient in the rhyme; and as for the "dreadful crack," in the next stanza, instead of exciting terror, it conveys a low and ludicrous idea. How much more elegant and energetic is this paraphrase[1] of the same ode, inserted in one of the volumes of Hume's History of England.

"The man whose mind on virtue bent,
Pursues some greatly good intent
With undiverted aim,
Serene beholds the angry crowd;
Nor can their clamours fierce and loud
His stubborn honour tame.

"Nor the proud tyrant's fiercest threat,
Nor storms that from their dark retreat
The lawless surges wake;
Nor Jove's dread bolt, that shakes the pole,
The firmer purpose of his soul
With all its powers can shake.

"Should nature's frame in ruins fall
And Chaos o'er the sinking ball
Resume primeval sway,
His courage chance and fate defies,
Nor feels the wreck of earth and skies
Obstruct its destined sway."

If poetry exists independent of versification, it will naturally be asked, how then is it to be distinguished? Undoubtedly, by its own peculiar expression: it has a language of its own, which speaks so feelingly to the heart, and so pleasingly to the imagination, that its meaning cannot possibly be misunderstood by any person of delicate sensations. It is a species of painting with words, in which the figures are happily conceived, ingeniously arranged, affectingly expressed, and recommended with all the warmth and

[1] By Dr. Thomas Blacklock, the blind poet (born 1721, died 1791). Hume's approbation of Blacklock was nearly as wild as his enthusiasm about Wilkie and his Scottish Epic.

harmony of colouring: it consists of imagery, description, metaphors, similes, and sentiments, adapted with propriety to the subject, so contrived and executed as to soothe the ear, surprise and delight the fancy, mend and melt the heart, elevate the mind, and please the understanding. According to Flaccus:

"Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ."

"Poets would profit or delight mankind,
And with th' amusing show th' instructive join'd."

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

"Profit and pleasure mingled thus with art,
To sooth the fancy and improve the heart."

Tropes and figures are likewise liberally used in rhetoric; and some of the most celebrated orators have owned themselves much indebted to the poets. Theophrastus expressly recommends the poets for this purpose. From their source, the spirit and energy of the pathetic, the sublime, and the beautiful are derived. But these figures must be more sparingly used in rhetoric than in poetry, and even then mingled with argumentation, and a detail of facts altogether different from poetical narration. The poet, instead of simply relating the incident, strikes off a glowing picture of the scene, and exhibits it in the most lively colours to the eye of the imagination. "It is reported that Homer was blind," says Tully in his Tusculan Questions, "yet his poetry is no other than painting. What country, what climate, what ideas, battles, commotions, and contests of men, as well as of wild beasts, has he not painted in such a manner as to bring before our eyes those very scenes, which he himself could not behold!" We cannot, therefore, subscribe to the opinion of some ingenious critics, who have blamed Mr. Pope for deviating in some instances from the simplicity of Homer, in his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. For example, the Grecian bard says simply, the sun rose; and his translator gives us a beautiful picture of the sun rising. Homer mentions a person who played upon the lyre; the translator sets him before us warbling to the silver strings. If this be a deviation, it is at the same time an improvement. Homer himself, as Cicero observes above, is full of this kind of painting, and particularly fond of description, even in situations where the action seems to require haste. Neptune, observing from Samothrace the discomfiture of the Grecians before Troy, flies to their assistance, and might have been wafted thither in half a line: but the bard describes him, first, descending the mountain on which he sat; secondly, striding towards his palace at Ægæ, and yoking his horses; thirdly, he describes him putting on his armour; and, lastly, ascending his car, and driving along the surface of the sea. Far from being disgusted by these delays, we are delighted with the particulars of the description. Nothing can be more sublime than the circumstance of the mountain's trembling beneath the footsteps of an immortal:

—— Τρέμε δ' οὔρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη
Ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνος ἰόντος.

But his passage to the Grecian fleet is altogether transporting.

Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ. κ. τ. λ.

"He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies;

His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep :
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play :
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults and crowns the monarch of the main :
The parting waves before his coursers fly ;
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry."—

With great veneration for the memory of Mr. Pope, we cannot help objecting to some lines of this translation. We have no idea of the sea's exulting and crowning Neptune, after it had subsided into a level plain. There is no such image in the original. Homer says, the whales exulted, and knew or owned their king; and that the sea parted with joy: *γηθοσύνη δὲ θαλάσσα δίεσατο.* Neither is there a word of the wondering waters; we therefore think the lines might be thus altered to advantage:

They knew and own'd the monarch of the main :
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain :
The curling waves before his coursers fly ;
The parting surface leaves his brazen axle dry.

Besides the metaphors, similies, and allusions of poetry, there is an infinite variety of tropes, or turns of expression, occasionally disseminated through works of genius, which serve to animate the whole, and distinguish the glowing effusions of real inspiration from the cold efforts of mere science. These tropes consist of a certain happy choice and arrangement of words, by which ideas are artfully disclosed in a great variety of attitudes, of epithets and compound epithets; of sounds collected in order to echo the sense conveyed; of apostrophes; and above all, the enchanting use of the prosopopæia, which is a kind of magic, by which the poet gives life and motion to every inanimate part of nature. Homer, describing the wrath of Agamemnon, in the first book of the Iliad, strikes off a glowing image in two words:

"——*ὅσσε δ' οἱ πυρὶ λαμπέτο οὔντι ἐϊκτην.*

"—And from his eye-balls *flash'd the living fire.*"

This indeed is a figure, which has been copied by Virgil, and almost all the poets of every age—*oculis* micat *acribus ignis*—ignescunt iræ: *auris dolor ossibus* ardet. Milton, describing Satan in Hell, says,

" With head uplift above the wave, and eye
That *sparkling blazed !*—"

" He spake : and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim. The sudden *blaze*
Far round *illumined* Hell—"

There are certain words in every language particularly adapted to the poetical expression; some from the image or idea they convey to the imagination; and some from the effect they have upon the ear. The first are truly *figurative;* the others may be called *emphatical.* Rollin observes, that Virgil has upon many occasions poetised (if we may be allowed the expression) a whole sentence by means of the same word, which is *pendere.*

" Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ,
Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,
Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbo."

"At ease reclined beneath the verdant shade,
No more shall I behold my happy flock
Aloft *hang* browsing on the tufted rock."

Here the word *pendere* wonderfully improves the landscape, and renders the whole passage beautifully picturesque. The same figurative verb we meet with in many different parts of the Æneid.

"Hi summo in fluctu *pendent*, his unda *dehiscens*
Terram inter fluctus aperit."

"These on the mountain billow *hung*; to those
The *yawning waves* the yellow sand disclose."

In this instance, the words *pendent* and *dehiscens*, *hung*, and *yawning*, are equally poetical. Addison seems to have had this passage in his eye, when he wrote his Hymn, which is inserted in The Spectator:

"—For though in dreadful whirls we *hung*,
High on the broken wave." [1]

And in another piece of a like nature, in the same collection:

"Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And *hung* upon the breast."

Shakspeare, in his admired description of Dover cliff, uses the same expression:

"——half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!"

Nothing can be more beautiful than the following picture, in which Milton has introduced the same expressive tint:

"——he, on his side,
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd."

We shall give one example more from Virgil, to show in what a variety of scenes it may appear with propriety and effect. In describing the progress of Dido's passion for Æneas, the Poet says,

"Iliacos iterùm demens audire labores
Exposcit, *pendet*que iterùm narrantis ab ore."

"The woes of Troy once more she begg'd to hear;
Once more the mournful tale employ'd his tongue,
While in fond rapture on his lips she *hung*."

The reader will perceive in all these instances, that no other word could be substituted with equal energy; indeed, no other word could be used without degrading the sense, and defacing the image.

There are many other verbs of poetical import fetched from nature and

[1] "The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was the Vision of Mirza, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' I particularly remember an half stanza which was music to my boyish ear:—

'For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.'"—BURNS, *Letter to Dr. Moore.*

from art, which the poet uses to advantage, both in a literal and metaphorical sense; and these have been always translated for the same purpose from one language to another; such as *quasso, concutio, cio, suscito, lenio, sævio, mano, fluo, ardeo, mico, aro,* to shake, to wake, to rouse, to soothe, to rage, to flow, to shine or blaze, to plough.—Quassantia *tectum limina—Æneas, casu* concussus *acerbo—Ære* ciere *viros, Martemque accendere cantu—Æneas acuit Martem et se* suscitat *irâ—Impium* lenite *clamorem.* Lenibat *curas—Ne* sævi *magna sacerdos—Sudor ad imos* manabat *solos—Suspensæque diu lachrymæ* fluxêre *per ora—Juvenali* ardebat *amore*—Micat *æreus ensis—Nullum maris æquor* arandum. It will be unnecessary to insert examples of the same nature from the English poets.

The words we term *emphatical,* are such as by their sound express the sense they are intended to convey; and with these the Greek abounds, above all other languages, not only from its natural copiousness, flexibility, and significance, but also from the variety of its dialects, which enables a writer to vary his terminations occasionally as the nature of the subject requires, without offending the most delicate ear, or incurring the imputation of adopting vulgar provincial expressions. Every smatterer in Greek can repeat

Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοῖο θαλάσσης,

in which the two last words wonderfully echo to the sense, conveying the idea of the sea dashing on the shore. How much more significant in sound than that beautiful image of Shakspeare—

"The sea that on the unnumber'd pebbles beats."

And yet, if we consider the strictness of propriety, this last expression would seem to have been selected on purpose to concur with the other circumstances which are brought together to ascertain the vast height of Dover cliff; for the poet adds, "cannot be heard so high." The place where Gloster stood was so high above the sea, that the φλοίσβος, or *dashing,* could not be heard; and therefore an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare might with some plausibility affirm, the poet had chosen an expression in which that sound is not at all conveyed.

In the very same page of Homer's Iliad we meet with two other striking instances of the same sort of beauty; Apollo, incensed at the insults his priest had sustained, descends from the top of Olympus, with his bow and quiver rattling on his shoulder as he moved along:

Ἐκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' οἵστω ἐπ' ὤμων.

Here the sound of the word Ἐκλαγξαν admirably expresses the clanking of armour; as the third line after this surprisingly imitates the twanging of a bow.

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

"In shrill-toned murmurs sung the twanging bow."

Many beauties of the same kind are scattered through Homer, Pindar, and Theocritus, such as the βομβεῦσα μέλισσα, *susurrans apicula;* the ἁδὺ ψιθύρισμα, *dulcem susurrum;* and the μελίσδεται, for the sighing of the pine.

The Latin language teems with sounds adapted to every situation, and the English is not destitute of this significant energy. We have the *cooing* turtle, the *sighing* reed, the *warbling* rivulet, the *sliding* stream, the *whispering* breeze, the glance, the gleam, the flash, the *bickering* flame, the *dashing* wave, the *gushing* spring, the *howling* blast, the *rattling* storm, the *pattering* shower, the *crimp* earth, the *mouldering* tower, the *twanging* bowstring, the *clanging* arms, the *clanking* chains, the *twinkling* stars, the *tinkling* chords, the

trickling drops, the *twittering* swallow, the *cawing* rook, the *screeching* owl; and a thousand other words and epithets, wonderfully suited to the sense they imply.

Among the select passages of poetry which we shall insert by way of illustration, the reader will find instances of all the different tropes and figures which the best authors have adopted in the variety of their poetical works, as well as of the apostrophe, abrupt transition, repetition, and prosopopœia.

In the mean time it will be necessary still farther to analyse those principles which constitute the essence of poetical merit; to display those delightful parterres that teem with the fairest flowers of imagination; and distinguish between the gaudy offspring of a cold insipid fancy, and the glowing progeny, diffusing sweets, produced and invigorated by the sun of genius.

ESSAY XVIII.[1]

ON THE USE OF METAPHORS.

Of all the implements of poetry, the Metaphor is the most generally and successfully used, and indeed may be termed the Muse's caduceus, by the power of which she enchants all nature. The metaphor is a shorter simile, or rather a kind of magical coat, by which the same idea assumes a thousand different appearances. Thus the word *plough*, which originally belongs to agriculture, being metaphorically used, represents the motion of a ship at sea, and the effects of old age upon the human countenance—

"—Plough'd the bosom of the deep—"
"And time had plough'd his venerable front."

Almost every verb, noun substantive, or term of art in any language, may be in this manner applied to a variety of subjects with admirable effect; but the danger is in sowing metaphors too thick, so as to distract the imagination of the reader, and incur the imputation of deserting nature, in order to hunt after conceits. Every day produces poems of all kinds so inflated with metaphor, that they may be compared to the gaudy bubbles blown up from a solution of soap. Longinus is of opinion, that a multitude of metaphors is never excusable, except in those cases when the passions are roused, and like a winter torrent rush down impetuous, sweeping them with collective force along. He brings an instance of the following quotation from Demosthenes: "Men," says he, "profligates, miscreants, and flatterers, who having severally preyed upon the bowels of their country, at length betrayed her liberty, first to Philip, and now again to Alexander; who, placing the chief felicity of life in the indulgence of infamous lusts and appetites, overturned in the dust that freedom and independence which was the chief aim and end of all our worthy ancestors."

Aristotle and Theophrastus seem to think it is rather too bold and hazardous to use metaphors so freely, without interposing some mitigating phrase, such as, "If I may be allowed the expression," or some equivalent excuse. At the same time, Longinus finds fault with Plato for hazarding some metaphors, which indeed appear to be equally affected and extravagant, when he says, "the government of a state should not resemble a bowl of hot fermenting wine, but a cool and moderate beverage *chastised by*

[1] *See* Note, p. 292.

the sober deity,"—a metaphor that signifies nothing more than "mixed or lowered with water." Demetrius Phalereus justly observes, that "though a judicious use of metaphors wonderfully raises, sublimes, and adorns oratory or elocution, yet they should seem to flow naturally from the subject; and too great a redundancy of them inflates the discourse to a mere rhapsody." The same observation will hold in poetry; and the more liberal or sparing use of them will depend in a great measure on the nature of the subject.

Passion itself is very figurative, and often bursts out into metaphors; but in touching the pathos, the poet must be perfectly well acquainted with the emotions of the human soul, and carefully distinguish between those metaphors which rise glowing from the heart, and those cold conceits which are engendered in the fancy. Should one of these last unfortunately intervene, it will be apt to destroy the whole effect of the most pathetical incident or situation. Indeed it requires the most delicate taste, and a consummate knowledge of propriety, to employ metaphors in such a manner as to avoid what the ancients call the τὸ ψυχρὸν, the *frigid*, or false sublime. Instances of this kind were frequent even among the correct ancients. Sappho herself is blamed for using the hyperbole λευκοτέροι χιόνος, *whiter than snow.* Demetrius is so nice as to be disgusted at the simile of *swift as the wind;* though in speaking of a race-horse, we know from experience that this is not even an hyperbole. He would have had more reason to censure that kind of metaphor which Aristotle styles κατ' ἐνέργειαν, exhibiting things inanimate as endued with sense and reason; such as that of the sharp-pointed arrow, *eager* to take wing among the crowd. Ὀ ξυβελὴς καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπιπτέσθαι μενεαίνων. Not but that, in descriptive poetry, this figure is often allowed and admired. The *cruel* sword, the *ruthless* dagger, the *ruffian* blast are epithets which frequently occur. The *faithful* bosom of the earth, the *joyous* boughs, the trees that *admire their images* reflected in the stream, and many other examples of this kind, are found disseminated through the works of our best modern poets: yet still they must be sheltered under the privilege of the *poetica licentia;* and, except in poetry, they would give offence.

More chaste metaphors are freely used in all kinds of writing; more sparingly in history, and more abundantly in rhetoric: we have seen that Plato indulges in them even to excess. The orations of Demosthenes are animated and even inflamed with metaphors, some of them so bold as even to entail upon him the censure of the critics. Τότε τῷ Πυθωνι τῷ ῥήτορι ῥέοντι καθ' ὁμῶς.—"Then I did not yield to Python the orator, when he *overflowed* you with a tide of eloquence." Cicero is still more liberal in the use of them; he ransacks all nature, and pours forth a redundancy of figures, even with a lavish hand. Even the chaste Xenophon, who generally illustrates his subject by way of simile, sometimes ventures to produce an expressive metaphor, such as, "part of the phalanx *fluctuated* in the march;" and indeed nothing can be more significant than this word ἐξεκύμηνε, to represent a body of men staggered, and on the point of giving way. Armstrong has used the word *fluctuate* with admirable efficacy, in his philosophical poem, entitled, "The Art of Preserving Health."

> "O when the growling winds contend, and all
> The sounding forest *fluctuates* in the storm,
> To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
> Howl o'er the steady battlements ———"

The word *fluctuate* on this occasion not only exibits an idea of struggling, but also echoes to the sense like the ἔφριξεν δὲ μαχὴ of Homer; which, by

the by, it is impossible to render into English, for the verb φρίσσω signifies not only to stand erect like prickles, as a grove of lances, but also to make a noise like the crashing of armour, the hissing of javelins, and the splinters of spears.

Over and above an excess of figures, a young author is apt to run into a confusion of mixed metaphors, which leave the sense disjointed, and distract the imagination. Shakspeare himself is often guilty of these irregularities. The soliloquy in Hamlet, which we have so often heard extolled in terms of admiration, is, in our opinion, a heap of absurdities, whether we consider the situation, the sentiment, the argumentation, or the poetry. Hamlet is informed by the Ghost, that his father was murdered, and therefore he is tempted to murder himself, even after he had promised to take vengeance on the usurper, and expressed the utmost eagerness to achieve this enterprise. It does not appear that he had the least reason to wish for death; but every motive which may be supposed to influence the mind of a young prince, concurred to render life desirable—revenge towards the usurper; love for the fair Ophelia; and the ambition of reigning. Besides, when he had an opportunity of dying without being accessary to his own death; when he had nothing to do but, in obedience to his uncle's command, to allow himself to be conveyed quietly to England, where he was sure of suffering death; instead of amusing himself with meditations on mortality, he very wisely consulted the means of self-preservation, turned the tables upon his attendants, and returned to Denmark. But granting him to have been reduced to the lowest state of despondence, surrounded with nothing but horror and despair, sick of this life and eager to tempt futurity, we shall see how far he argues like a philosopher.

In order to support this general charge against an author so universally held in veneration, whose very errors have helped to sanctify his character among the multitude, we will descend to particulars, and analyse this famous soliloquy.

Hamlet, having assumed the disguise of madness, as a cloak under which he might the more effectually revenge his father's death upon the murderer and usurper, appears alone upon the stage in a pensive and melancholy attitude, and communes with himself in these words:

"To be, or not to be? that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.——There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne

No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

We have already observed, that there is not any apparent circumstance in the fate or situation of Hamlet, that should prompt him to harbour one thought of self-murder; and therefore these expressions of despair imply an impropriety in point of character. But supposing his condition was truly desperate, and he saw no possibility of repose but in the uncertain harbour of death, let us see in what manner he argues on that subject. The question is, "To be, or not to be?" to die by my own hand, or live and suffer the miseries of life. He proceeds to explain the alternative in these terms, "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, or endure, the frowns of fortune, or to take arms, and by opposing, end them." Here he deviates from his first proposition, and death is no longer the question. The only doubt is, whether he will stoop to misfortune, or exert his faculties in order to surmount it. This surely is the obvious meaning, and indeed the only meaning that can be implied in these words,

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them."

He now drops this idea, and reverts to his reasoning on death, in the course of which he owns himself deterred from suicide by the thoughts of what may follow death;

"——the dread of something after death,—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns."—

This might be a good argument in a Heathen or Pagan, and such indeed Hamlet really was; but Shakspeare has already represented him as a good Catholic, who must have been acquainted with the truths of revealed religion, and says expressly in this very play,

"——had not the Everlasting fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-murder."

Moreover, he had just been conversing with his father's spirit, piping hot from purgatory, which we would presume is not within the *bourne* of this world. The dread of what may happen after death, says he,

"Makes us rather bear those *ills* we have,
Than fly to *others* that we know not of."

This declaration at least implies some knowledge of the other world, and expressly asserts, that there must be *ills* in that world, though what kind of *ills* they are, we do not know. The argument, therefore, may be reduced to this lemma: this world abounds with *ills* which I feel; the other world abounds with *ills*, the nature of which I do not know; therefore, I will rather bear those *ills* I have, "than fly to *others* which I know not of:" a

deduction amounting to a certainty, with respect to the only circumstance that could create a doubt, namely, whether in death he should rest from his misery; and if he was certain there were evils in the next world, as well as in this, he had no room to reason at all about the matter. What alone could justify his thinking on this subject, would have been the hope of flying from the ills of this world, without encountering any *others* in the next.

Nor is Hamlet more accurate in the following reflection:

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

A bad conscience will make us cowards; but a good conscience will make us brave. It does not appear that any thing lay heavy on his conscience; and from the premises we cannot help inferring, that conscience in this case was entirely out of the question. Hamlet was deterred from suicide by a full conviction, that, in flying from one sea of troubles which he did know, he should fall into another which he did not know.

His whole chain of reasoning, therefore, seems inconsistent and incongruous. "I am doubtful whether I should live, or do violence upon my own life; for I know not whether it is more honourable to bear misfortune patiently, than to exert myself in opposing misfortune, and by opposing, end it." Let us throw it into the form of a syllogism, it will stand thus: "I am oppressed with ills; I know not whether it is more honourable to bear those ills patiently, or to end them by taking arms against them; *ergo*, I am doubtful whether I should slay myself or live. To die, is no more than to sleep; and to *say* that by a sleep we end the heartache," &c. "'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." Now to *say it*, was of no consequence unless it had been true. "I am afraid of the dreams that may happen in that sleep of death; and I choose rather to bear those ills I have in this life, than to fly to *other ills* in that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller ever returns. I have ills that are almost insupportable in this life. I know not what is in the next, because it is an undiscovered country: *ergo*, I had rather bear those ills I have, than fly to others which I know not of." Here the conclusion is by no means warranted by the premises. "I am sore afflicted in this life; but I will rather bear the afflictions of this life, than plunge myself in the afflictions of another life; *ergo*, conscience makes cowards of us all." But this conclusion would justify the logician in saying, *negatur consequens;* for it is entirely detached both from the major and minor proposition.

This soliloquy is not less exceptionable in the propriety of expression, than in the chain of argumentation. "To die—to sleep—no more," contains an ambiguity, which all the art of punctuation cannot remove; for it may signify that "to die," is to sleep no more; or the expression "no more," may be considered as an abrupt apostrophe in thinking, as if he meant to say "no more of that reflection."

"Ay, there's the rub," is a vulgarism beneath the dignity of Hamlet's character, and the words that follow leave the sense imperfect:

> "For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause."

Not the dreams that might come, but the fear of what dreams might come, occasioned the pause or hesitation. Respect in the same line may be allowed to pass for consideration: but

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,"

according to the invariable acceptation of the words wrong and contumely, can signify nothing but the wrongs sustained by the oppressor, and the contumely or abuse thrown upon the proud man; though it is plain that Shakspeare used them in a different sense: neither is the word spurn a substantive, yet as such he has inserted it in these lines:

> "The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

If we consider the metaphors of the soliloquy, we shall find them jumbled together in a strange confusion.

If the metaphors were reduced to painting, we should find it a very difficult task, if not altogether impracticable, to represent, with any propriety, outrageous fortune using her slings and arrows, between which indeed there is no sort of analogy in nature. Neither can any figure be more ridiculously absurd than that of a man taking arms against a sea, exclusive of the incongruous medley of slings, arrows, and seas, justled within the compass of one reflection. What follows is a strange rhapsody of broken images of sleeping, dreaming, and shifting off a *coil*, which last conveys no idea that can be represented on canvas. A man may be exhibited shuffling off his garments or his chains; but how he should shuffle off a *coil*, which is another term for noise and tumult, we cannot comprehend. Then we have "long-lived calamity," and "time armed with whips and scorns;" and "patient merit spurned at by unworthiness;" and "misery with a bare bodkin going to make his own *quietus*," which at best is but a mean metaphor. These are followed by figures "sweating under fardels of burdens," "puzzled with doubts," "shaking with fears," and "flying from evils." Finally, we see "resolution sicklied o'er with pale thought," a conception like that of representing health by sickness; and a "current of pith turned awry so as to lose the name of action," which is both an error in fancy, and a solecism in sense. In a word, this soliloquy may be compared to the "*Ægri somnia*," and the "*Tabula cujus vanæ finguntur species*."

But while we censure the chaos of broken, incongruous metaphors, we ought also to caution the young poet against the opposite extreme of pursuing a metaphor until the spirit is quite exhausted in a succession of cold conceits; such as we see in the following letter, said to be sent by Tamerlane to the Turkish Emperor Bajazet. "Where is the monarch that dares oppose our arms? Where is the potentate who doth not glory in being numbered among our vassals? As for thee, descended from a Turcoman mariner, since the vessel of thy unbounded ambition hath been wrecked in the gulf of thy self-love, it would be proper that thou shouldest furl the sails of thy temerity, and cast the anchor of repentance in the port of sincerity and justice, which is the harbour of safety; lest the tempest of our vengeance make thee perish in the sea of that punishment thou has deserved."

But if these laboured conceits are ridiculous in poetry, they are still more inexcusable in prose: such as we find them frequently occur in Strada's Bellum Belgicum. "Vix descenderat à prætoria navi Cæsar, cùm fæda ilico exorta in portu tempestas; classem impetu disjecit, prætoriam hausit; quasi non vecturam ampliùs Cæsarem Cæsarisque fortunam." "Cæsar had scarcely set his feet on shore, when a terrible tempest arising, shattered the fleet even in the harbour, and sent to the bottom the prætorian ship, as if he resolved it should no longer carry Cæsar and his fortunes."

Yet this is modest in comparison of the following flowers: "Alii, pulsis è tormento catenis discerpti sectique, dimidiato corpore pugnabant sibi superstites, ac peremptæ partis ultores."—"Others, dissevered and cut in twain by chain-shot, fought with one-half of their bodies that remained, in revenge of the other half that was slain."

Homer, Horace, and even the chaste Virgil, is not free from conceits. The latter, speaking of a man's hand cut off in battle, says,

> "Te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quærit;
> Semianimesque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant."

thus enduing the amputated hand with sense and volition. This, to be sure, is a violent figure, and hath been justly condemned by some accurate critics; but we think they are too severe in extending the same censure to some other passages in the most admired authors. Virgil, in his sixth Eclogue, says,

> "Omnia quæ, Phœbo quondam meditante, beatus
> Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros,
> Ille canit."

> "Whate'er, when Phœbus bless'd the Arcadian plain,
> Eurotas heard and taught his bays the strain,
> The senior sung—"

And Pope has copied the conceit in his Pastorals,

> "Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
> And bade his willows learn the moving song."

Vida thus begins his first Eclogue,

> "Dicite, vos musæ, et juvenum memorate querelas;
> Dicite: nam motas ipsas ad carmina cautes,
> Et requiêsse suos perhibent vaga flumina cursus."

> "Say, heavenly muse, their youthful frays rehearse;
> Begin, ye daughters of immortal verse;
> Exulting rocks have own'd the power of song,
> And rivers listen'd as they flow'd along."

Racine adopts the same bold figure in his Phædra:

> "Le flot qui l'apporta recule épouvanté:"

> "The wave that bore him, backwards shrunk appall'd."

Even Milton has indulged himself in the same license of expression—

> "——As when to them who sail
> Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
> Sabæan odour from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest; with such delay
> Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league,
> Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles."

Shakspeare says,

> "—I've seen
> Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
> To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds."

And indeed more correct writers, both ancient and modern, abound with the same kind of figure, which is reconciled to propriety, and even invested with beauty, by the efficacy of the prosopopœia, which personifies the object. Thus, when Virgil says Enipeus heard the songs of Apollo, he raises up, as by enchantment, the idea of a river god crowned with sedges, his head raised above the stream, and in his countenance the expression of pleased attention. By the same magic we see in the couplet quoted from Pope's

Pastorals, old father Thames leaning upon his urn, and listening to the poet's strain.

Thus, in the regions of poetry all nature, even the passions and affections of the mind, may be personified into picturesque figures for the entertainment of the reader. Ocean smiles or frowns, as the sea is calm or tempestuous; a Triton rules on every angry billow; every mountain has its Nymph, every stream its Naiad, every tree its Hamadryad, and every art its Genius. We cannot, therefore, assent to those who censure Thomson as licentious for using the following figure:—

> "O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
> On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
> And joys to see the wonders of his toil."

We cannot conceive a more beautiful image than that of the Genius of Agriculture distinguished by the implements of his art, embrowned with labour, glowing with health, crowned with a garland of foliage, flowers, and fruit, lying stretched at ease on the brow of a gentle swelling hill, and contemplating with pleasure the happy effects of his own industry.

Neither can we join issue against Shakspeare for this comparison, which hath likewise incurred the censure of the critics:

> "——The noble sister of Poplicola,
> The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
> That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple—"

This is no more than illustrating a quality of the mind, by comparing it with a sensible object. If there is no impropriety in saying such a man is true as steel, firm as a rock, inflexible as an oak, unsteady as the ocean; or in describing a disposition cold as ice, or fickle as the wind; and these expressions are justified by constant practice; we shall hazard an assertion, that the comparison of a chaste woman to an icicle is proper and picturesque, as it obtains only in the circumstances of cold and purity: but that the addition of its being curdled from the purest snow, and hanging on the temple of Diana, the patroness of virginity, heightens the whole into a most beautiful simile, that gives a very respectable and amiable idea of the character in question.

The simile is no more than an extended metaphor, introduced to illustrate and beautify the subject; it ought to be apt, striking, properly pursued, and adorned with all the graces of poetical melody. But a simile of this kind ought never to proceed from the mouth of a person under any great agitation of spirit; such as a tragic character overwhelmed with grief, distracted by contending cares, or agonising in the pangs of death. The language of passion will not admit simile, which is always the result of study and deliberation. We will not allow a hero the privilege of a dying swan, which is said to chant its approaching fate in the most melodious strain; and, therefore, nothing can be more ridiculously unnatural, than the representation of a lover dying upon the stage with a laboured simile in his mouth.

The orientals, whose language was extremely figurative, have been very careless in the choice of their similes; provided the resemblance obtained in one circumstance, they minded not whether they disagreed with the subject in every other respect. Many instances of this defect in congruity may be culled from the most sublime parts of Scripture.

Homer has been blamed for the bad choice of his similes on some particular occasions. He compares Ajax to an ass in the Iliad, and Ulysses to a steak broiling on the coals in the Odyssey. His admirers have endeavoured

to excuse him, by reminding us of the simplicity of the age in which he wrote; but they have not been able to prove that any ideas of dignity or importance were, even in those days, affixed to the character of an ass, or the quality of a beef-collop; therefore, they were very improper illustrations for any situation in which a hero ought to be represented.

Virgil has degraded the wife of king Latinus, by comparing her, when she was actuated by the Fury, to a top which the boys lash for diversion. This doubtless is a low image, though in other respects the comparison is not destitute of propriety; but he is much more justly censured for the following simile, which has no sort of reference to the subject. Speaking of Turnus, he says:—

"——medio dux agmine Turnus
Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice suprà est,
Ceu septem surgens sedatis amnibus altus
Per tacitum Ganges: aut pingui flumine Nilus
Cum refluit campis, et jam se condidit alveo."

"But Turnus, chief amidst the warrior train,
In armour towers the tallest on the plain.
The Ganges thus by seven rich streams supplied,
A mighty mass devolves in silent pride:
Thus Nilus pours from his prolific urn,
When from the fields o'erflow'd his vagrant streams return."

These, no doubt, are majestic images: but they bear no sort of resemblance to a hero glittering in armour at the head of his forces.

Horace has been ridiculed by some shrewd critics for this comparison, which, however, we think is more defensible than the former. Addressing himself to Munatius Plancus, he says:—

"Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo
Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos; sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam, vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero.—"

"As Notus often, when the welkin lowers,
Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual showers,
So let thy wisdom, free from anxious strife,
In mellow wine dissolve the cares of life."—DUNKIN.

The analogy, it must be confessed, is not very striking; but nevertheless, it is not altogether void of propriety. The poet reasons thus: as the south wind, though generally attended with rain, is often known to dispel the clouds, and render the weather serene; so do you, though generally on the rack of thought, remember to relax sometimes, and drown your cares in wine. As the south wind is not always moist, so you ought not always to be dry.

A few instances of inaccurary, or mediocrity, can never derogate from the superlative merit of Homer and Virgil, whose poems are the great magazines, replete with every species of beauty and magnificence, particularly abounding with similes, which astonish, delight, and transport the reader.

Every simile ought not only to be well adapted to the subject, but also to include every excellence of description, and to be coloured with the warmest tints of poetry. Nothing can be more happily hit off than the following in the Georgics, to which the poet compares Orpheus lamenting his lost Eurydice:—

"Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet."

"So Philomela, from th' umbrageous wood,
In strains melodious mourns her tender brood,
Snatch'd from the nest by some rude ploughman's hand,
On some lone bough the warbler takes her stand:
The live-long night she mourns the cruel wrong,
And hill and dale resound the plaintive song."

Here we not only find the most scrupulous propriety, and the happiest choice, in comparing the Thracian bard to Philomel the poet of the grove; but also the most beautiful description, containing a fine touch of the pathos, in which last particular indeed Virgil, in our opinion, excels all other poets, whether ancient or modern.

One would imagine that nature had exhausted itself, in order to embellish the poems of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, with similes and metaphors. The first of these very often uses the comparison of the wind, the whirlwind, the hail, the torrent, to express the rapidity of his combatants; but when he comes to describe the velocity of the immortal horses that drew the chariot of Juno, he raises his ideas to the subject, and, as Longinus observes, measures every leap by the whole breadth of the horizon.

Ὅσσον δ' ἠεροειδὲς ἀνὴρ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
Ἥμενος ἐν σκοπιῇ, λεύσσων ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον,
Τόσσον ἐπιθρῴσκουσι θεῶν ὑψηχέες ἵπποι.

"For as a watchman from some rock on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
Through such a space of air with thund'ring sound
At ev'ry leap th' immortal coursers bound."

The celerity of this goddess seems to be a favourite idea with the poet; for in another place, he compares it to the thought of a traveller revolving in his mind the different places he had seen, and passing through them in imagination more swift than the lightning flies from east to west.

Homer's best similes have been copied by Virgil, and almost every succeeding poet, howsoever they may have varied in the manner of expression. In the third book of the Iliad, Menelaus seeing Paris, is compared to a hungry lion espying a hind or goat:—

Ὥστε λέων ἐχάρη μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ σώματι κύρσας,
Εὑρὼν ἢ ἔλαφον κεραὸν, ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα, &c.

"So joys the lion, if a branching deer
Or mountain goat his bulky prize appear;
In vain the youths oppose, the mastiffs bay,
The lordly savage rends the panting prey.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground."

The Mantuan bard, in the tenth book of the Æneid, applies the same simile to Mezentius, when he beholds Acron in the battle:—

"Impastus stabula alta leo ceu sæpe peragrans
(Suadet enim vesana fames), si fortè fugacem
Conspexit capream, aut surgentem in cornua cervum
Gaudet hians immanè, comasque arrexit, et hæret
Visceribus super accumbens: lavit improba teter
Ora cruor.—"

"Then as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane:
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore."—DRYDEN.

The reader will perceive that Virgil has improved the simile in one particular, and in another fallen short of his original. The description of the lion shaking his mane, opening his hideous jaws distained with the blood of his prey, is great and picturesque; but on the other hand, he has omitted the circumstance of devouring it without being intimidated, or restrained by the dogs and youths that surround him; a circumstance that adds greatly to our idea of his strength, intrepidity, and importance.

ESSAY XIX.[1]

ON THE USE OF HYPERBOLE.

Of all the figures in poetry, that called the Hyperbole is managed with the greatest difficulty. The hyperbole is an exaggeration with which the muse is indulged for the better illustration of her subject, when she is warmed into enthusiasm. Quintilian calls it an ornament of the bolder kind. Demetrius Phalereus is still more severe. He says the hyperbole is of all forms of speech the most frigid; Μάλιστα δὲ ἡ Ὑπερβολὴ ψυχρα τατον πάντων; but this must be understood with some grains of allowance. Poetry is animated by the passions; and all the passions exaggerate. Passion itself is a magnifying medium. There are beautiful instances of the hyperbole in the Scripture, which a reader of sensibility cannot read without being strongly affected. The difficulty lies in choosing such hyperboles as the subject will admit of; for, according to the definition of Theophrastus, the frigid in style is that which exceeds the expression suitable to the subject. The judgment does not revolt against Homer for representing the horses of Ericthonius running over the standing corn without breaking off the heads, because the whole is considered as a fable, and the north wind is represented as their sire; but the imagination is a little startled, when Virgil, in imitation of this hyperbole, exhibits Camilla as flying over it without even touching the tops:—

"Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina——"

This elegant author, we are afraid, has upon some other occasions degenerated into the frigid, in straining to improve upon his great master.

Homer, in the Odyssey, a work which Longinus does not scruple to charge with bearing the marks of old age, describes a storm in which all the four winds were concerned together:—

Σὺν δ' Εὖρός τε, Νοτός τ' ἔπεσε, Ζέφυρός τε δυσαὴς,
Καὶ Βορέης αἰθρηγένετης μέγα λῦμα κυλίνδων.

We know that such a contention of contrary blasts could not possibly

[1] *See* Note, p. 292.

exist in nature; for even in hurricanes the winds blow alternately from different points of the compass. Nevertheless, Virgil adopts the description, and adds to its extravagance:—

> "Incubuêre mari, totumque à sedibus imis
> Unà Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
> Africus."

Here the winds not only blow together, but they turn the whole body of the ocean topsy turvy:—

> "East, west, and south, engage with furious sweep,
> And from its lowest bed upturn the foaming deep."

The north wind, however, is still more mischievous:—

> "——Stridens aquilone procella
> Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit."
>
> "The sail then Boreas rends with hideous cry,
> And whirls the madd'ning billows to the sky."

The motion of the sea between Scylla and Charybdis is still more magnified; and Ætna is exhibited as throwing out volumes of flame, which brush the stars.[1] Such expressions as these are not intended as a real representation of the thing specified; they are designed to strike the reader's imagination; but they generally serve as marks of the author's sinking under his own ideas, who, apprehensive of injuring the greatness of his own conception, is hurried into excess and extravagance.

Quintilian allows the use of hyperbole, when words are wanting to express anything in its just strength or due energy: then, he says, it is better to exceed in expression than fall short of the conception; but he likewise observes, that there is no figure or form of speech so apt to run into fustian. *Nec aliâ magis viâ in κακοζηλίαν itur.*

If the chaste Virgil has thus trespassed upon poetical probability, what can we expect from Lucan but hyperboles even more ridiculously extravagant? He represents the winds in contest, the sea in suspense, doubting to which it shall give way. He affirms, that its motion would have been so violent as to produce a second deluge, had not Jupiter kept it under by the clouds; and as to the ship during this dreadful uproar, "the sails touch the clouds, while the keel strikes the ground."

> "Nubila tanguntur velis, et terra carinâ."

This image of dashing water at the stars, Sir Richard Blackmore has produced in colours truly ridiculous. Describing spouting whales in his Prince Arthur, he makes the following comparison:—

> "Like some prodigious water-engine made
> To play on heaven, if fire should heaven invade."

The great fault in all these instances is a deviation from propriety, owing to the erroneous judgment of the writer, who, endeavouring to captivate the admiration with novelty, very often shocks the understanding with extra-

[1] Speaking of the first, he says,

> "Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, et idem
> Subductâ ad manes imos descendimus undâ."

Of the other,

> "Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit."

vagance. Of this nature is the whole description of the Cyclops, both in the Odyssey of Homer, and in the Æneid of Virgil. It must be owned, however, that the Latin poet, with all his merit, is more apt than his great original to dazzle us with false fire, and practise upon the imagination with gay conceits, that will not bear the critic's examination. There is not in any of Homer's works now subsisting such an example of the false sublime, as Virgil's description of the thunderbolts forging under the hammers of the Cyclops:—

> "Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
> Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis Austri."
>
> "Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
> Of winged southern winds and cloudy store,
> As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame."—DRYDEN.

This is altogether a fantastic piece of affectation, of which we can form no sensible image, and serves to chill the fancy, rather than warm the admiration of a judging reader.

Extravagant hyperbole is a weed that grows in great plenty through the works of our admired Shakspeare. In the following description, which hath been much celebrated, one sees he has had an eye to Virgil's thunderbolts:—

> "O, then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
> She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
> In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
> On the fore-finger of an alderman,
> Drawn with a team of little atomies
> Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
> Her waggon-spokes made of long spinner's legs;
> The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
> The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
> The collars, of the *moonshine's wat'ry beams*," &c.

Even in describing fantastic beings there is a propriety to be observed; but surely nothing can be more revolting to common sense, than this numbering of the *moon-beams* among the other implements of Queen Mab's harness, which, though extremely slender and diminutive, are nevertheless objects of the touch, and may be conceived capable of use.

The ode and satire admit of the boldest hyperboles; such exaggerations suit the impetuous warmth of the one; and in the other have a good effect in exposing folly, and exciting horror against vice. They may be likewise successfully used in comedy, for moving and managing the powers of ridicule.

ESSAY XX.[1]

ON VERSIFICATION.

VERSE is an harmonious arrangement of long and short syllables, adapted to different kinds of poetry, and owes its origin entirely to the measured cadence, or music, which was used when the first songs or hymns were recited. This music, divided into different parts, required a regular return of the same measure, and thus every strophe, antistrophe, stanza, contained the same number of feet. To know what constituted the different kinds of rhythmical

[1] *See* Note, p. 292.

feet among the ancients, with respect to the number and quantity of their syllables, we have nothing to do but to consult those who have written on grammar and prosody: it is the business of a schoolmaster, rather than the accomplishment of a man of taste.

Various essays have been made in different countries to compare the characters of ancient and modern versification, and to point out the difference beyond any possibility of mistake. But they have made distinctions, where in fact there was no difference, and left the criterion unobserved. They have transferred the name of rhyme to a regular repetition of the same sound at the end of the line, and set up this vile monotony as the characteristic of modern verse, in contradistinction to the feet of the ancients, which they pretend the poetry of modern languages will not admit.

Rhyme, from the Greek word Ῥυθμος, is nothing else but number, which was essential to the ancient, as well as to the modern versification. As to the jingle of similar sounds, though it was never used by the ancients in any regular return in the middle, or at the end of the line, and was by no means deemed essential to the versification, yet they did not reject it as a blemish, where it occurred without the appearance of constraint. We meet with it often in the epithets of Homer; Αργυρεοιο, Βιοιο—Αναξ Ανδρων, Αγαμεμνων —almost the whole first ode of Anacreon is what we call rhyme. The following line of Virgil has been admired for the similitude of sound in the first two words:—

"*Ore Are*thusa tuo siculis confunditur undis."

Rhythmus, or number, is certainly essential to verse, whether in the dead or living languages; and the real difference between the two is this: the number in ancient verse relates to the feet, and in modern poetry to the syllables; for to assert that modern poetry has no feet, is a ridiculous absurdity. The feet that principally enter the composition of Greek and Latin verses, are either of two or three syllables: those of two syllables are either both long, as the spondee; or both short, as the pyrrhic; or one short and the other long, as the iambic; or one long and the other short, as the trochee. Those of three syllables are the dactyl, of one long and two short syllables; the anapest, of two short and one long; the tribrachium, of three short; and the molossus, of three long.

From the different combinations of these feet, restricted to certain numbers, the ancients formed their different kinds of verses, such as the hexameter or heroic, distinguished by six feet, dactyls, and spondees, the fifth being always a dactyl, and the last a spondee: *e. g.*:—

1 2 3 4 5 6
Principi-is obs-ta, se-ro medi-cina pa-ratur.

The pentameter of five feet, dactyls and spondees, are of six, reckoning two cæsuras:—

1 2 3 4 5 6
Cùm mala per lon-gas invalu-êre mo-ras.

They had likewise the iambic of three sorts, the dimeter, the trimeter, and the tetrameter, and all the different kinds of lyric verse specified in the odes of Sappho, Alcæus, Anacreon, and Horace. Each of these was distinguished by the number, as well as by the species of their feet; so that they were doubly restricted. Now all the feet of the ancient poetry are still found in the versification of living languages; for as cadence was regulated by the ear, it was impossible for a man to write melodious verse without naturally falling into the use of ancient feet, though perhaps he neither knows their measure nor denomination. Thus Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden,

Pope, and all our poets, abound with dactyls, spondees, trochees, anapests, &c., which they use indiscriminately in all kinds of composition, whether tragic, epic, pastoral, or ode, having in this particular greatly the advantage of the ancients, who were restricted to particular kinds of feet in particular kinds of verse. If we then are confined with the fetters of what is called rhyme, they were restricted to particular species of feet; so that the advantages and disadvantages are pretty equally balanced: but, indeed, the English are more free in this particular, than any other modern nation. They not only use blank verse in tragedy and the epic, but even in lyric poetry. Milton's translation of Horace's ode to Pyrrha is universally known, and generally admired, in our opinion much above its merit. There is an ode extant without rhyme addressed to Evening, by the late Mr. Collins, much more beautiful; and Mr. Warton, with some others, has happily succeeded in divers occasional pieces, that are free of this restraint: but the number in all of these depends upon the syllables, and not upon the feet, which are unlimited.

It is generally supposed that the genius of the English language will not admit of Greek or Latin measure, but this, we apprehend, is a mistake, owing to the prejudice of education. It is impossible that the same measure, composed of the same times, should have a good effect upon the ear in one language, and a bad effect in another. The truth is, we have been accustomed from our infancy to the numbers of English poetry, and the very sound and signification of the words dispose the ear to receive them in a certain manner; so that its disappointment must be attended with a disagreeable sensation. In imbibing the first rudiments of education, we acquire, as it were, another ear for the numbers of Greek and Latin poetry, and this being reserved entirely for the sounds and significations of the words that constitute those dead languages, will not easily accommodate itself to the sounds of our vernacular tongue, though conveyed in the same time and measure. In a word, Latin and Greek have annexed to them the ideas of the ancient measure, from which they are not easily disjoined. But we will venture to say, this difficulty might be surmounted by an effort of attention and a little practice; and in that case we should in time be as well pleased with English as with Latin hexameters.

Sir Philip Sydney is said to have miscarried in his essays;[1] but his miscarriage was no more than that of failing in an attempt to introduce a new fashion. The failure was not owing to any defect or imperfection in the scheme, but to the want of taste, to the irresolution and ignorance of the public. Without all doubt the ancient measure, so different from that of modern poetry, must have appeared remarkably uncouth to people in general who were ignorant of the classics; and nothing but the countenance and perseverance of the learned could reconcile them to the alteration. We have seen several late specimens of English hexameters and sapphics, so happily composed, that by attaching them to the idea of ancient measure, we found them in all respects as melodious and agreeable to the ear as the works of Virgil and Anacreon, or Horace.

Though the number of syllables distinguishes the nature of the English verse from that of the Greek and Latin, it constitutes neither harmony, grace, nor expression. These must depend upon the choice of words, the seat of the accent, the pause, and the cadence. The accent, or tone, is understood to be an elevation or sinking of the voice in reciting: the pause is a rest, that divides the verse into two parts, each of them called an hemistich. The pause and accent in English poetry vary occasionally, according to the meaning of the words; so that the hemistich does not always

[1] "Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet."—POPE *to Augustus.*

consist of an equal number of syllables, and this variety is agreeable, as it prevents a dull repetition of regular stops, like those in the French versification, every line of which is divided by a pause exactly in the middle. The cadence comprehends that poetical style which animates every line, that propriety which gives strength and expression, that numerosity which renders the verse smooth, flowing, and harmonious, that significancy which marks the passions, and in many cases makes the sound an echo to the sense. The Greek and Latin languages, in being copious and ductile, are susceptible of a vast variety of cadences, which the living languages will not admit; and of these the reader of any ear will judge for himself. We shall only mention a few that are remarkably striking.[1] The following from Denham's "Cooper's Hill," has been admired and imitated, as full, flowing, and sonorous. Speaking of the river Thames:—

> "O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example as it is my theme;
> Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

There cannot be a better specimen of the swift cadence, than this line of Milton:—

> "Light as the lightning's glimpse, they ran, they flew."

To be continued.[2]

ESSAY XXI.

DESCRIPTION OF A WOW-WOW.[3]

I AM one of those unhappy mortals who are retired from the fatigues of business in town, to be tired and fatigued for want of business in the country. While I was in trade, I always languished for retirement; now that is obtained, I long for business again. The air which I thought conveyed the blessings of health and vigour, the flowers that regaled every sense, and the babbling streams that I doted on with rapture, are all become insipid.

I spurn at these, and throw them aside as a boy does his toys; and like him, feel no satisfaction but in the hope of obtaining others that are new. May we not, then, say that all our happiness is centred in expectation, and, like a coy mistress, ever flies before us?

Tired of a village life and of myself, I flew for refuge to the country town whence I date this letter, there hoping to share the mean between London and the country, and to variegate life, and partake of the pleasures both of business and retirement; but here I am again disappointed. The only diversion, and indeed almost the only business of this place, is going to the Wow-wow.

[1] The poet Vida describes the last groan of our Saviour in these words:

> "Supremamque auram, ponens caput, expiravit."—GOLDSMITH.

[2] Which it never was.

[3] From "The Public Ledger," a daily paper, established in January, 1760, by John Newbery, though "printed for W. Bristow, next the Great Toyshop in St. Paul's Church-yard." Nos. xxii. and xxiii. are from the same paper. "The Citizen of the World" was originally published in "The Public Ledger." *See* vol. ii., p. 76.

When first I arrived here, I called at a gentleman's house to whom I was recommended by a friend in London, when a servant who came to the door, told me it was impossible I could speak to his master then, for he was just gone to the Wow-wow. My wife being indisposed, I sent for an eminent apothecary, but he not coming immediately I flew with impatience to his house, where finding his spouse, and telling her my wife's case, she cried, "Poor lady, I am sorry for her, and wish, Sir, you had happened to come a little sooner, for Mr. * * * would certainly have waited on her, but he is just gone to the Wow-wow." A tradesman who has gained money enough in town to retire, and commence gentleman in the country, thinks himself entitled to as much respect, perhaps, as those who make larger claims, and I own I found myself piqued at this behaviour.

Thus disconcerted, I made for my inn, but passing by a tradesman's shop whence I had ordered some goods, I called to pay him. Here I saw only two boys at shuttlecock, to whom I told my business. They were too earnestly engaged to give me any other answer, but that if I wanted to pay any money there I must go to the Wow-wow.

Arriving at the inn, I found my wife a little recovered, and therefore rang for dinner: "Lord, my dear," says she, "it is to no purpose to ring, for you can get no dinner here; the master of the house is cook himself, and not expecting company so late, the drawer says he is just gone to the Wow-wow, which I suppose is the next market-town." At this instant entered my landlord with an affected air of complaisance; but notwithstanding he had set his features to the semblance of a smile, I could perceive he was out of humour at being sent for.

After dinner, curiosity led me to see this wonderful place of entertainment, this Wow-wow, and I made my inquiry accordingly; but I should have missed the place of rendezvous, if I had not been directed to it by a number of women who were catechising a man, who it seems had made a little mistake; and instead of going for the midwife as he had been directed, had strolled into the Wow-wow, which I found, to my surprise, was a confused heap of people of all denominations assembled at a public-house to read the newspapers, and to hear the tittle-tattle of the day.

When I entered, the first object that engaged my attention was a middle-aged man seated above the rest, who, with a pipe in one hand, and a piece of chalk in the other, was rectifying the mistakes made by several generals engaged in the present war.

"Finck,"[1] says he, "was a fool to do as he has done; do you think I would have suffered Daun to have cooped me up in this manner? Here lay his army; Daun's was there, and there, and there (still chalking the table). Now here lies a morass as big as ours in the dyke-mead; he should have drawn his men off here, and guarded this pass, and all had been right: but he was either a fool or fee'd to do as he has done. There is bribery in other countries, I find, as well as in ours."

He had scarcely finished, when another, taking up a newspaper, read a paragraph, importing that a squadron of Dutch men-of-war were seen with their flag flying in Pondicherry harbour. This brought on the question whether Pondicherry was in Europe or America, which was debated with such warmth by some of the company, that we should certainly have had a war at the Wow-wow, had not an Oxford scholar, led there by curiosity, pulled a new Magazine[2] out of his pocket, in which he said there were some

[1] The Prussian General, who (November, 1759), "chose his position at Maxen with so little skill that he was surrounded and compelled to lay down his arms. No event in Frederick's whole career seems to have more deeply wounded his pride." *Lord Mahon's History*, chap. xxxvi. Daun was the Austrian general to whom Finck surrendered.

[2] "The British Magazine." *See* note, p. 266.

pieces extremely curious and that deserved their attention. He then read the Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, to the entire satisfaction of the audience, which being finished, he threw the pamphlet on the table: "That piece, gentlemen," says he, "is written in the very spirit and manner of Cervantes; there is great knowledge of human nature, and evident marks of the master in almost every sentence; and from the plan, the humour, and the execution, I can venture to say that it dropped from the pen of the ingenious Dr. ——."[1] Every one was pleased with the performance, and I was particularly gratified in hearing all the sensible part of the company give orders for "The British Magazine." I was surprised, and indeed disgusted, to find in this odd assembly several gentlemen of exceeding good sense, but was somewhat satisfied when they told me, that they were drawn thither for want of business and diversions, and that this want had established a Wow-wow, or meeting of News-hunters, in every town in the kingdom. "This odd mixture of company," says one of them, "may to you, Sir, seem disagreeable; but in the country a man must club his talents thus unequally, or seclude himself from company entirely; and though this meeting may give you no favourable idea of a country life, it will convince you that the human race, as well as other animals, are impatient for society, and that a man of sense would rather converse with his cook-maid than be alone, and especially if she be handsome."

ESSAY XXII.[2]

ON ABUSE OF OUR ENEMIES.

As one of Alexander's soldiers was railing against the Persians, condemning the whole nation as a pack of cowardly, effeminate, and perfidious scoundrels, "My friend," cries the hero, overhearing him, "I have employed you to fight the Persians, not to scold them." The English have learned to fight like Alexander; they have done more; they have relieved those enemies in distress which their valour subdued; they have surpassed the old Macedonians in bravery and generosity; could they learn to scold their enemies less, all the world must own their superiority in politeness, as well as in arms and humanity.

I must own, nothing gives me more uneasiness in conversation, than to hear men talk of the French with detestation; to hear them condemned as guilty of every vice, and scarcely allowed any national virtue. I am the more displeased at such ignorant assertions because they are false, and because I don't much care to contradict them. To speak well of France in some companies, is almost as bad as if one acknowledged himself to be a spy; I am obliged, therefore, to sit silent, while I hear unlettered men talk of a people they do not know, and condemn them in the gross they know not why.

The French have been long acknowledged to have much bravery: a great part of Europe has owned their superiority in this respect; and I know scarcely any country but that which has beaten them, that dares deny the contrary. In short, I consider them in the same light with the subordinate characters in an epic poem, who are generally described as very terrible, only to heighten our idea of the hero who conquers them.

[1] Dr. Smollett.

[2] From "The Public Ledger."

To beat the French, and to scold them too, is out-heroding Herod; if we were not able to knock them o' the head, I should not be displeased if we showed our resentment by addressing their ears with reproach; but as it is, we only resemble a country justice, who, not content with putting a culprit in the stocks, stands by to reproach him for getting there.

Jack Reptile is a professed Antigallican; he gets drunk with French wine three times a week. To convince the world of his detestation of Monsieur Soup-maigre, he assures the company he has once, when he was young, boxed three Frenchmen, "*one down t'other come on*," and beat them all; he wonders how French scoundrels can live who eat nothing but salads and frogs the whole year round. Jack hates every thing that is French, except their wine, and has been known to quarrel with some of his countrymen for wearing a bag-wig. His virulence against the enemy has even soured his disposition to his friends, and he seems never happy except when indulging invective.

If the present war or its causes happen to be the subject of conversation, he lays all the blame upon them alone, and can see neither avarice nor injustice in the planters of our side. If peace be the topic, "his counsel is for open war;" nor can he think any terms honourable or advantageous that do not put us in possession, not only of all we have conquered, but almost all the enemy have to lose. Thus, while our soldiers earn victory abroad, Jack enjoys the price of it at home, and, unacquainted with the perils they endure, seems unmindful how long they undergo them. War gives him no uneasiness; he sits and soaks in profound security; the distresses, the calamities of mankind, neither interrupt his tranquillity, nor lessen his draught; the miseries of his fellow-creatures, like the pictures of a battle, serve rather to excite pleasure than pain. Ten thousand fallen on one field make a curious article in the gazette. Hundreds sunk to the bottom by one broadside, furnish out the topic of the day, and zest his coffee: the very tempest guides him to his harbour. In short, he fancies he shows his loyalty by reproaches, and his courage by continuing the war.

What I would intend by all this, is to persuade my countrymen by the fireside to behave with the same degree of merit with those in the field; while they cover us with glory abroad, let us not tarnish it by invectives at home. I scarce read a periodical paper that is not filled with indecencies of this kind, and as many of these papers pass into other countries, what idea will they form, not only of our good sense but humanity, when they see us thus depreciating the enemies we have subdued? This, in fact, is lessening ourselves. An easy conquest is no very honourable one. I remember to have heard M. Voltaire observe, in a large company at his house at Monrion, that at the battle of Dettingen, the English exhibited prodigies of valour; but they soon lessened their well-bought conquest, by lessening the merit of those they had conquered. Their despising the French then, he continued to observe, was probably the cause of their defeat at Fontenoy: one army fought with all the security of presumption; the other with all the fury of men willing to rescue their character from undeserved contempt.

ESSAY XXIII.[1]

THE GODDESS OF SILENCE;

TO THE LADIES OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER, GREETING.

LADIES; though I am personally acquainted with but few of you; though an utter stranger at all your modern entertainments, routs, drums, or assemblies, yet as I was once well known to your grandmothers, and am still in some esteem with your husbands and lovers, I must be permitted to offer my complaint; I must beg leave to introduce my petition upon the strength of former intimacy, even though I should be heard with as much disgust as the poorest of your poor relations.

It is now many years since I was obliged to give up the amusements of town, and fly to a retreat in the country. I own I retired with reluctance, and fondly imagined you would have felt equal reluctance at my departure; but instead of this I find no single creature regrets my absence; every pretty mouth strives which shall make most noise, and all seem to conspire in thinking that company best where I am totally excluded.

And yet, Ladies, I have some right to expostulate against this ingratitude, for I will appeal to the opposite sex, whether you ever had in Great Britain a sincerer friend than I. I have made more matches in my time than a grass widow, and have reconciled more matrimonial disputes than the fears of pin-money, or a separate maintenance. I have taught ladies how to get husbands, and the harder lesson still, how to keep them; and yet for all this I am discarded, rejected from all polite society.

But I am not only deposed; the Goddess of Discord has been set up in my stead; all your pleasures seem dictated by her direction; she is constituted mistress of the ceremonies, if I can call that ceremony which is noise and confusion; it is she alone that prescribes the drum, the ball, and the tempests; 'tis she increases the hurry of ridottas, whirlwinds, routs, hurricanes ——but my head aches; I must discontinue a catalogue of names more grating than a curtain lecture, or the grenadier's march.

I never think of the power I once enjoyed without regret; in those happy times when the beautiful sex was dressed in ruffs and fardingales; when your grandmothers showed their skill, not in playing piquet, but in making pies; and were equally remarkable for raising passion and paste; in those happy times, I say, Silence made some figure in every assembly; even court-ladies themselves were then contented with silent pleasures, and a lover who resisted all the eloquence of their eyes above-stairs, was after caught in the attractive circle of a custard, or a mince-pie, of my lady's own making below in the larder.

Here I had enjoyed a peaceful reign from time immemorial; had flattered myself that modesty and I were to be inseparable companions; but it seems I was mistaken; I was first deposed at court by Miss Jenny Up-and-down, and my lady Betty Round-about; they hunted me from drawing-room to drawing-room, pursued me from family to family; for wherever they came, I was never after admitted. Those two ladies had led the fashion for many years; they continued tip-top talkative toasts for almost half-a-century; I wished a thousand times to see them peaceably married out of the way;

[1] From "The Public Ledger."

but they continued their visiting and virginity to the last, and I was undone.

From court I was obliged to retire into the city. Here I sought for some time, though in vain, for refuge; but at last happily took shelter in the family of the Widow Slumber. I had no fears of having my repose disturbed in this family; for though it consisted mostly of women, there was no great noise; the widow herself being lethargic, and Mrs. Abigail dumb from her cradle. Yet, who would have thought it? A captain of grenadiers attacked the widow with success, and discharged both me and the dumb waiting-maid in the flash of a pistol!

We both travelled together for some time; and whatever she thought of me, I found her excellent company; so borrowing wings from poverty, we flew up together to a garret in Drury Lane. Here all was perfect tranquillity; even carts and hackney coaches from below could scarce be heard; the very woman that cried sprats was unable to interrupt our repose; and yet, after all, our repose was interrupted. Scandal, in the shape of our landlady, began to intrude upon our retirement; she did not care, she said, to lodge single women; she lived in a very honest neighbourhood, and would not have her house get a bad character for our scurvy two shillings a week. So giving us warning, we were obliged to decamp; Abigail to the workhouse, and I to the place of my nativity near Penman-maur.

From this retreat then it is, Ladies, that I address you; though I hate noise, I am equally averse to solitude. Permit me once more to return to be admitted at your entertainments; permit a banished goddess once more to show her friendship to the sex, and add lustre to your beauty. I do not know that I ever disgusted one of your lovers, though I have attracted thousands. I never knew a husband complain that I kept his wife too much company, and even on the most critical occasions my presence has been regarded as an omen of victory; for Silence gives consent.

I am, Ladies, &c., &c.

ESSAY XXIV.[1]

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

MAN'S province is universal, and comprehends everything, from the culture of the earth, to the government of it: men only become coxcombs by assuming particular characters, for which they are particularly unfit, though others may shine in those very characters. But the case of the fair sex is quite different; for there are many characters which are not of the feminine gender, and, consequently, there may be two kinds of women coxcombs; those who affect what does not fall within their department, and those who go out of their own natural characters, though they keep within the female province.

I should be very sorry to offend, where I only mean to advise and reform; I therefore hope the fair sex will pardon me, when I give ours the preference. Let them reflect, that each sex has its distinguishing characteristic, and if they can with justice (as certainly they may) brand a man with the name of a cott-quean,[2] if he invades a certain female detail which is unquestionably their prerogative, may not we, with equal justice, retort

[1] From "The Ladies' Magazine."

[2] "A man that is too busy in meddling with women's affairs."—PHILLIPS'S *New World of Words.*

upon them when, laying aside their natural characters, they assume those which are appropriated to us? The delicacy of their texture, and the strength of ours, the beauty of their form, and the coarseness of ours, sufficiently indicate the respective vocations. Was Hercules ridiculous and contemptible with his distaff? Omphale would not have been less so at a review, or a council-board. Women are not formed for great cares themselves, but to soothe and soften ours; their tenderness is the proper reward for the toils we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the labours of study and business. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic offices, and when they stray beyond them, they move eccentrically, and consequently without grace.[1]

Aggripina, born with an understanding and dispositions which could, at best, have qualified her for the sordid helpmate of a pawnbroker or usurer, pretends to all the accomplishments that ever adorned man or woman, without the possession, or even the true knowledge of any one of them. She would appear learned, and has just enough of all things, without comprehending any one, to make her talk absurdly upon everything. She looks upon the art of pleasing as her master-piece, but mistakes the means so much, that her flattery is too gross for self-love to swallow, and her lies too palpable to deceive for a moment; so that she shocks those she would gain. Mean tricks, shallow cunning, and breach of faith, constitute her mistaken system of politics. She endeavours to appear generous at the expense of trifles, while an indiscreet and unguarded rapaciousness discovers her natural and insatiable avidity. Thus mistaking the perfections she would seem to possess, and the means of acquiring even them, she becomes the most ridiculous, instead of the most complete of her sex.

Eudosia, the most frivolous woman in the world, condemns her own sex for being too trifling. She despises the agreeable levity and cheerfulness of a mixed company; she will be serious, that she will; and emphatically intimates, that she thinks reason and good sense very valuable things. She never mixes in the general conversation, but singles out some one man, whom she thinks worthy of her good sense, and in a half voice, or *sotto voce*, discusses her solid trifles in his ear, dwells particularly upon the most trifling circumstances of the main trifle, which she enforces with the proper inclination of head and body, and with the most expressive gesticulations of the fan, modestly confessing every now and then, by way of parenthesis, that possibly it may be thought presumption in a woman to talk at all upon those matters. In the mean time, her unhappy hearer stifles a thousand gapes, assents universally to whatever she says, in hopes of shortening the conversation, and carefully watches the first favourable opportunity, which any motion in the company gives him, of making his escape from this excellent solid understanding. Thus deserted, but not discouraged, she takes the whole company in their turns, and has, for every one, a whisper of equal importance. If Eudosia would content herself with her natural talents, play at cards, make tea and visits, talk to her dog often, and to her company but sometimes, she would not be ridiculous, but bear a very tolerable part in the polite world.

Sydaria had beauty enough to have excused (while young) her want of

[1] "Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity: and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace."—*"The Citizen of the World,"* Letter lxii., vol. ii., p. 294.

common sense. But she scorned the fortuitous and precarious triumphs of beauty: she would only conquer by the charms of her mind. An union of hearts, a delicacy of sentiments, a mental adoration, or a sort of tender quietism, were what she long sought for, and never found. Thus nature struggled with sentiments till she was five-and-forty, but then got the better of it to such a degree, that she made very advantageous proposals to an Irish ensign of one-and-twenty: equally ridiculous in her age and in her youth.

Canidia, withered by age, and shattered by infirmities, totters under the load of her misplaced ornaments; and her dress varies according to the freshest advices from Paris, instead of conforming itself (as it ought) to the direction of her undertaker. Her mind, as weak as her body, is absurdly adorned; she talks politics and metaphysics, mangles the terms of each, and, if there be sense in either, most infallibly puzzles it; adding intricacy to politics, and darkness to mysteries, equally ridiculous in this world and the next.

I shall not now enter into an examination of the lesser affectations (most of them are pardonable, and many of them are pretty, if their owners are so), but confine my present animadversions to the affectation of ill-suited characters; for I would by no means deprive my fair countrywomen of their genteel little terrors, antipathies, and affections. The alternate panics of thieves, spiders, ghosts, and thunder, are allowable to youth and beauty, provided they survive them. But what I mean is, to prevail with them to act their own natural parts, and not other people's; and to convince them, that even their own imperfections will become them better than the borrowed perfections of others.

Should some lady of spirit, unjustly offended at these restrictions, ask what province I leave their sex? I answer, that I leave them whatever has not been peculiarly assigned by nature to ours. I leave them a mighty empire—Love. There they reign absolute, and by unquestioned right, while beauty supports their throne. They have all the talents requisite for that soft empire, and the ablest of our sex cannot contend with them in the profound knowledge and conduct of those arcana. But then, those who are deposed by years or accidents, or those who by nature were never qualified to reign, should content themselves with the private care and economy of their families, and the diligent discharge of domestic duties.

I take the fabulous birth of Minerva, the goddess of arms, wisdom, arts, and sciences, to have been an allegory of the ancients, calculated to show, that women of natural and usual births must not aim at those accomplishments. She sprung armed out of Jupiter's head, without the co-operation of his consort Juno, and, as such only, had those great provinces assigned her.

I confess one has read of ladies, such as Semiramis, Thalestris, and others, who have made very considerable figures in the most heroic and manly parts of life; but considering the great antiquity of those histories, and how much they are mixed up with fables, one is at liberty to question either the facts, or the sex. Besides that, the most ingenious and erudite Conrad Wolfang Laboriosus Nugatorius, of Hall, in Saxony, has proved to a demonstration, in the 14th volume, page 2891, of his learned treatise De Hermaphroditis, that all the reputed female heroes of antiquity were of this epicene species, though out of regard to the fair and modest part of my readers, I dare not quote the several facts and reasonings with which he supports this assertion; and as for the heroines of modern date, we have more than suspicions of their being at least of the epicene gender. The greatest monarch that ever filled the British throne (till very lately) was queen Elizabeth, of whose sex we have abundant reason to doubt, history furnishing us with many instances of the manhood of that princess,

without leaving us one single symptom or indication of the woman; and thus much is certain, that she thought it improper for her to marry a man. The great Christina, queen of Sweden, was allowed by everybody to be above her sex; and the masculine was so predominant in her composition, that she even conformed, at last, to its dress, and ended her days in Italy. I therefore require that those women who insist upon going beyond the bounds allotted to their sex, should previously declare themselves hermaphrodites, and be registered as such in their several parishes; till when, I shall not suffer them to confound politics, perplex metaphysics, and darken mysteries.

How amiable may a woman be! what a comfort and delight to her acquaintance, her friends, her relations, her lover, or her husband, in keeping strictly within her character! She adorns all female virtues with female softness. Women, while untainted by affectation, have a natural cheerfulness of mind, tenderness and benignity of heart, which justly endear them to us, either to animate our joys, or soothe our sorrows; but how are they changed, and how shocking do they become, when the rage of ambition, or the pride of learning, agitates and swells those breasts, where only love, friendship, and tender care should dwell!

Let Flavia be their model, who though she could support any character, assumes none; never misled by fancy or vanity, but guided singly by reason, whatever she says or does is the manifest result of a happy nature, and a good understanding; though she knows whatever women ought, and it may be, more than they are required to know, she conceals the superiority she has, with as much care as others take to display the superiority they have not: she conforms herself to the turn of the company she is in, but in a way of rather avoiding to be distanced, than desiring to take the lead. Are they merry, she is cheerful; are they grave, she is serious; are they absurd, she is silent. Though she thinks and speaks as a man would do, still it is as a woman should do; she effeminates (if I may use the expression) whatever she says, and gives all the graces of her own sex to the strength of ours; she is well-bred, without the troublesome ceremonies and frivolous forms of those who only affect to be so. As her good breeding proceeds jointly from good-nature and good sense, the former inclines her to oblige, and the latter shows her the easiest and best way of doing it. Woman's beauty, like men's wit, is generally fatal to the owners, unless directed by a judgment which seldom accompanies a great degree of either; her beauty seems but the proper and decent lodging for such a mind; she knows the true value of it, and far from thinking that it authorises impertinence and coquetry, it redoubles her care to avoid those errors that are its usual attendants. Thus she not only unites in herself all the advantages of body and mind, but even reconciles contradictions in others, for she is loved and esteemed, though envied by all.

ESSAY XXV.[1]

ZENIM AND GALHINDA.

An Eastern Tale.

In the early ages of the world, all the inhabitants of earth were subject to Firnaz, the genius of pleasure. He was a good spirit, and favourite of the Most High. The air, the mountains, the woods, the rivers,

[1] From "The Ladies' Magazine."

the seas, and the subterranean abyss obeyed his commands; the nymphs, the sylphs, and groves, acknowledged his jurisdiction. To do services to mankind was his greatest satisfaction; and no sooner was an infant brought into the world, than he appointed proper guardians to incite the rising mortal to virtue, or turn him from vice.

But, of all his favourites, none shared a greater degree of his affections than Zenim and Galhinda, two children descended from the race of kings, one the most sensible youth, the other the fairest girl of all Circassia. As they surpassed their companions in merit, the genius was resolved to supply them with an adequate proportion of happiness, and mutually bless them with each other. He inspired Zenim, as yet but a boy, with sentiments of courage, justice, and virtue. He adorned Galhinda with charms, that none could behold without the most ardent sensibility.

But, in order to render the education of both still more complete, the genius separated the young prince at the earliest period from the breast of his fond mother, to where he could have no commerce with the bewitching beauty of the opposite sex. A forest, remote from the habitations of men, became his retreat. Instructors, the most celebrated, were appointed both for his morals, exercises, and amusements. His mind was formed by the most prudent counsels, and tinctured with every science, without its vain subtleties, that only serve to discourage and perplex. Two sages, whose songs had often engaged the attention even of the genius of the woods, were particularly dear to him: those he heard with pleasure, while in the intervals of more serious study, they sung the actions of heroes, and the distresses of sufferiug virtue. Thus was his understanding formed by precepts, while the manly exercises gave strength and grace to his limbs, and in all these none could dispute with him the victory.

In every gesture, every look, something noble might be discovered, and all his conversation announced the hero. Sixteen years were expired, and as yet he was ignorant that there was a more beautiful part of the creation hitherto concealed from his view. Firnaz had imposed silence in this respect upon all his attendants; neither the voice of friendship, nor the love-breathing lyre, had yet told him anything of the happiness of mutual love.

While Zenim, thus unconscious of the power of beauty, grew up in solitude, and advanced in wisdom, Galhinda was formed by Firnaz himself to give perfect happiness. She had, by the orders of the genius, been shut up remote from men in a retired palace, where she passed the first years of innocence among companions almost as fair, and quite as harmless as she. Here she strayed among cool meadows, and refreshing streams, attended by twelve nymphs, as beautiful and fresh as the morning; her young heart was not as yet agitated with any desire, and virtue only had a power of giving her any emotions. She would, at proper intervals, descend from her palace of marble to a retired valley, and there with her lute, joined to the sweetness of her voice, celebrate the charms of piety, charity, content, and friendship. These were all the pleasures she knew, and even her dreams had never informed her that there were any still greater.

In the mean time, she approached that period when age has expanded every charm. Her desires seemed to increase with her years, and she found in her breast a chasm that friendship alone was not sufficient to supply. She chanced to wander near a glassy fountain: the polished surface reflected back her beauties. Surprised, she stood in silent contemplation of her charms. "Strange!" cried she, "to what purpose are all these charms, or why have I been made thus lovely? The rose is beautiful, to obtain a place in my bosom; the violet sheds perfume for me only,—but why am I thus fair! am I only formed beautiful in vain?" It was thus the beautiful Galhinda reasoned with herself, while Firnaz, the guardian genius, concealed in a cloud, attended the soliloquy.

While Galhinda was thus agitated, Zenim felt not less strong, though equally inconceivable emotions. His brow, once so serene, resembled now the sun hid in clouds. He sought for solitude, and fled from his friends, who offered their company. Here he usually gave way to the torrent of his reflections, while Firnaz, his guardian, secretly and unobserved, watched all his uneasinesses, and enjoyed his perturbation. "Now," cried the genius, "now will be the time to gratify their desires, and to make two of the most deserving objects on earth happy. With what rapture shall I not enjoy their mutual astonishment at first meeting each other! How refined a pleasure, that of being able to please!"

Thus saying, he flew upon the zephyr's wing to where Galhinda was enjoying a balmy slumber. A dream which had been produced by the genius, presented to her imagination the image of the prince. She fancied him searching the forest in pursuit of a lost friend with seeming inquietude. She seemed to fly; and, while he appeared to pursue, the illusion was dissolved by her awaking.

She had, in the mean time, been transported while she slept, with a rapidity swifter than thought, to the retreat of the young prince, and upon awaking, she perceived nothing but what was strange around. But what were her emotions, when she perceived approaching the very image that had been so lovely in her dream! She seemed quite disordered; and the prince himself suffered not less than she. Expression is unable to paint their circumstances at that juncture; their fears, their transports, can only be conceived by souls formed for tenderness and each other. In the mean time, Galhinda, incapable of resisting her natural timidity, modestly looked down, as if dazzled with his charms. The prince was absorbed in a succession of pleasingly painful ideas, yet found courage to approach the object of all his desires. He attempted to speak, but found his voice as if fled from him. He attempted to grasp her hand, while she gently repressed his temerity.

In this state of fear, desire, and mutual admiration they continued for some time, when Firnaz spread a shining light around them, and appearing before them under a celestial form, thus addressed the happiest lovers that ever added grace to humanity:—"Happy, happy mortals! in me behold the cause of your present felicity. Fate designed you for each other, and I charged myself with executing its decrees. Yet trust not to personal beauty alone for a continuance of your mutual passion; that love that is of long continuance must be founded truly in mutual esteem; that passion which deserves the name of love, must arise only from an union of those sentiments which form the basis of the soul. Lovers, formed for each other, are attracted to this happy union, even without perceiving the cause of this attraction. Let humanity teach you to turn a part of that regard you have for each other on those around you. Let not that virtue in which you have been early instructed, ever forsake you, and still continue to improve by the brightness of each other's example, till you have attained the perfection of the celestial flame."

Thus saying, Firnaz surrounded them with a cloud, and disappeared. But he left them as companions Wisdom, Joy, and Peace. Those tender lovers were still attended by that celestial guard, and the most distant posterity have learned to admire the fidelity and virtue of Zenim and Galhinda.

ESSAY XXVI.[1]

THE HISTORY OF A POET'S GARDEN.

Of all men who form gay illusions of distant happiness, perhaps a poet is the most sanguine. Such is the ardour of his hopes, that they often are equal to actual enjoyment; and he feels more in expectance than actual fruition. I have often regarded a character of this kind with some degree of envy. A man possessed of such warm imagination commands all nature, and arrogates possessions of which the owner has a blunter relish. While life continues, the alluring prospect lies before him; he travels in the pursuit with confidence, and resigns it only with his last breath.

It is this happy confidence which gives life its true relish, and keeps up our spirits amidst every distress and disappointment. How much less would be done, if a man knew how little he can do! How wretched a creature would he be, if he saw the end as well as the beginning of his projects! He would have nothing left but to sit down in torpid despair, and exchange employment for actual calamity.

I was led into this train of thinking upon lately visiting the beautiful gardens of the late Mr. Shenstone;[2] who was himself a poet, and possessed of that warm imagination, which made him ever foremost in the pursuit of flying happiness. Could he but have foreseen the end of all his schemes, for whom he was improving, and what changes his designs were to undergo, he would have scarcely amused his innocent life with what, for several years, employed him in a most harmless manner, and abridged his scanty fortune. As the progress of this improvement is a true picture of sublunary vicissitude, I could not help calling up my imagination, which, while I walked pensively along, suggested the following Reverie.

As I was turning my back upon a beautiful piece of water enlivened with cascades and rock-work, and entering a dark walk by which ran a prattling brook, the Genius of the Place appeared before me, but more resembling the God of Time, than him more peculiarly appointed to the care of gardens. Instead of shears he bore a scythe; and he appeared rather with the implements of husbandry, than those of a modern gardener. Having remembered this place in its pristine beauty, I could not help condoling with him on its present ruinous situation. I spoke to him of the many alterations which had been made, and all for the worse; of the many shades which had been taken away, of the bowers that were destroyed by neglect, and the hedge-rows that were spoiled by clipping. The Genius with a sigh received my condolement, and assured me, that he was equally a martyr to ignorance and taste, to refinement and rusticity. Seeing me desirous of knowing farther, he went on:

[1] From "The Westminster Magazine, or the Pantheon of Taste," (vol. i. p. 2, 8vo. 1773), "printed for W. Goldsmith, No. 24, Pater-noster Row;" introduced into the volume of Essays published in 1797 by Isaac Reed, and included by Percy in the "Miscellaneous Works" of 1801. Nos. xxvii. and xxviii. are from the same magazine.

[2] "The Leasowes," a *ferme ornée* between Birmingham and Hagley, of great beauty, but which Shenstone was too poor to support. The poet, however, was in advance of his age as a landscape gardener, though now (1854) few traces remain of his skill in directing nature. I have heard Mr. Rogers (the poet) speak most highly of the beauty of "The Leasowes," as he in his youth remembered the *ferme ornée*.

"You see, in the place before you, the paternal inheritance of a poet; and to a man content with little, fully sufficient for his subsistence: but a strong imagination and a long acquaintance with the rich are dangerous foes to contentment. Our poet, instead of sitting down to enjoy life, resolved to prepare for its future enjoyment; and set about converting a place of profit into a scene of pleasure. This he at first supposed could be accomplished at a small expense; and he was willing for a while to stint his income, to have an opportunity of displaying his taste. The improvement in this manner went forward; one beauty attained, led him to wish for some other; but he still hoped that every emendation would be the last. It was now, therefore, found that the improvement exceeded the subsidy, that the place was grown too large and too fine for the inhabitant. But that pride which was once exhibited could not retire: the garden was made for the owner, and though it was become unfit for him, he could not willingly resign it to another. Thus the first idea of its beauties contributing to the happiness of his life, was found unfaithful; so that, instead of looking within for satisfaction, he began to think of having recourse to the praises of those who came to visit his improvement.

"In consequence of this hope, which now took possession of his mind, the gardens were opened to the visits of every stranger; and the country flocked round to walk, to criticise, to admire, and to do mischief. He soon found, that the admirers of his taste left by no means such strong marks of their applause, as the envious did of their malignity. All the windows of his temples, and the walls of his retreats, were impressed with the characters of profaneness, ignorance, and obscenity; his hedges were broken, his statues and urns defaced, and his lawns worn bare. It was now, therefore, necessary to shut up the gardens once more, and to deprive the public of that happiness which had before ceased to be his own.

"In this situation the poet continued for a time in the character of a jealous lover, fond of the beauty he keeps, but unable to supply the extravagance of every demand. The garden by this time was completely grown and finished; the marks of art were covered up by the luxuriance of nature; the winding walks were grown dark; the brook assumed a natural sylvage; and the rocks were covered with moss. Nothing now remained but to enjoy the beauties of the place, when the poor poet died, and his garden was obliged to be sold for the benefit of those who had contributed to its embellishment.

"The beauties of the place had now for some time been celebrated as well in prose as in verse; and all men of taste wished for so envied a spot, where every urn was marked with the poet's pencil, and every walk awakened genius and meditation. The first purchaser was one Mr. Truepenny, a button-maker, who was possessed of three thousand pounds, and was willing also to be possessed of taste and genius.

"As the poet's ideas were for the natural wildness of the landscape, the button-maker's were for the more regular productions of art. He conceived, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in a button to be of a regular pattern, so the same regularity ought to obtain in a landscape. Be this as it will, he employed the shears to some purpose; he clipped up the hedges, cut down the gloomy walks, made vistas upon the stables and hog-sties, and showed his friends that a man of taste should always be doing.

"The next candidate for taste and genius was a Captain of a ship, who bought the garden because the former possessor could find nothing more to mend; but unfortunately he had taste too. His great passion lay in building, in making Chinese temples, and cage-work summer-houses. As the place before had an appearance of retirement and inspired meditation, he gave it a more peopled air; every turning presented a cottage, or ice-house, or a temple; the improvement was converted into a little city,

and it only wanted inhabitants to give it the air of a village in the East Indies.

"In this manner, in less than ten years, the improvement has gone through the hands of as many proprietors, who were all willing to have taste, and to show their taste too. As the place had received its best finishing from the hand of the first possessor, so every innovator only lent a hand to do mischief. Those parts which were obscure, have been enlightened; those walks which led naturally, have been twisted into serpentine windings. The colour of the flowers of the field is not more various than the variety of tastes that have been employed here, and all in direct contradiction to the original aim of the first improver. Could the original possessor but revive, with what a sorrowful heart would he look upon his favourite spot again! He would scarcely recollect a Dryad or a Wood-nymph of his former acquaintance, and might perhaps find himself as much a stranger in his own plantation, as in the deserts of Siberia."

ESSAY XXVII.[1]

A COMPARISON BETWEEN LAUGHING AND SENTIMENTAL COMEDY.

THE theatre, like all other amusements, has its fashions and its prejudices; and when satiated with its excellence, mankind begin to mistake change for improvement. For some years tragedy was the reigning entertainment; but of late it has entirely given way to comedy, and our best efforts are now exerted in these lighter kinds of composition. The pompous train, the swelling phrase, and the unnatural rant, are displaced for that natural portrait of human folly and frailty, of which all are judges, because all have sat for the picture.

But, as in describing nature it is presented with a double face, either of mirth or sadness, our modern writers find themselves at a loss which chiefly to copy from; and it is now debated, whether the exhibition of human distress is likely to afford the mind more entertainment than that of human absurdity?

Comedy is defined by Aristotle to be a picture of the frailties of the lower part of mankind, to distinguish it from tragedy, which is an exhibition of the misfortunes of the great. When comedy therefore ascends to produce the characters of princes or generals upon the stage, it is out of its walk, since low life and middle life are entirely its object. The principal question therefore is, whether in describing low or middle life, an exhibition of its follies be not preferable to a detail of its calamities? Or, in other words, which deserves the preference—the weeping sentimental comedy, so much in fashion at present, or the laughing and even low comedy, which seems to have been last exhibited by Vanbrugh and Cibber?[2]

If we apply to authorities, all the great masters in the dramatic art have but one opinion. Their rule is, that as tragedy displays the calamities of the great, so comedy should excite our laughter, by ridiculously exhibiting the follies of the lower part of mankind. Boileau,

[1] From "The Westminster Magazine" for 1773, (vol. i. p. 4), introduced into the volume of "Essays," published in 1797 by Isaac Reed, and included by Percy in the "Miscellaneous Works" of 1801.

[2] "The undertaking a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw the piece in its various stages, always thought it so."—GOLDSMITH: *Dedication to Dr. Johnson of* "She Stoops to Conquer."

one of the best modern critics, asserts, that comedy will not admit of tragic distress:—

> "Le comique, ennemi des soupirs et des pleurs,
> N'admet point dans ses vers de tragiques douleurs."

Nor is this rule without the strongest foundation in nature, as the distresses of the mean by no means affect us so strongly as the calamities of the great. When tragedy exhibits to us some great man fallen from his height, and struggling with want and adversity, we feel his situation in the same manner as we suppose he himself must feel, and our pity is increased in proportion to the height from whence he fell. On the contrary, we do not so strongly sympathise with one born in humbler circumstances, and encountering accidental distress: so that while we melt for Belisarius, we scarce give halfpence to the beggar who accosts us in the street. The one has our pity; the other our contempt. Distress, therefore, is the proper object of tragedy, since the great excite our pity by their fall; but not equally so of comedy, since the actors employed in it are originally so mean, that they sink but little by their fall.

Since the first origin of the stage, tragedy and comedy have run in distinct channels, and never till of late encroached upon the provinces of each other. Terence, who seems to have made the nearest approaches, yet always judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright pathetic; and yet he is even reproached by Cæsar for wanting the *vis comica*. All other comic writers of antiquity aim only at rendering folly or vice ridiculous, but never exalt their characters into buskined pomp, or make what Voltaire humorously calls "a tradesman's tragedy."

Yet notwithstanding this weight of authority, and the universal practice of former ages, a new species of dramatic composition has been introduced under the name of *sentimental comedy*, in which the virtues of private life are exhibited, rather than the vices exposed; and the distresses rather than the faults of mankind make our interest in the piece. These comedies have had of late great success, perhaps from their novelty, and also from their flattering every man in his favourite foible. In these plays almost all the characters are good, and exceedingly generous; they are lavish enough of their *tin* money on the stage; and though they want humour, have abundance of sentiment and feeling. If they happen to have faults or foibles, the spectator is taught not only to pardon, but to applaud them, in consideration of the goodness of their hearts; so that folly, instead of being ridiculed, is commended, and the comedy aims at touching our passions, without the power of being truly pathetic. In this manner we are likely to lose one great source of entertainment on the stage; for while the comic poet is invading the province of the tragic muse, he leaves her lovely sister quite neglected. Of this, however, he is no way solicitous, as he measures his fame by his profits.

But it will be said, that the theatre is formed to amuse mankind, and that it matters little, if this end be answered, by what means it is obtained. If mankind find delight in weeping at comedy, it would be cruel to abridge them in that or any other innocent pleasure. If those pieces are denied the name of comedies, yet call them by any other name, and if they are delightful, they are good. Their success, it will be said, is a mark of their merit, and it is only abridging our happiness to deny us an inlet to amusement.

These objections, however, are rather specious than solid. It is true, that amusement is a great object of the theatre; and it will be allowed, that these sentimental pieces do often amuse us; but the question is, whether the true comedy would not amuse us more? The question is, whether a character supported throughout a piece, with its ridicule still attending, would not give us more delight than this species of bastard tragedy, which only is applauded because it is new.

A friend of mine, who was sitting unmoved at one of the sentimental

pieces, was asked how he could be so indifferent? "Why truly," says he, "as the hero is but a tradesman, it is indifferent to me whether he be turned out of his counting-house on Fish-street Hill, since he will still have enough left to open shop in St. Giles's."

The other objection is as ill-grounded; for though we should give these pieces another name, it will not mend their efficacy. It will continue a kind of mulish production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility. If we are permitted to make comedy weep, we have an equal right to make tragedy laugh, and to set down in blank verse the jests and repartees of all the attendants in a funeral procession.

But there is one argument in favour of sentimental comedy which will keep it on the stage, in spite of all that can be said against it. It is of all others the most easily written. Those abilities that can hammer out a novel, are fully sufficient for the production of a sentimental comedy. It is only sufficient to raise the characters a little; to deck out the hero with a riband, or give the heroine a title; then to put an insipid dialogue, without character or humour, into their mouths, give them mighty good hearts, very fine clothes, furnish a new set of scenes, make a pathetic scene or two, with a sprinkling of tender melancholy conversation through the whole, and there is no doubt but all the ladies will cry, and all the gentlemen applaud.

Humour at present seems to be departing from the stage; and it will soon happen that our comic players will have nothing left for it, but a fine coat and a song. It depends upon the audience, whether they will actually drive those poor merry creatures from the stage, or sit at a play as gloomy as at the tabernacle. It is not easy to recover an art when once lost; and it would be but a just punishment, that when, by our being too fastidious, we have banished humour from the stage, we should ourselves be deprived of the art of laughing.

ESSAY XXVIII.[1]

THE HISTORY OF CYRILLO PADOVANO THE NOTED SLEEP-WALKER.

It has often been a question in the schools, whether it be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in our dreams by night, or, inverting the question, a beggar by day, and a monarch while sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch in reality, feels the various inconveniences that attend his station.

However this may be, there are none surely more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniences of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream.

Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua in Italy; a little, brown-complexioned man, and while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour; but unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night

[1] From "The Westminster Magazine" for 1773, (vol. i. p. 133), introduced into the volume of "Essays" published in 1797 by Isaac Reed, and included by Percy in the "Miscellaneous Works" of 1801.

walked in his sleep, and upon such occasions was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo was at the university, where he showed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion his master set him a very long and difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy; but awaking in the morning, to his great surprise he found his exercise completely and perfectly finished, lying upon his table, and, still more extraordinary, written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly; but this did not continue long; for in about an hour after he lay down he got up, lighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world, and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole convent, and to show that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances occurred. One evening having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immoveable for about an hour; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken; then snapping his fingers, to show he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers as if he wanted snuff: not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside, as if to find some: he next very carefully put up his box again; and looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immoveable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations; which so astonished and scandalised his brother friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo had gone no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and in a little beaufet beneath to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put on one or two more over each other; and thus cumbrously

accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell: there, hiding his ill-got finery beneath his mattress, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval, were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed; and, going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there: he went among his fellows of the convent, inquired how they came to be placed there, and learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A lady, who had long been a benefactor to the convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloister, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expenses great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broke open, the body mangled, her fingers, on which were some rings, cut off, and all her finery carried away. Every person in the convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his mattress, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

ESSAY XXIX.

A REGISTER OF SCOTCH MARRIAGES.

To the Editor of the "Westminster Magazine."

SIR,—As I see you are fond of gallantry, and seem willing to set young people together as soon as you can, I cannot help lending my assistance to your endeavours, as I am greatly concerned in the attempt. You must know, Sir, that I am landlady of one of the most noted inns on the road to Scotland, and have seldom less than eight or ten couples a-week, who go down rapturous lovers, and return man and wife.

If there be in this world an agreeable situation, it must be that in which a young couple find themselves, when just let loose from confinement, and whirling off to the land of promise. When the post-chaise is driving off, and the blinds are drawn up, sure nothing can equal it! And yet, I do not know how, what with the fears of being pursued, or the wishes for greater happiness, not one of my customers but seems gloomy and out of temper. The gentlemen are all sullen, and the ladies discontented.

[1] From "The Westminster Magazine" for 1773, (vol. i. p. 137).

But if it be so going down, how is it with them coming back? Having been for a fortnight together, they are then mighty good company to be sure. It is then the young lady's indiscretion stares her in the face, and the gentleman himself finds that much is to be done before the money comes in.

For my own part, Sir, I was married in the usual way; all my friends were at the wedding; I was conducted with great ceremony from the table to the bed; and I do not find that it any ways diminished my happiness with my husband, while, poor man, he continued with me. For my part, I am entirely for doing things in the old family way; I hate your new-fashioned manners, and never loved an outlandish marriage in my life.

As I have had numbers call at my house, you may be sure I was not idle in inquiring who they were, and how they did in the world after they left me. I cannot say that I ever heard much good come of them; and, of an history of twenty-five that I noted down in my ledger, I do not know a single couple, that would not have been full as happy if they had gone the plain way to work, and asked the consent of their parents. To convince you of it, I will mention the names of a few, and refer the rest to some fitter opportunity.

Imprimis, Miss Jenny Hastings went down to Scotland with a tailor, who, to be sure, for a tailor, was a very agreeable sort of a man. But, I do not know how, he did not take proper measure of the young lady's disposition: they quarrelled at my house on their return; so she left him for a cornet of dragoons, and he went back to his shop-board.

Miss Rachel Runfort went off with a grenadier. They spent all their money going down; so that he carried her down in a post-chaise, and coming back she helped to carry his knapsack.

Miss Racket went down with her lover in their own phaeton; but upon their return, being very fond of driving, she would be every now and then for holding the whip. This bred a dispute; and before they were a fortnight together, she felt that he could exercise the whip on somebody else beside the horses.

Miss Meekly, though all compliance to the will of her lover, could never reconcile him to the change of his situation. It seems, he married her supposing she had a large fortune; but being deceived in their expectations, they parted; and they now keep separate garrets in Rosemary-lane.[1]

The next couple of whom I have any account, actually lived together in great harmony and uncloying kindness for no less than a month; but the lady, who was a little in years, having parted with her fortune to her dearest life, he left her to make love to that better part of her which he valued more.

The next pair consisted of an Irish fortune-hunter, and one of the prettiest modestest ladies that ever my eyes beheld. As he was a well-looking gentleman, all drest in lace, and as she seemed very fond of him, I thought they were blest for life. Yet I was quickly mistaken. The lady was no better than a common woman of the town, and he was no better than a sharper; so they agreed upon a mutual divorce. He now dresses at the York ball, and she is in keeping by the member for our borough in parliament.

In this manner, we see that all those marriages, in which there is interest

[1] *See* note, p. 229.

"*Olivia.*—But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

"*Landlady.*—May be not. That's no business of mine; for certain Scotch marriages seldom turn out. There was of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman. Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge Lane."—*The Good Natured Man*, Act v. (Vol. i. p. 194).

on one side and disobedience on the other, are not likely to promise a long harvest of delights. If our fortune-hunting gentlemen would but speak out, the young lady, instead of a lover, would often find a sneaking rogue, that only wanted the lady's purse, and not her heart. For my own part, I never saw anything but design and falsehood in every one of them; and my blood has boiled in my veins, when I saw a young fellow of twenty kneeling at the feet of a twenty thousand pounder, professing his passion, while he was taking aim at her money. I do not deny but there may be love in a Scotch marriage, but it is generally all on one side.

Of all the sincere admirers I ever knew, a man of my acquaintance, who, however, did not run away with his mistress to Scotland, was the most so. An old exciseman of our town, who, as you may guess, was not very rich, had a daughter, who, as you shall see, was not very handsome. It was the opinion of every body, that this young woman would not soon be married, as she wanted two main articles, beauty and fortune. But for all this a very well-looking man, that happened to be travelling those parts, came and asked the exciseman for his daughter in marriage. The exciseman, willing to deal openly by him, asked if he had seen the girl; "for," says he, "she is humpbacked." "Very well," cried the stranger, "that will do for me." "Aye," says the exciseman, "but my daughter is as brown as a berry." "So much the better," cried the stranger; "such skins wear well." "But she is bandy-legged," says the exciseman. "No matter," cries the other; "her petticoats will hide that defect." "But then she is very poor, and wants an eye." "Your description delights me," cries the stranger: "I have been looking out for one of her make; for I keep an exhibition of wild beasts, and intend to show her off for a Chimpanzee."

ESSAY XXX.[1]

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon and less understood, than that of friendship: to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them.

Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind: they persuade us to friendships which we find it impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it in some measure make itself; a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first in pursuit only of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From

[1] From "The Universal Magazine" for April 1774, p. 171, where it is entitled "Essay on Friendship, written by the late Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. Not published in his Works."

hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependence gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connexion more nearly equal; and where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only increases their burthen; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought by riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men around him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily, among a number of others, loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such, indeed, in the common acceptation of the word, it was. Whenever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity. "Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of dangers at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a centurion, under the famous John, who headed a particular party of Jewish malcontents.

"From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John with all his adherents into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole Temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them within its sacred circuit. In was in this situation of things, that the now successful soldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed

with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran, spreading his arms and crying out to his friend to leap down from the top and find safety with him. The centurion from above heard and obeyed, and casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall."

PREFACES, INTRODUCTIONS,

&c.

Mr. Wright, in his edition of 1837, added largely and importantly to this portion of Goldsmith's labours. Retaining all that he has given, I have added a brief Preface or Letter "To the Publisher" of "An History of England, in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," (2 vols. 12mo.) 1764; a Letter from the same work (No. xvi.) containing Goldsmith's views of the Augustan Age of English literature (a good specimen of his style); and a brief Advertisement to "Dr. Goldsmith's Roman History, abridged by Himself for the use of Schools," 12mo. 1772.

CONTENTS.

Preface to a Translation of "The Memoirs of a Protestant, condemned to the Galleys of France, for his Religion."

Preface and Introduction to the "History of the Seven Years' War."

Preface to "The Martial Review; or, a General History of the Late War."

Preface and Familiar Introduction to "The Study of Natural History."

Introduction to "A General History of the World, from the Creation to the Present Time."

To the Publisher: Prefixed to "An History of England in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son." 1764.

To the Public: Prefixed to another Edition of the Same Work.

Letter I. of the Same Work.

„ II. „ „

„ XVI. „ „

Preface to "Poems for Young Ladies."

Preface and Introductory Criticisms to "The Beauties of English Poesy, selected by Oliver Goldsmith."

Preface to "The Roman History," in 2 vols. 8vo.

Advertisement to "Dr. Goldsmith's Roman History, abridged by Himself."

Preface to "The History of England," in 4 vols. 8vo.

Preface to "An History of the Earth, and Animated Nature," in 8 vols. 8vo.

PREFACES, INTRODUCTIONS,

&c.

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.[1]

THE praise by which a translator attempts to advance the reputation of his original, is usually considered as an indirect claim to applause on his own account. Though he may not stand in the full lustre of his own panegyric, yet such are his connections with his author, that he receives it by reflection, and tacitly compliments himself at least for judgment in his choice.

Assurances on his part, however, seldom influence the approbation of the public, but frequently incur its contempt; for if he be so unfortunate as to fail in his promises, falsehood is added to swell the number of his other imperfections.

Sensible of this truth, it is not expected to enhance the excellencies or palliate the faults of the succeeding Memoir. The public will scarce be influenced in their judgment by the obscure prefacer; and perhaps the work might rather suffer by his misplaced admiration. To confess a truth, he hardly knows how to introduce it to the public attention, and even to procure it a reading, among the multiplicity of modern publications.

Perhaps what he thinks its excellencies, may be considered as defects: what he hopes may give it popularity, will contribute to assign it to neglect. Thus, for instance, it cannot be recommended as a grateful entertainment to the numerous readers of reigning romance, as it is strictly true. No events are here to astonish; no unexpected incidents to surprise; no such high-finished pictures, as captivate the imagination and have made fiction fashionable. Our reader must be content with the simple exhibition of truth, and consequently of nature; he must be satisfied to see vice triumphant and virtue in distress; to see men punished or rewarded, not as his wishes, but as Providence has thought proper to direct; for all here wears the face of sincerity.

The author, indeed, who is still alive, and known to numbers not only in Holland but London, has, from prudential motives, thought proper to suppress his name; and the same reasons that have induced him to conceal it, equally influence the translator.

[1] Prefixed to "The Memoirs of a Protestant, condemned to the galleys of France, for his religion. Written by himself. In two volumes. Translated from the original, just published at the Hague, by James Willington. London: Printed for R. Griffiths, at the Duncial, in Paternoster-row; and E. Dilly, at the Rose and Crown, in the Poultry, 1758." 2 vols. 12°. The original, entitled "Mémoires d'un Protestant," was published at Rotterdam in 1757. Willington was the name of one of Goldsmith's fellow-students in Dublin. (Prior, i. 253-4.)

His keeping himself concealed may probably, to some, appear suspicious; yet let it be considered, that were this the work of fiction, nothing could have been easier than to invent fictitious names also; a practice almost universally adopted by those who are indebted to invention alone for their materials. But such the author chose to imitate in nothing; and his conduct in the present case is a proof of the authenticity of his performance.

As there are little hopes of pleasing those who delight in improbabilities, so there is another class of readers whom it is as little expected to satisfy. Those who upon hearing that the author suffered persecution with constancy, may expect also to find him talk upon all occasions like our enthusiasts; who attach formal phrase and disgusting ejaculation to their ideas of religion; and imagine that every part of history which serves to amuse, is certainly an infringement on piety. Such he cannot expect to have for his admirers; so that, between the lovers of an idle tale and the partisans of cant and formality, the translator almost trembles for his author's reception.

As he has expressed his fears, permit him to speak his hopes also: and if there be any reader who can for a moment lay aside romance for history; who can prefer a picture taken from nature to the more glaring colourings of fancy: if there be any who can be pleased with a narrative inspired by truth, and perhaps executed with modesty; if we cannot deserve the approbation of such readers, we shall contentedly acquiesce in their censure.

The present Memoir commences where the historians of those times discontinue their accounts. It carries on the relation of a national persecution, almost too shocking for belief, though too well attested not to be a lasting monument of disgrace to humanity.

Louis XIV. of France, induced by some pretended conversions, and incited by those who took care of the Royal conscience, revoked the Edict of Nantes. This charter was settled by Henry IV., and was the great bulwark of Protestant security against ecclesiastical persecution. The revocation of this edict gave Popery a full power to tyrannise; and its unpitying tribunals were erected over all the kingdom. The miseries of that period are pathetically described, even by their own historians. Protestants were dragged from their families; exposed to all the insults of unguided zeal; emaciated in dungeons; denied the consolation of friendship; brought to the rack; turning their eyes to take a last farewell of their children, but only meeting an odious priest; the executioner, bathed in the blood of their expiring friends, chiding their delay; their carcasses blackening in the sun, or exposed to rot on dunghills!

Such was a part of the accumulated miseries of the times; while Louis, surnamed the Great, was feasting at Versailles, fed with the incense of flattery, or sunk in the lewd embraces of a prostitute! Can an Englishman hear this, and not burn with indignation against those foes to religion, to liberty, and his country? And should not every attempt to promote this generous indignation meet at least indulgence, though it should not deserve applause. Could the present performance teach one individual to value his religion, by contrasting it with the furious spirit of Popery; could it contribute to make him enamoured with liberty, by showing their unhappy situation, whose possessions are held by so precarious a tenure as tyrannical caprice; could it promote his zeal in the cause of humanity, or give him a wish to imitate the virtues of the sufferer, or redress the injuries of oppression; then, indeed, the author will not have wrote in vain. A convert of this kind is worth a thousand admirers; and to attain these ends was probably his design; and not to gratify idle curiosity, or erect himself into the minute hero of his own Memoir.

PREFACE AND INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.[1]

PREFACE.

In whatever light we regard the present war which has disturbed all Europe, we shall find it the most important of any recorded in modern history. Whether we consider the power of the nations at variance, the number of the forces employed, or the skill of the generals conducting, we shall equally find matter for improvement and admiration. We shall see small kingdoms forced by the prudence of one man into an astonishing degree of power, and extensive countries scarcely able to support their own rights or repel the invader.

But whatever these contentions may be thought of by others, they will never be regarded by Britons but as instances of her power, her bravery, and her successes. In this war England will appear in greater splendour than in any period of the most boasted antiquity; it will be seen to poise the fates of Europe, and bring its most potent and most ambitious states into the lowest degree of humiliation. This is a glory which should excite every lover of his country to celebrate as well as to share in.

The desolation of war, the insolent severity of victors, and the servitude of those who happen to be overcome, have been often the topics of declamatory complaint, and employed the reasoner as well as the rhetorician: but still I should doubt whether even wars have not their benefits; whether they do not serve, as motion to waters, to depurate states of all, or a great number of vices, contracted by long habits of peace. If we attentively examine the records of history, we shall ever find that long indolence in any country was only productive of mischief; and that those very arts which were brought to perfection in peace, often serve to introduce new vices with new luxury. The Roman state stood firm until Italy had no longer any enemies to fear: contented with enjoying the fruits of victory they no more desired to obtain it; their wars were carried on by mercenary soldiers, their armies were levied in distant provinces, and those very provinces at length became their masters.

But to what purpose is it to cite ancient history, when we have so recent and so near an instance in the Dutch? That people, once brave, enthusiasts in the cause of freedom, and able to make their state formidable to their neighbours, are, by a long continuance of peace, divided into faction, set upon private interest, and neither able nor willing to usurp its rights or revenge oppression. This may serve as a memorable instance of what may be the result of a total inattention to war, and an utter extirpation of martial ardour. Insulted by the French, threatened by the English, and almost universally despised by the rest of Europe—how unlike the brave

[1] This Preface and Introduction, (included in Goldsmith's works for the first time in 1837), form the Preface and Introduction to a detail of the events of the war commencing in 1757, down to the period in which they were written; which, from the internal evidence, would seem to be 1761. That they were ever published is uncertain. The original MS. belonged to Isaac Reed, who has written on the blank leaf—"This MS is one of the productions of, and in the hand-writing of, Dr. Goldsmith. It was given to me by Mr. Steevens, who received it from Hamilton, the printer." On the sale of Reed's collection, it passed into the hands of Mr. Heber, by whom it was lent to Mr. Prior.

peasants their ancestors, who spread terror into either India, and always declared themselves the allies of those who drew the sword in defence of freedom![1]

The friendship between the English and the Dutch was at first conceived to be inseparable; they were termed, in the style of politicians, faithful friends, natural allies, protestant confederates, and by many other names of national endearment. Both had the same interest as opposed to France, and some resemblance of religion as opposed to popery; yet these were but slight ties with a nation whose only views were commerce. A rivalry in that will serve to destroy with them every connection. No merely mercantile man or mercantile nation has any friendship but for money; and an alliance between them will last no longer than their common safety or common profit is endangered; no longer than they have an enemy ready to deprive them of more than they can be able to steal from each other.

A long continuance of property in the same channel is also very prejudicial to a nation. In such a state, emulation is in some measure destroyed, fortune seems to stand still with those who are already in possession of it; they who are rich have no need of an exertion of their abilities in order to preserve their wealth, and the poor must rest in hopeless indigence: but war gives a circulation to the wealth of a nation, the poor have many opportunities of bettering their fortune, and the rich must labour in order to support the necessary expenses required in defraying it. Thus all are in action; and emulative industry is the parent of every national virtue.

A long continuance of peace in England was never productive of advantageous consequences; upon such occasions, we have ever seen her divided into factions, her senates becoming venal, and her ministers even avowing corruption. But when a foreign enemy appears, private animosities cease, factions are forgotten, and party rage is united against the common foe. I am not an advocate for war; but it were happy if mankind did not require such a scourge to keep them within those bounds which they ought to observe, with respect to their country and themselves. It is not likely, however, the English should relax into the abject state of debility of a neighbouring nation; they will ever have cause of distrust while France continues to cherish views of ambition—a nation that seems the enemy of Britain by nature. Different in religion, government, and disposition, it is almost impossible they can ever be thoroughly reconciled; and perhaps this rivalry will continue to preserve them both in circumstances of vigour and power, longer than any other nations recorded in history; since, from the situation of each country, it does not seem easy to conceive how the one will ever be able to oppress the other.

The system of politics at present pursued by the English may properly be said to have taken rise in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At this time the Protestant religion was established, which then allied us to those countries who embraced the Reformation, and made all the Popish powers our enemies. A habit of politics once contracted is seldom discontinued: thus, those connections which were at first made from religious motives, were still observed when religion was out of the question. The English began in the same reign to extend their trade, by which it became necessary to watch the commercial progress of their neighbours, and to hinder their own traffic from being impaired by too great an increase of that of their rivals. They then likewise settled colonies in America, which was become the great scene of European ambition; for, seeing with what treasures the Spaniards were annually enriched from Mexico and Peru, every nation imagined that an American conquest, or plantation, would pour the same quantity of riches

[1] "Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold," &c.—*The Traveller.*

into the mother country. This produced a large extent of very distant dominions, the advantage or incumbrance of which was not at this time foreseen. Every state, however, concluded itself more powerful as its dominions were enlarged.

The discoveries of new regions, which were then every day made, the advantages of remote traffic, and, consequently, the desire of long voyages, produced in a few years a great multiplication of shipping. The sea came to be considered as the element of wealth; and by degrees a new kind of sovereignty arose, called naval dominion. As the chief trade of the world, so the chief maritime power was in the hands of the Spaniards and Portuguese, who, by a compact to which the consent of other princes was not asked, had divided the newly discovered countries between them; but the crown of Portugal having fallen to the King of Spain, or being seized by him, he was master of the ships of the two nations, with which he kept all the coasts of Europe in alarm, till the Armada which he had raised at a vast expense for the conquest of England was destroyed; which put a stop, and almost an end, to the naval power of the Spaniards.

At this time the Dutch, oppressed by the Spaniards and fearing yet greater evils than they felt, resolved no longer to endure the insolence of their masters, and after a struggle, in which they were assisted by the money and forces of England, erected an independent and at that time powerful commonwealth. When the inhabitants of the Low Countries had formed their system of government, and some remission from the war gave them leisure to form schemes of future prosperity, they easily perceived that, as their territories were narrow and their numbers few, they could preserve themselves only by wealth, and that this wealth was to be acquired only by commerce. From this necessity, so justly estimated, arose a plan of commerce, which was for many years prosecuted with industry and success, perhaps never seen in the world before. By this, the poor tenants of mud-walled villages and impassable marshes erected themselves into high and mighty states; who put the greatest monarchs at defiance, whose alliance was courted by the proudest, and whose power dreaded by the fiercest nations. By the establishment of this state, England saw a new ally, but at the same time a new rival.

At this time, which seems to be the period destined for the change of the face of Europe, France began to rise into power; and instead of dreading the insults and invasions of England (as was formerly the case), she was not only able to maintain her own territories, but prepared on all occasions to invade others—dead to every sense of liberty herself, yet disposed to deprive all others who possessed it.

Such was the state of England and its neighbours, when Elizabeth left the crown to James of Scotland. The union of the two kingdoms happened at a very critical juncture. Had England and Scotland continued separate kingdoms when France was established in the full possession of her newly acquired power, the Scots, upon every instigation of the French court, would have raised an army with the money of France, and harassed England with an invasion, in which they would have thought themselves successful, whatever numbers they might have left behind them. To a people warlike and indigent, an incursion into a rich country is never hurtful. The pay of France, and the plunder of the northern counties, would always have tempted them to hazard their lives; and England would have been subject to continual alarms, from ambition on one side and avarice on the other.

This trouble, however, we escaped, by the accession of King James; but it is uncertain whether his natural disposition did not injure us more than this accidental good-fortune benefited us. He was a man of some speculative knowledge, but no practical wisdom; he was unable to discern the true interest of himself, his kingdom, and his posterity, but sacrificed it upon all

occasions to his present pleasure or his present ease; so conscious of his own knowledge and abilities, that he would not suffer a minister to govern, and yet so very inattentive or so timorous, that he was unable to govern himself. With such dispositions, James calmly saw the Dutch invade our commerce; the French grew every day stronger and stronger, and the Protestant interest, of which he boasted himself the head, was oppressed on every side. James, however, took care to be flattered at home, and was neither angry nor ashamed at the figure he made, and at the jests thrown out against him in other countries. England, therefore, grew weaker, or, what amounts to the same thing, saw her neighbours grow stronger, without receiving proportionable additions to her own power. Not that the mischief was so great as is generally conceived or represented; for to the attentive it will appear, that the wealth of this nation was at that period considerably increased, though that of the crown was less. Our reputation for war was impaired; but commerce seems to have been carried on with great industry and vigour, and nothing was wanting but a generous spirit of resentment, or rather self-defence. The inclination to plant colonies in America still continued; and this being the only project in which men of adventure and enterprise could exert their qualities in a pacific reign, multitudes who were discontented with their condition in their native country—and such multitudes there will always be—sought relief, or at least change, in the regions of America, where they settled on the northern part of the continent, at a distance from the Spaniards—at that time almost the only nation that had power or will to obstruct us.

Such was the condition of this country at the accession of Charles I. During a reign so turbulent, it was not to be expected that commerce could flourish; wherefore, while the English were, during these unhappy times, embroiled among themselves, the power of France and Holland was every day increasing. The Dutch had overcome the difficulties of their infant commonwealth, and, as they still retained their vigour and industry, every day increased in riches and power—the attendant of well-regulated opulence. They extended their traffic, and had not yet admitted luxury; so that they had the means and the will to accumulate wealth, without any incitement to spend it. The French, who wanted nothing to make them powerful but a prudent regulation of their revenues and a proper use of their advantages, by the successive care of skilful ministers, became every day stronger and more and more conscious of their strength. They turned their thoughts to traffic and navigation, and seemed, like other nations, sensible of the advantages of an American colony.

All the fruitful and valuable parts of the western world were already either occupied or claimed, and nothing remained for France but what other navigators had thought unworthy of their notice: she was contented, therefore, to fix upon Canada, a desolate northern country, as yet claimed by no other power; for she was not yet arrived at that pitch of influence as to seize what the neighbouring powers had already appropriated.

When the parliament of England had at length prevailed over the King, the interests of the two commonwealths of England and Holland appeared to be opposite, and the new government declared war against the Dutch. In this contest was exerted the utmost powers of the two nations, and the Dutch were finally defeated, yet not with such evidence of superiority as left us much reason to boast of our victory; they were obliged, however, to solicit peace, which was granted them on easy conditions, and Cromwell, who was now possessed of the supreme power, was left at leisure to pursue other designs. The European powers had not yet ceased to look with envy on the Spanish acquisitions in America, and therefore Cromwell thought that if he gained any part of those celebrated regions, he should exalt his own reputation and enrich the country. He therefore quarrelled with the

Spaniards upon such pretences as were only the result of an inclination for war, and sent Penn and Venables into the western seas. They first landed in Hispaniola, whence they were driven off with no great reputation to themselves; and that they might not return without having done something, they afterwards invaded Jamaica, where they found less resistance, and obtained that island, which was afterwards consigned to us, being probably of little value to the Spaniards, but which to us is the source of great wealth, and a retreat for the discontented at home.

The endeavour to distress Spain was at this time an error in the politics of Cromwell. They had for more than half a century fallen from their pristine greatness, while France seemed rising upon her ruins. To distress them, therefore, was the only way to increase the power of France: but our own troubles gave us little time to look upon the continent, nor did we consider that, of two monarchs, neither of which could be long our friend, it was our interest to have the weaker near us; or, that if a war should happen, Spain, however wealthy or strong in herself, was, by the dispersion of her territories, more obnoxious to the attacks of a naval power, and consequently, had more to fear, and less power to injure.

During this time, however, our colonies, which were less disturbed by our commotions than the mother country, naturally increased: it is probable that many who were unhappy at home took shelter in those remote regions, where, for the sake of inviting greater numbers, every one was permitted to live and think in their own way. The French settlement, in the mean time, went slowly forward; too inconsiderable to raise any jealousy, and too weak to attempt any encroachments.

During the reign of Charles II. the power of France was every day increasing; and as he never disturbed himself with remote consequences, he saw the progress of her arms and the extension of her dominions with very little uneasiness. He was, indeed, sometimes driven by the prevailing faction into confederacies against her; but, as he probably had a secret prepossession in her favour, he never persevered long in acting against her, nor ever acted with much vigour; so that by his feeble resistance, he rather raised her confidence than obstructed her designs.

But that we may not condemn other countries as wanting perseverance or wisdom, who took no such large strides to establish commerce and navigation as France, it must be considered, that their ministers had a power of acting, which freer governments do not allow. They could enforce all their orders by the power of an absolute monarch, and compel individuals to sacrifice their private profit for the public good; they could make one understanding preside over many hands, and remove difficulties by quick and violent expedients. Where no man thinks himself under any obligation to submit to another, and, instead of co-operating in one great scheme, every one hastens through by paths of private profit, no great change can suddenly be made; nor is superior knowledge of much effect, where every man resolves to use his own eyes and his own judgment, and every one applauds himself only in proportion as he becomes richer than his neighbour.

Colonies are always the effects and the causes also of navigation. They who visit many countries will be always inclined to settle in some; and these settlements once made must keep a perpetual correspondence with the original country to which they are subject, and on which they depend for protection when in danger, and for supplies when in necessity. So that a country once discovered must always find employment for shipping, more certainly than any foreign commerce which, depending on casualties, it is in the power of the nations so traded to, to suppress. A trade to colonies can never be much impaired, being in reality only an intercourse between distant provinces of the same empire, from which intruders are easily excluded; likewise the interest and affection of the corresponding parties, however distant, is still the same.

Such is the fate of England and France, that the colonies of each country are not less contiguous than the mother countries are to each other; so that the least disagreement even in the most distant region—and such disagreements must always be—must more or less affect the countries of Europe, and they will be most powerful who are capable of giving those distant dependants the most speedy relief.

We live in a country where at length our interests and our liberties seem to be understood by the people, and not infringed upon by the great; the advantages of our colonies, therefore, must be considered to be the same with our own. It is different with our enemies; they are not permitted to see their own interests, or if they do, they are obliged to act in conformity with the will of others. The time is now come, in which every Englishman expects to be informed of the national affairs, because he himself is immediately concerned in their carrying on. That is a part of his liberty; it ensures his certainty of that liberty, and he has a right to be gratified in his expectation. Whatever may be urged by ministers or their dependants concerning unbounded confidence in our governors, or of the presumption of prying with profane eyes into the recesses of policy, yet surely it will be always proper to disentangle corruption and illustrate obscurity; to show by what causes every event was produced, and in what effects it is likely to terminate; to show whence happiness or calamity is derived, and from whence it may be expected; and honestly to lay before the people what enquiry can gather of the past, and conjecture can estimate of the future.

Productions of this nature, which promise to instruct or amuse the reader, are already so numerous, that the writer of the present History finds himself under the necessity of informing the reader in what he differs from his rivals, in order to solicit public attention. True it is, that promises made by undertakers imply somewhat of demerit in their performance; every man thinks himself at liberty to deride them, and yet every man expects that he who offers himself a candidate to the public should name his pretensions.

The reader is here offered a regular connected history of the present war, and the motives previous to it, which he has hitherto seen only in the desultory and partial accounts of the papers of the month or the day. The facts are related with simplicity, and examined with candour, stript of all the rancour, or the blind applause lavished without judgment or discretion by diurnal compilers, those echoes of the vulgar. He will probably see many things stated in lights which had before escaped him, and many anecdotes of persons and things with which he was before unacquainted. The materials are not collected from newspapers, unless when more authentic information could not be found. I have neither acted the part of a flatterer nor a satirist; for there are few things that deserve praise, and fewer still that deserve censure; as men are oftener fools than knaves, and act wrong from want of skill rather than through corruption. Whether I have done justice to public merit, or drawn private worth from obscurity, the reader must determine. In a word, I have some expectations from his judgment and skill, but still more from his candour and indulgence.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.—OF ENGLAND.

IT has been remarked by all writers of the Continent who have occasion to mention the English, that they are the proudest people upon earth. I shall not take upon me to determine whether this pride proceeds from the superior liberty of our government, or whether the freedom of our constitution proceeds from the prevalence of this disposition: certain it is, that though other countries may have more popularity in their constitution, not one is

possessed of so much intrinsic liberty. It is this which is regarded as the Englishman's birthright; this gives him a power of examining into the conduct of his governors, and of considering himself as a part of the legislature, in however subordinate a situation. As the Briton is reckoned to have greater freedom than the inhabitant under any government in Europe, so his country is allowed to be richer, if we take in the products of the soil and the commodities imported, than any other. From this combination of liberty and property results what is generally called "the good of our country." This is an expression used by many; yet few properly understand in what it consists, since men generally regard that to be their country's good, which is correspondent with their own connection, or which lies nearest to their limited views. Thus, the merchant shall regard the welfare of his country as consisting only in commerce, the soldier in war, the politician in well guaranteed treaties, and the land-holder in a freedom from taxes; the one clamours against armies and continental connections, the other against luxury and the effeminating arts of peace; a third desires the prosecution of vigorous measures, and a fourth clamours for a change of every governing minister, who is the supposed instrument of taxation. From this opposition of interests and sentiments, however, results a real advantage, and as in mechanics a multiplicity of opposite attractions is equivalent to absolute rest, so this diversity in government produces tranquil security.

The first order of our politicians are those who still preserve the maxims of our patriots of the beginning of the last century. They place the true interest of the nation in keeping our affairs as distinct as possible from those of the Continent, as our country is removed from it by nature—which, by surrounding it with the sea, seems to have made it a world of itself. We are, say they, only to protect our commerce, and every other advantage will necessarily follow. It must be confessed that many plausible things have been advanced, as well as great authorities alleged, in support of this doctrine; but whatever truth there might have been in it a century ago, it has little, however, to do with the present state of affairs. It will be proper, however, to examine it, to perceive what influence such an opinion ought to have in the conduct of our affairs.

The expeditions made by our ancient princes, for the maintenance of the countries they possessed in France, or in support of their claim to that crown, might very probably impoverish this nation; and how much soever their success might enlarge the power, or exalt the glory of those monarchs, they might be far enough from being useful to their subjects. Notwithstanding what has been said, it is possible they might also be in some measure necessary, as our constitution then stood. France might serve as a drain, to carry off the peccant humours in the political constitution at home; and we shall have the more reason to be of that opinion, if we consider that such of our princes were always most popular at home, as made themselves renowned for their victories abroad; and that such as pursued a contrary conduct were very seldom free from domestic insurrections, or foreign invasions. The figure that Great Britain makes at present in Europe, arises from her being in a situation very different from that of times past; our present greatness is owing to maxims very different from that of neglecting everything that passes without the bounds of our own island. The wise Queen Elizabeth, who laid the foundation of that wealth and power which we now possess, acted upon quite different principles, and was so far from disregarding foreign affairs, that it will be found they never were better managed or understood than in her time. She it was that deterred the Spaniards from their views of universal empire, not barely by providing for the security of her dominions at home, but by employing money and men to occupy them with perpetual diversions abroad. She prevented France from becoming a province of Spain, which must have been fatal to the liberties of Europe; and she

afforded that assistance to the estates of the United Provinces, that enabled them to become an independent republic, which has contributed in succeeding times to assist in the leagues formed against the growing power and ambitious designs of France.

At that time, continental connections were thought necessary: how much more should they be so at present, when our colonies are so numerous, our commerce so extensive, and our trade so much in the power of potent neighbours! Were any single power to usurp a larger dominion on the continent than they at present possess, what certainty would England have of continuing her power at sea? What security could she have for her colonies abroad? Add to this, the people relying only on commerce for support, may in the end be fatally mistaken. The nations to whom a trade is at present beneficial, may, in the end, be prevailed upon to carry on that traffic themselves: revolutions may happen in their governments, and several other accidents may intervene, either to obstruct commerce or to turn its currents another way. Upon such a failure, the nation which has no other support, no intrinsic strength, nor well regulated alliances, must necessarily be a prey to every invader: elated with all the pride of former wealth, yet enfeebled by all the misery of present distress; fancying itself strong, but actually weak—such a nation may and will engage in wars which will at length turn to its own ruin. Venice and Antwerp may serve as instances of the truth of an assertion which seems self-evident, without the assistance of history to confirm it.

The expediency of continental connections being shown, it will be proper, in the next place, to consider the most natural of those connections which Great Britain should cultivate; what countries are most likely to be of service to her and to posterity, and what will probably be the consequence of her alliances already contracted. It is almost unnecessary to mention, that whatever promotes our wealth and secures our liberties, is conducive to the good of the country; and whatever weakens, impairs, or circumscribes either, is repugnant thereto. We may easily, considering things in this light, derive from thence a true notion of the interests of Great Britain with respect to the others of Europe, and be able to judge when the interest is really pursued, and when it is either neglected or abandoned.

The first point which our interest demands, is the maintaining others in their rights, and to support the independence of the other powers of Europe; because an accumulation of power in any one potentate, naturally diminishes the inhabitants of the country put under subjection; it extinguishes industry and impoverishes them, and consequently must be detrimental to us, whose wealth is, in some measure, derived by commerce from those countries oppressed by another's power. Besides, inordinate power upon land may, in time, produce an equal degree of naval strength; and a rivalry there would be inevitably fatal.

Another point is the stipulating with foreign nations proper terms of security, indulgence, and respect for our subjects, and for the effects which, from time to time, they shall carry into those countries; in return for which, we must covenant on our parts to perform what may be thought reasonable. When these kind of alliances are made with proper deliberation, they become binding to us in the most solemn manner, and we are obliged to fulfil them punctually; so that whatever different form appearances may wear, the true interest of Great Britain is always to comply exactly with her treaties. A third rule is to resent wrongs done us vigorously, and without delay, more especially where it is in our power to do it by employing our naval strength; as in such a case it redresses the present injury, raises our reputation for the future, and employs that force which might be enfeebled by long habitudes of peace. We ought, likewise, to assist any nation that is unjustly attacked, or in danger of oppression,

not only from the motives already assigned, but in order to testify our love of freedom, to show that we are not only ready to assert, with respect to ourselves, the natural prerogatives of mankind, but vindicate the privileges of others.

Then there still remains another demand we have from foreign powers; viz., the same protection from them that we afford to others, and a reciprocal intercourse of good offices; for instance, it is expected that no foreign power professing friendship with England, will give to others the title or ensigns or royalty contrary to what the body of this nation have established by law. This point our liberty demands to be complied with, and on this Britons should ever insist.

These rules constantly attended to, are sufficient to keep us upon good terms with all the world, and to make it the interest of every potentate and state of Europe to court and to respect our friendship; which should never be venal, but given with the generosity of a people too rich to receive rewards, and too brave to desert the oppressed. If these rules should at any time be incompatible with private interest (as no doubt they often will), the happiness of individuals, or any private body of men, should ever be sacrificed to public advantage, and a less immediate good to one greater, likely to accrue to posterity.

It appears in some measure from our history, and much more from our records, that we have always had a close connection with the northern powers. Our old treaties with Sweden, Denmark, and Poland confirm this, and our alliances with Russia seem older than those contracted with most other powers. We have, as occasion required, acted either as mediators or allies, in favour of all those powers. The Swedes in particular have been frequently indebted to us for assistance; and in the last century they detached themselves, in great measure, from the interest of France, for the sake of our friendship; which was a measure beneficial to all Europe. Their friendship must ever be more useful to us than ours is to them; as it must, in general, with all those countries from whence we have materials for employing industry at home, and commodities which we may manufacture for foreign markets. Whatever wars, then, they carry on among themselves; whatever alliances they contract, or friendships they experience, it is our interest to take no part that may embroil us with either. With them, we can always act a neutral part, unaffected by their jealousies, and unendangered by their most violent debates. From their situation and climate, from the nature of the people and barrenness of their soil, it is impossible they should ever be able to rival us in commerce: it is our business, therefore, rather to cherish than repress those northern nations, since even if they should at any time grow too powerful by land, there is a wide extended frontier, not less than the greatest part of Europe, between us. But this is a change not likely to happen; at least, within the compass of human foresight.

The next natural connection—by which I mean such connections as are prejudicial to neither party—is with Italy. Notwithstanding the remote situation of this country, we have hitherto shown a just and laudable regard to its interests; in truth, distance is a consideration of small consequence, especially to a maritime power. Our commerce in the Mediterranean and Levant is of the utmost importance, and we cannot but be sensible, that whatever alterations may have been made in Italy have affected our commerce also in a high degree; so that whatever steps we have taken, either during the continuance of peace by negotiations, or in time of war by supporting the only prince in Italy who declared for the common cause, and was true to his own interests, which were likewise ours, were right and just measures, and have left those impressions which will never be effaced by any arts or intrigues; whatever may be given out,

to serve their own purposes, by those who have an interest in pursuing contrary measures.

Spain is next to be considered; with which crown our affairs have a long time been in a very perplexed situation, notwithstanding that it is generally thought the Spanish ministers have such true notions of their own interests, as never to be willing to give any cause of jealousy to the crown of England. They have long been sinking in the estimation of the rest of the powers of Europe; it is certainly, therefore, their interest to stand neuter in the controversies of other potentates, but at the same time to infuse such jealousies into the powers with whom they might desire to appear formidable, as to make their enmity dreaded, at the same time that they may be courted for their friendship by the opposite party. Without all doubt, it is our interest to live in a perfect correspondence with that court: such measures have been long since pursued, and no pains have been spared that are requisite to remove all jealousies and discontents on both sides. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was ineffectual for this purpose; and it is owing to the address of our ministers since that time, that those differences have been concluded in such a manner as to prevent at least any colour for beginning a new war. It is, however, from future negotiations, when Great Britain is more unemployed, and consequently at leisure for the inspection of minute matters, that we are to hope an absolute conclusion and adjustment of the terms of friendship to be observed by both nations. It is true, delays are disagreeable; but they are sometimes necessary, and at present to demand abrupt explanations might be attended with consequences repugnant to our mutual interests. At a proper time, it is to be hoped that each nation will go to the bottom of their grievances, that succeeding ministers may have a full, explicit, and well concerted treaty for their guide, upon which the subjects of both crowns may rely, without ambiguities to perplex, or any other colour for collusive evasion.

We have long lived in a state of the utmost friendship with the crown of Portugal. The subjects of each country carry on a very extensive traffic to their mutual advantage; we have had, till very lately, all the benefits and advantages that the most sanguine avarice could expect, in favour of our merchants; and if there happen to be at present some little discontents, it is to be hoped that they will be redressed upon the proper remonstrance. The Portuguese have always been considered, and deserve the appellation of, our faithful friends and allies. These have been the rules of behaviour between both courts in times of perfect tranquillity, and when nothing farther was necessary to evince the cordiality of esteem on both sides. But when a difference arose between them and their neighbours of Spain, our fleets were ready to assist them; when, from the unforeseen stroke of Providence, their capital was laid in ruins, our treasures were generously employed in their relief. Such are the connections which at first blush appear convenient to both parties, and are the natural result of our commercial views and interests. In our connection with these, liberty is out of the consideration; since that can be impaired neither by the enmity nor the friendship of the powers of which I have been speaking. With those we consider ourselves only as a commercial nation; they have but a small influence on our politics, since that part of them which affects our wealth alone is concerned; but there are other nations of Europe with whom we contend, not only for riches but for freedom. To establish both, we cultivate their alliance or form combinations against them; we may, when at war with these, in a literal sense be said to contend *pro aris et focis*, for all that is valuable or all we regard as such. The powers I refer to are France, Germany, Prussia and Holland. They and Great Britain may be said properly to be the governing nations of the republic of Europe. In their hands lies the balance of power; which is kept in equipoise, perhaps not less

by their wars than their treaties. By the accretion of power in the house of Brandenburgh, and the diminution of that of the United Provinces, have arisen a new system of policy and new cause for contention, which will, probably, like other hostile commotions which have of late disturbed the face of Europe, leave each of the belligerent powers in a similar state to that in which they began the war.

But, to take a more exact view of these countries, let us examine their political views and connections separately, and endeavour to investigate the wishes and the fears of each; survey their past conduct as far as it influences their present, and conjecture what may be the result of their present views and operations.

CHAPTER II.—OF FRANCE.

IT is generally agreed upon, that the power of the kings of France was anciently restrained, not only within narrower bounds than at present, but that in reality they were as much limited as any monarchs could be. But still they had an extensive frontier to defend, and aspiring neighbours, who at that time aimed at universal monarchy; this obliged the French kings to keep on foot a large standing army, which at once preserved the inhabitants from the incursions of their enemies, and gained their kings a vast degree of popularity among the vulgar, who are capable of perceiving no other but that of a conqueror. By degrees, however, these armies which were at first levied for the protection of the subject, became, in the hands of ambitious monarchs, the means of oppressing them; so that in proportion as France became more formidable to her enemies, her subjects lost their freedom.

From this arose in the kingdom two separate interests, that of the king, and that of the people. The views the court proposes to itself are absolute power in the monarch, and unbounded dominion over its neighbours. These at first sight appear very different from, or to speak the truth, are directly opposite to the true interests of the nation; for considering the soil, climate, and situation of the country, and the number of its inhabitants, as they have no reason to fear, so they have no cause to distrust their neighbours; and as the several provinces of the kingdom furnish almost all that can contribute to the pleasures or wants of mankind, they might enjoy within themselves all the happiness a people could desire. A government, therefore, that consulted the good of the people, and the general benefits of its subjects, would labour to preserve peace, and be assiduous in cultivating those arts which are the consequences of ease: this would, perhaps, tend as much to increase the power and fix the security of such a government, as the contrary measures which are now pursued tend to strengthen and aggrandise that absolute monarchy which has been erected there on the ruins of their ancient constitution by the present reigning family.

A scheme, however, entirely opposite to this has been carried on for at least a century past, with great steadiness and conformable success. We have, therefore, no reason to hope that the court of France will be induced to change her measures, which might now be looked upon as altering the model of government; so that looking upon things in a political light, we must consider the court and its interests without having any regard to the interests of the people, who are quite out of the question. The grandeur of the crown, which, with great impropriety, is in that country styled the glory of France, appears to be the ultimate aim of her ministerial measures; upon this they have fixed their attention so long, and have magnified it so much, that but very lately it occupied solely the cares, and fixed the attention of all the people. When I say very lately, I have in my eye the glorious but

ineffectual struggles of their parliament for liberty: the country now seems to assert the privileges of human nature, to regard the pre-eminence of monarchs only as artificial compacts; their writers, in spite of power, inculcate those principles, and perhaps we may see this nation one day rival us in freedom, as they do now in the arts of peace. But hitherto we have seen only the dawnings of that spirit; their court still goes on in the same tract of politics they have long pursued, and endeavour to work principles of absolute submission into the very spirit of all their laws. To propagate this, every measure of state is employed, treaties made, wars undertaken, and alliances agreed upon.

The great instrument in the hands of despotism is a large standing army; but those forces which in time of war may be serviceable, in times of peace may be equally pernicious. Large armies must be provided with employment, or they will be apt to make it for themselves; or should military discipline be so well preserved as to keep the army in subjection to the civil power, yet in a long peace their vigour is destroyed, and they become relaxed by every effeminacy in fashion. Besides, a soldier in peace becomes contemptible and poor; war is the only season for promotion, and consequently soldiers are more easily recruited when they expect immediate rewards. Thus a despotic monarchy ever finds it its interest to be at war; but then the prudence of its measures lies in the choice of a proper object to be at war with. A power more strong or formidable than itself can never be the object on such an occasion; it must, to act with conformity to its own maxims, make a selection of some neighbour who may make a small but an unequal resistance. This has been the policy of France for many years—to attack some neighbouring power, and continue the war until such alliances were formed as made the power attacked able to oppose her projects: then it was always thought high time to patch up a peace, and to remain content with part of the advantages acquired in the beginning of the war. With this view the wars of France have for more than a century been carrying on, and their power increasing. Whatever may be pretended by other courts, that of France was certainly the secret and original cause of the present commotion in Europe. The empress queen, though naturally ambitious and revengeful, though stripped of what she thought her just dominions, and lying under the ignominy of being compelled to compliance, yet even she found these passions too expensive for her to gratify either, and in all probability would have rested contented under irremediable losses. But France wanted a war, and such an one as might diminish the force of her rivals for power without impairing her own. Nothing could be more for her advantage than the discontents between the house of Brandenburgh and Austria, since the diminution of their power was in political estimation an accession of power to herself. Such were her intentions when a quarrel with England was found unavoidably necessary. A long undecided frontier was to be adjusted in America. These were to have remained on the footing of former treaties; and lands could not be settled at that time in Europe, that were thought wholly useless, or were utterly unknown. So distant a quarrel France was entirely unequal to; a superiority at sea must necessarily give the advantage there, and England was greatly her superior in this respect; all that was to be done was to bring the flames of war into Europe as speedily as possible, to attack England on some pretext or other in her closest allies, and at the same time to embroil other powers, so as to prevent their succouring the countries they should invade. In short, Hanover was to be the theatre of French invasion; and as it was thought to be incapable of any vigorous resistance, they intended to keep possession of it as a pledge for the conduct of Great Britain. The affairs of Europe being thus adjusted, and sufficient work as they imagined cut out for the armies of England, they threw off the mask with regard to America, sent

their troops to secure their possessions there, and invade what they termed the encroachments of England. The erection, acquisition, and maintenance of a few paltry forts were pretended as the grounds of the contest; but the scheme was much deeper laid, and affected the very vitals of the English empire in America, and consequently, in Europe. By the help of their missionaries, men who at once served the interests of religion and their country, they gained over to their side the savage but warlike inhabitants of this country, who generally lived by hunting and wandering along those trackless deserts for a precarious subsistence. In these regions they built forts, and used every art for exterminating English interests wherever they came. Their power here they imagined sufficiently established to endure a war, and therefore it was begun as usual by invasion. Their generals were mostly regular bred soldiers, an advantage which they knew the English were wholly destitute of; but above all, their common men, inured to hardships and poverty of living, kept in the field in seasons when the English could not even in their camps sustain the severity of the season, and served with cheerfulness upon provisions on which an Englishman must have starved. Their first successes were answerable; notwithstanding which, they would have found the undertaking more difficult than they at first imagined, had not a fatal division in our public councils entered the English governments which they were to attack, and who, like the Jews of old when besieged by the Romans, were destroying each other while the enemy was entering their gates with fire and sword. But in one respect they were far more unpardonable even than that deluded people, who generally discontinued their bickerings when the common foe was to be assaulted, which was not the case with the English colonists; unreasonable obstinacy on the side of power, and unreasonable avarice on that of property, kept them divided in the greatest dangers.

Meanwhile it was matter of amazement to all Europe that France, in the acquisition of a territory which, to all appearance, was not worth the conquering, should spend such immense sums, and form such dangerous intrigues as she did upon the continent of Europe. Her designs, though long suspected, were not absolutely detected, till the management of her commissaries, who were appointed to treat with those of England, and to settle her limits in America, made it extremely plain that she had formed such pretensions there, as, had they been carried into execution, must have totally ruined the most beneficial of our colonies, and must have engrossed to herself the commerce of the new world. The court, as well as the people of England, were fully sensible of this, and therefore resented it accordingly; but their resentment France thought insignificant, as it was put into execution at four times the sum of what it cost them to carry on the war. They knew the state of our finances, and thought government credit strained so high, as to be in danger every day of breaking; they knew the immense charge of hiring transports, the only method the English had of sending troops to that part of the world; a charge almost beyond credibility, perhaps greater than if those transports had been the actual property of government. The charge of embarking and disembarking troops, artillery, and baggage was equal in proportion; but above all, the inconvenience of having no port upon the ocean from which our armaments could sail directly, gave this enemy of Great Britain infinite advantage every year; and every season's experience showed the irreparable inconveniency of being obliged to fit out our armaments from the Tower of London; from whence it requires two or three winds before they can proceed directly on their voyage. Some ships have been known to wait so long in port as to consume their whole stock of provisions for America, and this twice successively, while they have been as often revictualed. The French, on the contrary, by sailing directly from Brest, have not only a cheap, but what was more

precious, an expeditious passage to their colonies: they knew the importance of this, and availed themselves of it. They thought it was the worst economy in the world to burthen the public as we did with unnecessary and immense charges for transports, only that the captains and other officers of their ships might have more room and live more commodiously. Thus the war in America must cost the English treble the expense of her enemies; wherefore it is ever the interest of France to begin the war, as thus she loads her enemies with extraordinary expenses, and ever gains great advantages before they are prepared.

With regard to expense, peace and war are almost always alike to a nation who makes peace only an interval in which to prepare for a vigorous infraction of it. Thus it is probable France will be ever ready to declare war with England, and as ready to make peace when she finds her enemies properly prepared to resist her. She may, and it is highly probable she will at times of peace dissemble her real views in favour of trade, which there is no question she will encourage and promote all that lies in her power, that it may in some measure repair the losses occasioned by her wars; but there is no room to suppose that she will at any time remain quiet for several years together, because that must many ways endanger a government like hers, by creating factions in the court, relaxing the military discipline of her armies, and giving time to her neighbours to put themselves into a state of security against her ambition.

How England should behave in the present crisis is a subject not easy to be determined. France certainly wants a peace; all her views of going to war have been already answered; she has loaded her enemies with debt; she has weakened that government whose greatest strength lay in their treasury; she only desires to sit down for a while, with all things in the same situation they were at the beginning of the war.

Whether it be the interest of England to make a peace upon such concessions, it should be next our business to inquire. We may, however, upon this occasion be permitted to remark that, as peace is the end of war, it is extremely injurious to the government to render a peace difficult, by prescribing impracticable conditions, by teaching the multitude to expect concessions from the enemy which every reasonable being knows our enemies cannot be compelled to make, and precluding the benefits which might accrue to us from the real advantages which will for ever do honour both to our councils and arms, by an absurd exaggeration of them. However, should affairs be adjusted, at the conclusion of the present war, upon the same footing they stood upon its commencement, it is extremely evident that the French will ever have the advantage of us, by beginning the war afresh; and that each advantage so obtained, will, in the end, contribute to weaken us and add strength to them. But it may not be easy, or perhaps proper, to determine the degree of power that may be expedient for us to leave the French in America, in case we should be so successful in all our attempts as to bring them to our measures. That stubborn disregard of the English government, which in times of the greatest danger manifested itself in several of our provinces, seems to make it necessary they should be continued in a condition to be obliged always to have recourse to, and dependence on, their mother country; which would perhaps not be long the case, were they entirely rid of all apprehension from the French. As to the supposition of their joining the French, it would be a measure of so much rashness and folly, as well as wickedness, that it seems to deserve no farther notice.

The French possessions, therefore, in America should be restored; as they at once serve to prevent our colonies from forgetting their dependance, and to awe the court of France by our manifest superiority in that part of the world. We have been long considered as superior at sea: were it in the power of any articles of peace to get that power ascertained, by preventing

the enemy from building above a certain number of ships of war, then, indeed, we might on both sides hope for a long and lasting peace. It is necessary that the power of France by land should have some counterpoise; her strength and her riches are never so well known as by her losses. We see that notwithstanding she has, within the space of two years, lost upwards of a hundred thousand men in Germany; notwithstanding the immense sums she has dissipated among the northern powers, in keeping them either neutral or steady to her interest; and notwithstanding her furnishing the Queen of Hungry, the electors of Saxony and Bavaria, and the other German princes in the alliance, with all the money which helped to put their troops in motion, yet we still see her able to pour new armies to her assistance, and fresh supplies of money into the coffers of her friends. Such amazing strength, I say, should have some counterpoise. From Prussia it cannot be expected, since the strength of that kingdom at present is merely artificial and transitory; as it rose to its highest pitch under the present monarch, so it probably will decline when he is no longer to support it. All the other powers whose interest it is to check the growth of French power, either bribed by her wealth, or persuaded by her councils, conspire with her against their own independence; it lies, therefore, upon England alone to prescribe the proper terms of peace, and to provide such a treaty as will disable France from beginning a new war but at a manifest disadvantage. The house of Bourbon will not, indeed cannot, relinquish her present system, which must always render her terrible to her neighbours; but still there wants not a power sufficient to render all her intrigues abortive, and to defeat all her enterprises, though supported by her utmost force.

CHAPTER III.—OF PRUSSIA.

THE interests of this monarch, if considered at large, might take up a large treatise. A man whose whole time is spent in studying the welfare of his subjects, has many connexions unseen by the vulgar, and many designs which are known only to himself. The house of Brandenburgh, for more than a century, has been growing into power by a succession of wise and excellent princes, who laid out their lives in encouraging arts, promoting industry, inviting foreigners into their dominions, and levying such armies as might render them respected by their neighbours. By wisdom and by justice they have raised a kingdom whose power is great, if we regard the shortness of its existence, but small in comparison with that of other monarchs whose strength has been confirmed by time. Whatever artificial strength the dominions of the king of Prussia could acquire has been added to it; but unless a happy concurrence of the same events that gave this kingdom power continue in its preservation, it is to be feared it will again sink into its primeval obscurity. The kings of Prussia have long had two objects in view; they regarded themselves as members of the common confederacy against the ambition of France, at the same time that they were plainly as, princes of Germany, the only guardians of the Germanic constitution. Here then was a very difficult part to act; the house of Austria's ambition was to be restrained, who aimed at destroying those liberties which Prussia thought herself entitled to defend; but every resistance to the Austrian power was a diminution of it, and consequently an accession of power to her rival of France, and the common enemy of Europe. A third power was therefore requisite to regulate these alliances and disputes, and to prevent the ill-consequences that might result from too great an increase of power in the states of Austria and France. It was the Prussian interest to see the balance of Europe kept exactly even: the

king, therefore, paid constant attention to the measures pursued by Sweden and Denmark, and had ever a watchful eye upon the empire of Russia, as upon his diligence in those respects, he fancied the security and grandeur of his state to depend. This was a scheme which for a while was conducted with the most refined policy, and the greatest stretch of human prudence. From each of these powers he, by his address, drew some advantages, and without offending any, was considered as the natural ally of each. But how weak is human prudence against unexpected contingencies; and how little avails the wit of man, when Providence thinks proper to controvert his designs! He imagined the empire of Russia secure in his interests; but by the late revolution in the empire of Russia, the whole system of his affairs were changed with respect to that alliance. Instead of a close conjunction, it brought about a division of interests; and from an intimate union, created a distant civility, at first intermixed with some degree of jealousy, so much harder to be removed from his close alliance with the excluded family, with whom he had all the connexions of friendship and mutual interests. Nor was his alliance with the crown of Sweden more fortunate. By marrying his sister to the then successor and now king of Sweden, he expected to secure the amity of that country, which, from other motives, he also expected would befriend him upon every occasion; but a late unfortunate attempt to enlarge the prerogative of the crown of that kingdom, has rendered the senate of Sweden more powerful, or at least established their former pretensions, by which he is looked upon with a jealous eye, and his connexions with the royal family only serve to render him more obnoxious to the hatred of the members of the Swedish aristocracy. The house of Austria saw the distress of his situation, and was desirous of taking the advantage of it, but had neither strength nor courage to avow her designs. France, however, privately offered her assistance, and the empress queen meditated the rescuing her Silesian dominions, which she regarded still as hers, though ceded to Prussia by all the formality of treaty. Notwithstanding all the obligations she lay under to his Britannic majesty, who wisely foresaw that being sincere in that cession was the only means of restoring tranquillity to Europe, she suffered symptoms of dislike to escape her on every occasion; and an apparent reluctance discovered itself in every measure of even common civility, which she was obliged to observe towards his Prussian majesty. Such a behaviour could not fail of putting so penetrating a monarch upon his guard, and even obliged him to continue those forces for his interest, which he might otherwise be willing to do from inclination. France still continued her apparent friendship to the house of Brandenburgh: she was ready to lend her assistance to any power that could serve to embroil the affairs of Germany; but soon, however, they perceived Prussia to have greater strength, and consequently, from sound politics, thought themselves bound to side with the weaker, as this might give their assistance at once the appearance of equity, and draw the war to greater length, which was to be the grand result of all their designs.

Whatever politicians may fancy of unexpected occurrences, the junction of the houses of Austria and Bourbon was certainly foreseen when he concluded an alliance with England. But at the time he regarded Hanover as a sufficient barrier between him and France; and by the good conduct of its generals it appears to be such at this time. He long desired the alliance of England, a power so capable of giving him real assistance in his commercial views; and this friendship could be purchased only by the loss of that of France. By France taking part in the war, he knew that he should encounter some difficulties, but at the same time he hoped greater advantages at the conclusion of a peace. Besides, he imagined that Russia would perform her treaties with England, and in her, from a suspected foe, he hoped a powerful friend. Such considerations made it both his interest and

inclination to cultivate the friendship of the English; a league which, though it did not happen to turn out entirely to his advantage, will probably, in the end, be more beneficial to him than any other he could have contracted.

The king of Prussia has great forces, large revenues, a genius capable of conducting both, and a moderation that will restrain him from attempts superior to these. He knows perfectly well, that the grandeur of the sovereign must be established upon the welfare of the subject; and this has excited him to shew the same regard for the happiness of his people as for the extension of his own power, or rather has induced him to make the latter always subservient to the former. Without a constant resource, he knows his power must be transitory; and this he can have by no other method so much as commerce. He has ever been known to have an inclination to become a maritime power, or, which is the same thing in other words, to enable his subjects to increase their wealth by their industry, through the channels of foreign trade. What power, therefore, could so much promote his designs of this kind as England?—a power which cannot fear him for a rival in greatness; which has no inclination to restrain, and has great abilities to protect, her enterprises of that nature. Whenever the struggles of power, which at present raise all Europe to arms, shall be composed, we have very little room to doubt that his majesty of Prussia will turn his whole views to commerce, since the very important and commodious port of Embden lies open to facilitate his schemes. There he may form such plans as will reimburse those expenses he has been at in securing his acquisitions, if not to the present generation, at least to posterity.

CHAPTER IV.—OF GERMANY.

NATURALLY in the course of our design, we proceed to the empire of Germany, which is to be considered in two lights: first, as a country composed of many different states, in their civil government independent one of another, and under sovereigns absolute within themselves: secondly, as these above mentioned states, forming one great confederacy under a common head, upon which they have a political dependence, though that very supreme power is under control by the constitution of the empire, and the regulations of its own tribunals.

With respect to the first, it is necessary the uninformed reader should be told, that all things relating to the government of the German empire ought to be regulated according to a writing called the Golden Bull. This was prepared by the emperor Charles IV. in the year 1356, and received the consent of all the states of the empire. It regulates the election of the emperor, his privileges, his vicars, the rights of electors in general, the privilege of each elector in particular, the prerogative of the princes and states, the Diets, and the sentences of the empire. Notwithstanding the strict adherence to this writing in general, these regulations have sometimes been dispensed with; for though it ordains, that the election of an emperor should be made with the consent of all the electors, yet in 1742, the emperor Charles VII. was chosen without the suffrage of the elector of Bohemia, who was queen of Hungary, and would never acknowledge him. Likewise the city of Aix is the place where the emperor ought to be crowned; yet the emperor Joseph was crowned at Augsburgh in 1690; Charles VI. at Francfort on the Main, in 1711; as well as Charles his successor, in 1742. By this Bull, the number of electors were fixed to seven; yet this did not hinder the house of Bavaria from obtaining that dignity in 1623, nor the house of Hanover in 1692. The number of electors

at present is nine, viz:—1. Mentz, 2. Treves, 3. Cologne, 4. Bohemia, 5. Bavaria, 6. Saxony, 7. Brandenburgh, 8. Palatine, 9. Brunswick Lunenburg; of this number, Mentz, Treves, and Cologne, are archbishops. The emperor has no estates in quality of his prerogative, nor any revenue to support his dignity; and therefore they always choose one who has dominions of his own. The throne may become vacant several ways; as by death, resignation, as was done by Charles V., and by deprivation, which happened to the emperor Wenceslaus. The power of the emperor consists in appointing a meeting of the Diet, and other imperial assemblies, as well as in dissolving them. He has a right to authorise their determinations, and afterwards to put them in execution in his own name. He can confirm alliances and treaties which his predecessors have made for the good of the empire. He can create and confer high secular dignities; such as King, Prince, Archduke, Duke, Marquis, Landgrave, Count, and Baron. He can require an oath of fidelity from all the electors, princes, and other members of the empire. He has the entire disposal of the states and principalities which devolve to the empire by forfeiture or otherwise, and he can institute and confirm universities and academies. All this may be done from his sole authority; but he must have the consent of the electors when he would alienate or mortgage anything belonging to the empire, or grant the privilege of coining money, or confiscate the goods and estates of rebels. The consent of all the states of the empire is necessary, when he would regulate anything relating to religion; declare war in or out of the empire, impose subsidies or general contributions, raise troops, build new fortresses, put garrisons into old ones, make peace and alliances. But if the case is very urgent, the consent of the elector is sufficient; and he can, by his own authority, agree to a truce, or a suspension of arms. He may issue out admonitions, directions, and prohibitions in writing; but these are not binding unless authorised by the Diet, and then they have the force of a law.

When the emperor is elected, he is obliged to certain restrictions of his power, in consequence of a capitulation made with the electors and states of the empire. It is a sort of contract, which he agrees to before he is declared emperor, and which he ratifies after his election. When there is no emperor, or he is absent, the king of the Romans acts in his stead; but if there is no king of the Romans, it devolves to two vicars,—the elector of Saxony, and the elector Palatine. The former exercises his prerogative in upper and lower Saxony; as does the latter on the Rhine, Swabia, and Franconia; for these are the places where the ancient laws of the Franks were established.

The empire of Germany, in its present state, is only a part of those states that were once under the dominion of Charlemagne. This prince was possessed of France by right of succession: he had conquered by force of arms all the countries situated between the Baltic Sea and the Danube. He added to his empire the kingdom of Lombardy, the city of Rome and its territory, together with the exarchate of Ravenna, which were almost the only possessions that remained in the West to the emperors of Constantinople. Those vast estates were at that time called the empire of the West, being only a part of what the Roman emperors were formerly in possession of. In succeeding times, and particularly after the extinction of the race of Charlemagne, France was separated from the empire, and the Germans elected Otho the Great for their sovereign; who again made the conquest of Rome and Italy, and reunited them to his dominions. At length, when the bloody disputes between the priesthood and the empire engaged the government from attending to the conduct of its vassals, several petty and almost independent sovereignties were erected under different pretences; and the emperors being unable to repress their usurpations, were at last contented with a very precarious homage, and confirmed by their authority the

possessions of the usurpers. Not contented with this, those who had acted thus wrongfully, had influence enough to get their encroachments continued by an hereditary succession. The emperors, at that time, had no other method of balancing the power of these vassals, which was frequently greater than their own, but by granting several lands to the church, and liberty to several cities. Such is the true original of the power of the states which compose the German empire. However, the emperors have often testified inclinations to revive their ancient rights, and have claimed dominion over Italy and Rome. But scarcely any thing now remains of those possessions, but empty titles without any real jurisdiction.

Several authors have found a great difficulty in determining in what class of government that of the German empire ought to placed. In fact, if we consider it as having at its head a prince to whom the estates of the empire are obliged to render homage, to swear fidelity and obedience, and to receive from him the investiture of their fiefs, we shall be induced to regard the empire as a monarchical state. But, on the other hand, the emperor can be regarded only as the representative of the empire, since he has not even the power of making laws: in the same manner, he has no possessions annexed to his dignity; he may grant the investiture of fiefs, but he can upon no pretence recall this grant once made, without the consent of the empire; besides, in speaking of the states, the emperor always calls them the vassals of us and the empire.

If we consider the power and prerogatives of the states, the part which they have in the legislation, and the privileges which each of them exert in their own proper dominions, we shall have reason to consider the empire as an aristocratical state. Lastly, we shall find in their Hans-towns democracy prevail, and they have voices at the Diet or council of the empire; from all which we may conclude that the government of the empire is that of a mixed republic.

Thuanus, in speaking of the German empire, remarks, that it is astonishing that so many powerful people, without being forced either by a fear of their neighbouring nations or by necessity, could ever concur in forming a state so powerful; a state which has subsisted for so many ages, and of surprising strength, considering the weakness of the greatest part of the members which compose it. This observation, however, we must take the liberty to contradict; for those people have never been united to form one state, but those subjects have rendered themselves independent who before were in subjection, still, however, preserving that degree of subordination which was consistent with their mutual safety. Interest keeps them together, and this is surely a most prevailing consideration.

It is not to be doubted but that the empire, composed as it is of several very powerful states, must be considered as a combination that deserves great respect from the other powers of Europe, provided that all the members which compose it would concur in the common good of their country. But the state is subject to very great inconveniences; the authority of the head is not great enough to command obedience; fear, distrust, and jealousy reign continually among the members; none are willing to yield in the least to their neighbours; the most serious and the most important affairs with respect to the community, are often neglected for private disputes, for precedencies, and all the imaginary privileges of misplaced ambition. The frontiers are all ill guarded and ill fortified; the troops of the empire are but few in number, and ill paid; nor are there any public funds to supply these defects, as none are willing to contribute to them. The so much boasted liberty of the Germanic body is nothing more than the exercise of arbitrary power which a small number of men happen to enjoy; while the emperor is incapable of preventing them from oppressing the people, who are reckoned as nothing and used like slaves, although the force of a nation consists in these alone.

Commerce is subject among them to continual exactions, from the multiplicity of rights which are claimed by every power through whose states the goods must be necessarily transported. This renders their fine and navigable rivers almost useless. The tribunals of justice have but small salaries, and even these ill paid; yet, still worse, the number of judges is insufficient. In the Diets of the empire, their deliberations are carried on with the most insupportable tediousness, and render this government ridiculous to the nations around; to whom the dilatory proceedings of Germany are almost grown into a proverb. This slowness is sufficiently described in the following Latin lines, which, though rough, are however replete with meaning:

Protestando convenimus
Conveniendo competimus
Competendo consulimus
In confusione concludimus.
Conclusa rejicimus
Et salutem patriæ consideramus
Per consilia lenta, violenta, vinolenta.

From this epitome we may see that the interests of the reigning emperor are very different from those of the electing states, and that the present house of Austria have views very different from the good of the electors on the Diet in general. Let us then consider the interests of this House, and we shall find them naturally fall under the following heads; in almost every one of which we shall find it at present acting contrary to its real interests, and laying a train which will, in the end, turn to its own destruction. Their first consideration should be, to preserve the imperial dignity in the family to which it is at present restored; as it is the interest of the princes and states of the empire, for preserving a bulwark against the infidels, a proper balance against the power of France, and the tranquillity of Germany, to place the imperial dignity in that family which shall regard the Turks with jealousy, France with envy, and the powers of Germany without any degree of envy. The house of Austria, therefore, should have ever conspired with the views of her associates in empire, should have endeavoured to maintain the freedom and independence of the empire, together with the privileges and immunities of all its members. This conduct alone could secure to that house the support of the empire upon all occasions; which, though from past experience politicians may possibly consider as a thing rather of show than of consequence, yet it might become of great efficacy and importance. For as the interests of the emperor and the empire in sound policy should be always the same, so if they were constantly and firmly united, it is very evident that the Germanic body would always be an equal, if not an overmatch for France, her natural foe, without the assistance of any other power whatever. A gentle and mild administration, therefore, without any formidable preparations that, by their nature, must seem intended only against the liberties of the constitution; an administration that might serve to conciliate the hearts of the German princes, so as to bring them to feel just and warm sentiments of their own interest, would have been a most easy and expeditious means of inducing them to confide in, and pay a proper respect and duty to, the head of the empire. This would have detached them from France, and from every other foreign power; none of which ever had, or ever can have, any influence over them, but from their real or imaginary apprehensions of the power of the house of Austria, and its desire to reclaim privileges which time has confirmed others in the possession of. Had these precautions been observed, the emperor might in time become one of the greatest and most formidable powers of Europe, that is, considered in a defensive light, if attacked without reason or just provocation: and would therefore be revered by his neighbours instead of being dependent upon them, and be capable of protecting his allies, without ever falling under the necessity of seeking beyond the limits of Germany for assistance. This opinion may be easily

supported, if we consider that the emperor, by his prerogative, has many opportunities to benefit and oblige most of the princes and states of the empire, and can always defend and protect them. This power, therefore, wisely and seasonably exerted, might suffice to bring about all that I allege might have been expected from it: but if we consider the present conduct of the emperor in this light, in what despicable circumstances of prudence will he appear; his empire torn with factions; his inveterate enemy, by assisting one part weakening both, and consequently in political estimation, growing itself stronger; a part of the empire disgusted merely upon a religious account, and the balance of Europe grown an empty sound!

The next point that claims our regard is the interest of the house of Austria as a member of the Germanic body. As to this, it is apparent that her power was, at the beginning of the present war, sufficiently great to be compatible with the interest of the other powers of the Germanic body, and that it cannot be for her advantage to endeavour to increase it at the expense of her neighbours; which is, indeed, the sole thing which has hitherto turned, or can at any time turn to her prejudice. Had she remained satisfied with her possessions, and formed no designs upon the dominions of others, it is highly probable that she would have found her neighbours disposed to live with her upon terms of friendship, amity, and respect. The house of Austria misplaced her ambition in attempting to grow greater by war: the commerce of her dominions; the navigation of her rivers, and the cultivation of those immense barbarous countries that lie within her jurisdiction, would have given sufficient employment to any sovereign, and procured immense happiness to the people. Almost all her hereditary countries are capable of great improvement; the kingdom of Bohemia and the provinces that border on the Adriatic, more especially. Some of those nations that in the last and present war are famous for furnishing her armies with irregulars, are known to have a great turn for trade, and, if properly encouraged, might render her more effectual services by the arts of peace, than by their valour in war. But that spirit, this family, ever destined to be the tools of the designing and the bigots of ill-directed zeal, have taken all opportunities to suppress. Those brave people want religious liberty; for the house of Austria piques itself upon its attachment to the Popish faith, and has already persecuted those very inhabitants who, in her former wars, served as her strongest bulwark against the invasions of her enemies, and were the warmest friends in her cause, and the cause of liberty. And yet for all this attachment to the court of Rome, her returns have been very few; nay, she has upon all occasions, shown a manifest attachment to the house of Bourbon. Any relaxation in this kind, arising from Christian charity, sound policy, or the gratitude of the court of Vienna, would have wonderful effects; for it would not fail of rendering all the countries under her obedience more populous, and consequently more rich and fruitful, than they are at present. Neither should this liberty of conscience have extended to the Lutherans and the reformed only, but also to the members of the Greek church, to the Moravians, and to every denomination of Christians. This would have drawn multitudes out of the Turkish dominions into those of Austria, and contributed at once to strengthen the empress and weaken her enemies.

Our last consideration is the interest of the house of Austria with regard to the sovereignty of the Low Countries—a point of the greatest consequence to that family, as well as to the interest of Europe in general. It is by her being in possession of these provinces that she, in sound politics, should have continued the natural and perpetual ally of the maritime powers, who had never failed to show, upon all occasions, the utmost readiness to support her interest. By her being in possession of these countries, she was considered as a barrier between Holland and France, and

might have been said to be placed there as a guardian of the liberties of Europe. Had she inviolably preserved those countries, she could not fail of preserving the affection of her neighbours, or at least they would not have the imprudence to avow their enmity; those were pledges of her universal respect, and amounted almost to universal empire She had fatal experience, by former distresses, of the dreadful consequences which followed the neglecting her frontiers on that side; and all people imagined she would avoid like mistakes for the future. But the giving up the port of Ostend to be garrisoned by the French, without any other deposit for its restitution but barely the promise of his most Christian Majesty, was such a blunder in politics as cannot be well reconciled even to common sense. Is it to be doubted that the French are so eager to place a garrison there from interested motives; or can a calm spectator think, that they who can find pretexts to cover the most flagrant injustice, will not be able to furnish enough to keep possession of a garrison which unlocks the liberties of mankind, and which, while possessed, must continue them truly formidable to all the powers of Europe? The giving up this port was not only injustice to the Germanic body, but was betraying the trust of Europe. In her hands it was placed as the most sacred deposit; it was not so much given her to possess as to preserve, nor had she a right to alienate it without the universal consent of those powers from whom she received the investiture. Thus, in whatever light we regard the politics of the house of Austria, we shall find them destructive of its own interests, tending towards the aggrandisement of its enemies, and subversive of the general liberties of Europe. We shall find its politics without sagacity, its reasonings tinctured with zeal, and its councils embarrassed by factions. The interests of the house of Austria had always been justly regarded as incompatible with each other: France had risen into opulence from the spoils of that family, and they two were generally considered to poise the fates of Europe between them; yet still some very whimsical circumstances attended this dissension. The family of Austria, the most bigoted votaries of Popery, and the most abject tools of superstition, was however the chief prop of the Protestant interest in Europe. The family of Bourbon, on the other hand, had saved the liberties of the Germanic body, and supported the freedom of its constitution. While those two great powers were thus mutually employed in humbling each other, their counteraction had operated to salutary purposes; but their struggles now ceasing, and an inauspicious alliance taking place, the balance that regulated their motion is lost, and till that can be recovered, their movements will only end in the loss of public liberty, both civil and religious. This balance scarcely now continues to subsist; or at least the present combination of interests bids fair to destroy it.

The present emperor was raised to the bed of the most august princess, and to the throne of the most august empire in Europe, merely because he was so totally insignificant, that his acquiring them gave no jealousy to any power in the world. The specimens he gave of his temper and disposition, from the time of his marriage to that of his election, were such as could no way alarm any of his contemporaries. This, however, has been proved by experience to be by no means a measure of the most refined policy. For a prince who had great interests of his own to pursue, with a proper spirit to support them, never would have been conducted by a weak woman, who at best was conducted by a priest.

Gratitude was never one of the most shining jewels in the imperial crown, when worn by the family of Austria; nor indeed have the princes of that house ever been so much distinguished by their virtue and abilities, as they have been by their fortunes and dominions; and perhaps there is not in all the experience of history, an instance of any other family where so many men reputed great have risen out of so little merit. Cunning, ambition, and a

conjuncture of happy accidents, are all that could recommend Charles the Fifth, their greatest boast; while a thousand despicable qualities, both civil and religious, contribute to turn his character into contempt, if not detestation. The present empress, in the early time of her life, bade fair to atone by her virtues for all that blind partiality which fortune had manifested for her family. Her youth, her beauty, her wrongs, her spirit, and her intrepidity rendered her the public care of England, and raised a compassion for her sufferings which sprung rather from motives of humanity than reasons of state. Our sovereign was employed in her cause, and our best troops sacrificed in her defence. But there are certain situations of life in which the ruling passion is discovered, however disguised or concealed by circumstances in the beginning. Unprovoked and unprepared, her imperial majesty therefore formed a design upon the house of Brandenburgh; which, when carried to such a height as to be past all possibility of being disowned, was, by the caution of her adversary, first detected and then defeated. Still, however, she had it in her power to make a tolerable retreat; but far from that, she united herself with her professed enemies, put all her most valuable possessions into their hands, and availing herself of the fluctuating councils of England, flattered herself to be able to disunite the Protestant power in Germany, by setting up its most redoubted defenders in opposition to each other. In this last measure, though she did not succeed to her wishes, yet, by a conjuncture of circumstances, she did not entirely want success. Yet, let us suppose this deluded woman at the summit of her wishes, gratifying private resentment, satiating her ecclesiastial advisers with Protestant blood; let us suppose every power humbled so far as to own her sway does she expect that the French will tamely resign what they shall happen to conquer? does she imagine that the Russians will not find some pretence for settling a colony in Germany? Thus, possessed of newly usurped and precarious privileges, will she be left in the midst of powerful enemies, who will undoubtedly reclaim something for fighting her battles; nor will they sacrifice millions of their countrymen for the empty glory of succouring an ally, whom they still must regard with the rancour of ill-cemented friendship! Nothing can be more certain than that France could show no reason for invading Hanover, but in order to execute the imperial commissions, and those sentences which the forms of the Germanic constitution prescribe against those princes who fall under the displeasure of the house of Austria. The electorate of Hanover was so far from affording any pretence for attacking it, that it was offered a neutrality, the conditions of which were both shameful and dangerous; but they were such as many powerful princes of the empire have, without any imputation, been obliged to submit to, when prescribed either by the French or Austrians, as either happened to prevail. But nothing surely could have been more ill-judged than to make France execute the imperial decrees; this was adding strength to the enemy, in that part where he chose that strength should be exerted.

As the conduct of the German princes in the present war is so blended with one another that they do not admit of separate considerations, the end of this sketch will be best answered by comprehending them under one view. The elector of Saxony lay under the greatest obligations to the generosity of his Prussian majesty, who but some years before was master of his capital. But that prince was governed by a wife warmly attached to the house of Austria, and a favourite, who was a bigot to the mischievous politics of Machiavel. I call Count Bruhl a favourite rather than a minister; because some abilities are required in the latter capacity, and we know of none he ever discovered either in the field or the cabinet. In his master's court and in his own palaces he shone with a prodigality that the electoral revenues, large as they are, could not supply; which might be one of the true reasons why his master, contrary to all sound politics, was brought into the schemes

of the courts of Vienna and Petersburg against his Prussian neighbour. It is true the situation of Saxony, and the weight which that elector was supposed to have in Poland, rendered this operation extremely convenient and advantageous for her imperial majesty's designs. His Prussian majesty foresaw this; he knew how much depended upon the success of the first blow, and that the Poles would be determined by that event. The Poles possess a large extended country, without any army to defend their frontiers. Neutrality is their chief aim; their interest is to have the forces of their neighbours so balanced, that neither party may force them from their scheme of siding with neither. Had the Prussian monarch waited until his enemies had an opportunity of putting their designs into execution, the Poles must infallibly have been forced into the league; but so formidable a junction the prudent monarch of Prussia knew how to prevent. His preparations, his march, his progress, and his success were all equally rapid. The Saxons, enervated by two successive luxurious reigns, could not stand the terrible array of so formidable a power. The victor, though in possession of the whole of the electorate of Saxony, did not, however, make either an impotent or insolent use of his advantages; and though he still retains it as a deposit for the expenses which the elector's unguarded conduct had forced him upon, yet the contributions he has exacted of the inhabitants amount not to one-half of the sums they were obliged to pay to their natural sovereign—perhaps the only instance in history, in which a conquered nation found their religion protected, their taxes diminished, and their liberties extended, by being overcome.

From what has been said of the German empire it will no longer appear extraordinary that the empress queen was able to make no better stand against the power which she was long preparing to attack, but who at last put himself into the light of an aggressor. She was possessed of large funds, her armies headed by able generals, and her councils directed by able politicians. But, what are these advantages to a power that wants economy? She has the art, in one rejoicing night, to dissipate sums that would serve to subsist a small army. The news of a defeat served only to make a night of festivity at her court; and the cries of her subjects for redress were drowned in the symphonies of music, or the shouts of riotous entertainments. The funds appropriated for her military operations were mortgaged to devouring commissaries, the sons either of extortion or parade; and the lucky stand she did make, was mostly owing to the affection of the grandees for her person and family.

The battle of Colin, which his Prussian majesty lost, led both the court of Vienna and that of Versailles into a fatal error. Unacquainted as they were with the sentiments and resolution of a great hero fighting in his own person and for his own interests, they determined to give him no other concessions but what he must receive in the character of a suppliant. We are not to suppose the king of Prussia one of those unconsidering heroes who know no difference in junctures, or that he would at that time have refused a fair and honourable accommodation; but he knew that any other was worse than none. The convention entered into by the Hanoverians served to increase the insolence of his enemies. The queen of Hungary would offer no terms without the advice of France; and France found it her interest to offer no terms at all.

We need add very little to what has been already observed, to convince the intelligent reader that, should the four great crowns now in alliance succeed, a new system of power and property must take place in Europe. This is not only obvious to common sense, but demonstrable by notorious proofs. Not only the dominions of Prussia, but those of Hanover are to be wrested from their former possessors and shared between the invaders, particularly France and Austria; while the other two

powers of the alliance are to be contented with what they can secure for themselves.

This view of the Austrian schemes, would, however, be very imperfect, did we here omit laying before the reader one observation; namely, that as it i by no means the interest of this house that the princes of the empire should be too powerful, so the figure she now makes is owing to the greatness of those very powers she now endeavours to suppress; not to reduce, but to ruin. Systems of power are no other than combinations of interests; and every fluctuation of interests produces an alteration of system. He who som years ago should have heard of the present system, would have thought it incredible, and would never have conceived that the elector of Hanover and the house of Austria would have embraced separate interests, and acted in contradiction to all their former maxims. Leopold, the grandfather of the present queen of Hungary, the most bigoted prince of his age, joined heartily in every measure that could aggrandize the house of Hanover; because he thereby secured his interest in England. His two sons, except in a few unnatural starts, followed the same maxims for the same reason; but France has had address enough to suppress the natural jealousy of her ancient rival, and now the object of its terror is changed. Germany is now truly destroying itself, and feels all the miseries of a civil war, without expecting a change for the better; which is generally the effect of intestine commotions.

CHAPTER V.—OF THE UNITED PROVINCES.

WE now take our leave of Germany and proceed to the United Provinces; but in reality provinces united only in name. Perhaps their importance in the government of the European republic is now nothing: their spirit is lost, or directed into wrong channels; their councils are factious or direct wrong operations; they let individuals batten on the spoils of their constitution; with all the feebleness of luxury, they indulge all the vanity of unperforming threats and inactive resentment. France is not only now their neighbour but their master, prepared to pour in its myriads upon their little spot of ground, once saved from the sea, and now in danger of as formidable a deluge. No longer do we see there the industrious citizen planning schemes to defend his own liberty and the liberty of Europe, but the servile money-meditating miser, who desires riches to dissipate in luxury, and whose luxuries make him needy. All the spirited memorials presented them on the part of Great Britain to vindicate her honour and their own; all the warm remonstrances made them by their best patriots, have produced nothing but new cause for discontent and faction, and fresh instances of a selfish spirit and a desire of being slaves. What shall we think of such a people? or shall we give up their case as desperate? By no means! Calamity may again reduce them to their pristine virtue; and as here light follows darkness, their potent neighbour will not be long ere he gives them reason to summon all their constancy and all their courage. Their beautiful palaces, gay equipages, and all the gilded trappings that adorn inventive luxury, will only serve to invite the invader; for never did history furnish a single instance of a country very wealthy and very weak, that was not at last the prey of its more potent and poorer neighbours. But still I say, their calamity may bring them to an exertion of their former virtue; for in no country is that political maxim more likely to take place—that dominion is to be maintained by the same arts with which it was acquired. Like the old Romans, they owed their rise to oppression; and when the like circumstances returned, they had recourse to the same

measure, which was the election of a Stadtholder, and which saved them as effectually as that of a Dictator did the Romans. But the wanton exercise of the measure defeated its ends in both countries. While the Dutch had recourse to it only in times of extremity, it always answered the purposes expected from it; but as that distress was always brought upon them by the prevalence of French councils or arms in their country, there has still been a perpetual opposition between the people and their natural government, which is republican. The members who compose the body of the legislature, and who consider themselves as distinct from the people (the never-failing consequence of riches long continued in the same family), succeeding to their magistracies by a kind of never-failing rotation, have ever been fond of the protection of France. The maxims of the De Witts, who were the first who may be properly said to have rendered the government of the United Provinces aristocratical, rivetted this principle in their government. On the other hand, the common people ever lean to the family of Orange and a Stadtholdership; since by that means their liberties were first secured. The critical rise of William III. to that high office was effected by a violent convulsion in their state, and it long operated to salutary purposes for public liberty. The accession of the royal dignity to that of Stadtholder, his unabating zeal against France, and the sincere love he ever bore his country, rendered him the darling of that people. He bent all the subordinate branches of their government to the ply of his own favourite passion, which was the hatred of France; and he chanced to be happy in the choice of his creatures, for his spirit remained in that republic for some years after he was dead. The magistracy of Holland soon, however, resumed their ancient principles.

The superiority which the Duke of Marlborough obtained amongst them upon the death of King William was only apparent, and was in reality balanced by D'Albuquerque, and the other leading members of the republic; who were very well pleased that France was diminished in power, but invariably opposed all measures for carrying the war into the vitals of France, as the Duke of Marlborough and the other allies had one year actually projected. Had not the English, therefore, at this time, the utmost reason, upon any terms, for concluding a peace? The Dutch, it is certain, had infinite advantages through the continuance of that war; and though they opposed a peace, it was only to prolong the benefits they reaped from war; for certain it is, they have ever appeared desirous of involving England in quarrels, without sharing the danger themselves. Their merchants look upon those of England as rivals in trade, and consider war as the proper interval in which they may step in and monopolize the whole. But though immediate profit may be the consequence of such politics, their posterity will severely feel their defects; they will find England strong at sea, and capable of giving laws to the ocean, merely from a long habitude of war.

But to proceed: King George the First and his friends continued to have a strong party in their government, which balanced the party that was ever in the French interest; and by this means the republic, though it made no acquisition in strength, lost but little of its former vigour, until the year 1726, when they began to lean entirely to the French interests; some through fondness and others through fear. The residence of Van Hoey, a man weak by nature, rendered more so by age, who was their ambassador in France, gave Cardinal Fleury an opportunity of bringing the great members of their government back to the French principles, which had been long sown in their republic. Still, however, the people had courage sufficient to thwart their governors, or at least to intimidate them from pursuing any measures avowedly in favour of France. The marriage of the Prince of Orange with the eldest Princess of England, still further contributed to suppress the French faction, and gave the republic once more an opportunity

of resuming its former lustre. In the late war against France, they were brought with the utmost difficulty to take a part; but their visible backwardness in that war, to call it by no harsher a term, proved that the spirit of their government was averse to it. The people, among whom a love of country and the honour of their ancestors is always last remaining, plainly saw the treachery of their governors to the common cause, and were resolved once more to have recourse to a dictator, and the late Prince of Orange was elected Stadtholder. We shall not enter into any disquisition whether this creation was made at that period of distress that would justify it in point of sound policy; but his death, that happened soon after, blasted all the hopes the public had conceived of his virtues, which were undoubtedly as great as any that ever had existed in that family. The minority that succeeded, notwithstanding all the wise provisions made by the late princess, notwithstanding her virtues and abilities, has been of infinite prejudice to the cause of liberty in that country; and now the French party have got a complete victory, and seem to dictate every measure which is pretended to be enacted for public safety. This unfortunate commonwealth has already tamely submitted to the indignities of France; it has remonstrated against the encroachments of England; and has shown its weakness by its incapacity of redress. What, then, will be its fate when France has time to breathe from her present wars? Every slight pretence will be caught in order to pick a quarrel; for it is natural for mankind to desire fighting when they are sure to be conquerors. To whom, in such circumstances, can the Dutch fly for support? England is irretrievably alienated from her interests; and even though the politicians of England should be desirous of saving her from ruin, yet the people, who form a large part in our legislature, would dissent. In short, they must be left to themselves to feel all the miseries of present slavery, with the painful aggravation of a consciousness of former freedom.

CHAPTER VI.—OF SPAIN.

SPAIN is the next country which deserves our notice; between which and England, such a correspondence subsists as will render it very prejudicial for either to be an enemy to the other. Spain, by nature and interest, is more closely connected with England than any other country whatsoever; however the disparity of religion, inclination, and manners may have interrupted the good understanding between them, which policy points out to both. The first connection which England had with Spain, in a commercial way, was through the Dukes of Burgundy, who were at the same time kings of Spain. This was in the reign of our Henry the VII., when the treaty which has been called since by the name of the "great" and the "golden" treaty was entered into between the two courts. The provisions of that treaty secured to the Spaniards all the advantages of their American commerce as it then stood. Queen Elizabeth was by no means satisfied that it extended to an absolute exclusion of the English from trading in those parts, especially in those dominions that had been acquired by the Spaniards in the intermediate time; nor could she ever be brought to give up to the Spaniards that exclusive right of navigation to and from their own colonies, which they have ever since considered as so capital a point. Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who negotiated the definitive treaty with Spain, at London, in the reign of James I., found great difficulties on this head. The nation was in great hopes that a person instructed as he had been by Queen Elizabeth, would have followed her maxims, and would have either acquired some new privileges for the English in that navigation, or at least have left the matter open; in which case they did not doubt of being able to make their party good against the Spaniards. But James being at all events

resolved upon a peace with Spain, gave up to her the exclusive right of trading to her own colonies, in the same manner as had been practised till that time. Salisbury, who greatly dreaded an impeachment on this head, exulted in getting the matter settled in these indefinite terms; and to say truth, they left the English traders pretty much at liberty to make what constructions they pleased on the words of the treaty; since there were few places in Spanish America to which they had not traded.

Matters between Spain and England remained in this situation till, by the peace of Munster in 1648, Spain re-asserted her exclusive right of trade and navigation to and from her American colonies, with all the other powers of Europe, excepting England, who had no plenipotentiary at those conferences. Cromwell, who always had flattered himself with the hopes of being one day master of Spanish America, availed himself of England being left out of that treaty, and strenuously insisted upon the privilege the English had to trade to the Spanish colonies. The Spaniards, who feared Cromwell more than they hated him, made him very extraordinary offers, if he would give up his claim, which they said was absolutely inconsistent with the very first principles of their monarchy; adding, in their peculiar manner of speaking, that the exclusive right to trade to their own colonies was one of the eyes of Spain, as the Inquisition was the other. Cromwell, however, obstinately insisted upon it, and several proposals were offered Spain, desiring peculiar privileges for the English all over Spanish America. There is some reason to think that Cromwell, had he lived, would have been able to effect this design, by making himself a moderator between France and Spain; and thus, while both were weakened by mutual animosity, he might have obtained from either, through threats or from friendship, the concessions he so much desired. Charles II. was somewhat inclined to revive the claims of England; but it was now begun to be perceived, that France was growing potent from the downfall of the Spanish power, and England judiciously interposed, in order to save Spain from ruin. This monarch, however, concluded two formal treaties with Spain; one in the year 1667, relating to the Spanish European trade; the other in the year 1670, relative to our trade in America. This treaty has been couched in terms so ambiguous, that upon its interpretation both courts have been at variance almost ever since. The subject is of such importance to both crowns that neither are willing to concede, and even the indefinite treaty of Aix La Chapelle has left it to future discussion. The part which the crown of Spain has acted in the present war has been wise, honest, and greatly to the advantage of both nations. A war with Spain may enrich individuals in Britain, but can never be of public utility; nay, it must be of the most terrible national consequences; as the marine of Spain, if acting vigorously in conjunction with that of France, might form a fleet that would endanger the empire of the seas to England.

Upon a review of what has been said, if England considers its successes in the present war, she will have the utmost reason to exult; but if the situation of the other states of Europe, she must feel all the terrors of painful apprehension. Such leagues, formed of the greatest and the most ambitious powers, look with the most inauspicious aspect on the liberties of Europe; and even allowing the small power opposed to such a combination ever so victorious, yet his own victories will in the end undo him. Like a sword long employed, he will be at last worn out; and glory alone can be the only advantage he may acquire. A prospect so gloomy cannot but fill the mind with sadness: no courage can resist multitudes, no prudence can ward off fortuitous events, and no virtue can secure its possessor from ruin. Glory, respect, and honour, are only the rewards of a few; and, though a hero should possess them in the most unbounded degree, still may the people be unhappy. After an expenditure of the most exorbitant sums of money;

after a breach of every tie that can oblige mankind; after an effusion of blood that scarcely any other period can equal; after all the calamities, burnings, rapes, and desolations of war;—if after so frightful a picture of the present age, every power would sit down and be contented with the same state which they enjoyed before the war, how happy might Europe still be! But this we can hardly expect, while ambition on one hand and obstinacy on the other, prevent any accommodation; while every victory, instead of procuring overtures of peace, only gives spirits to prolong the war. While rapacious ministers find their account in prolonging, and the deluded people find glory in continuing war, what hopes can mankind have once more to repose in tranquillity; to talk again over the dangers of war, with all the pleasing satisfaction that past dangers will afford; to cultivate the arts of peace, and leave to posterity the truly valuable possession of newly invented arts, sciences carried nearer to truth, and a constitution nicely regulated by all the caution of political wisdom!

PREFACE.[1]

THIS is an attempt to separate what is substantial and material, from what is circumstantial and useless in history. That of the late war forms the brightest period of any in the British annals, and the author has endeavoured to do it justice by the manner in which he has recorded the several transactions, and the impartiality he has observed.

As to the first, it is matter of opinion, and he must stand or fall by the judgment of his readers. His own intention acquits him of every charge with regard to the latter. He is sensible that, in many passages, he has the prepossessions of party to encounter; and the same must have been his fate had he adopted different opinions. He disclaims all systems in politics, and has been guided in his narrative by matters of fact only. In his reflections and conjectures, where his own lights failed him, he had recourse to those who were capable of giving him information; and he has the satisfaction to believe, that when the prejudices of party are buried with their authors, the following pages, whatever defects they may have in point of composition, will be acquitted of every imputation of partiality; as rational entertainment and undeviating candour has been his only object.

PREFACE AND FAMILIAR INTRODUCTION, TO THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PREFACE.[2]

OF all the studies which have employed the industrious or amused the idle, perhaps Natural History deserves the preference. Other sciences generally determine in doubt, or rest in bare speculation; but here every

[1] To "The Martial Review; or, A General History of the Late War." 12mo. 1763.

[2] To "A New and Accurate System of Natural History, &c., by R. Brookes, M.D., Author of the General Practice of Physic. In six volumes. London: Printed for J. Newbery, at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1763."

Mr. Murray possesses one of Goldsmith's original receipts for a payment from Newbery on account of the Preface and Introduction.

step is marked with certainty; and, while a description of the objects around us teaches to supply our wants, it satisfies our curiosity.

The multitude of nature's productions, however, seems at first to bewilder the inquirer, rather than excite his attention; the various wonders of the animal, vegetable, or mineral world, seem to exceed all power of computation, and the science appears barren from its amazing fertility. But a nearer acquaintance with this study, by giving method to our researches, points out a similitude in many objects which at first appeared different; the mind by degrees rises to consider the things before it in general lights, till at length it finds nature, in almost every instance, acting with her usual simplicity.

Among the number of philosophers who, undaunted by their supposed variety, have attempted to give a description of the productions of nature, Aristotle deserves the first place. This great philosopher was furnished, by his pupil Alexander, with all that the then known world could produce to complete his design. By such parts of his work as have escaped the wreck of time, it appears that he understood nature more clearly, and in a more comprehensive manner, than even the present age, enlightened as it is with so many later discoveries, can boast. His design appears vast, and his knowledge extensive; he only considers things in general lights, and leaves every subject when it becomes too minute or remote to be useful. In his History of Animals, he first describes man, and makes him a standard with which to compare the deviations in every more imperfect kind that is to follow. But if he has excelled in the history of each, he, together with Pliny and Theophrastus, have failed in the exactness of their descriptions. There are many creatures described by those naturalists of antiquity, which are so imperfectly characterised, that it is impossible to tell to what animal now subsisting we can refer the description. This is an unpardonable neglect, and alone sufficient to depreciate their merits; but their credulity, and the mutilations they have suffered by time, have rendered them still less useful, and justify each subsequent attempt to improve what they have left behind.

The most laborious, as well as the most voluminous naturalist among the moderns, is Aldrovandus. He was furnished with every requisite for making an extensive body of natural history. He was learned and rich, and during the course of a long life, indefatigable and accurate. But his works are insupportably tedious and disgusting; filled with unnecessary quotations and unimportant digressions. Whatever learning he had he was willing should be known, and, unwearied himself, he supposed his readers could never tire: in short, he appears an useful assistant to those who would compile a body of natural history, but is utterly unsuited to such as only wish to read it with profit and delight.

Gesner and Johnson, willing to abridge the voluminous productions of Aldrovandus, have attempted to reduce natural history into method, but their efforts have been so incomplete as scarcely to deserve mentioning. Their attempts were improved upon, some time after, by Mr. Ray, whose method we have adopted in the history of quadrupeds, birds, and fishes, which is to follow. No systematical writer has been more happy than he in reducing natural history into a form, at once the shortest, yet most comprehensive.

The subsequent attempts of Mr. Klein and Linnæus, it is true, have had their admirers, but, as all methods of classing the productions of nature are calculated merely to ease the memory and enlighten the mind, that writer who answers such ends with brevity and perspicuity is most worthy of regard. And in this respect, Mr. Ray undoubtedly remains still without a rival: he was sensible that no accurate idea could be formed from a mere distribution of animals in particular classes; he has therefore ranged them

according to their most obvious qualities; and, content with brevity in his distribution, has employed accuracy only in the particular description of every animal. This intentional inaccuracy only in the general system of Ray, Klein and Linnæus have undertaken to amend; and thus by multiplying divisions, instead of impressing the mind with distinct ideas, they only serve to confound it, making the language of the science more difficult than even the science itself.

All order whatsoever is to be used for the sake of brevity and perspicuity: we have therefore followed that of Mr. Ray in preference to the rest, whose method of classing animals, though not so accurate, perhaps, is yet more obvious, and being shorter, is more easily remembered. In his lifetime he published his "Synopsis Methodica Quadrupedum et Serpentini Generis," and, after his death there came out a posthumous work under the care of Dr. Derham, which, as the title-page informs us, was revised and perfected before his death. Both the one and the other have their merits; but as he wrote *currente calamo*, for subsistence, they are consequently replete with errors, and though his manner of treating natural history be preferable to that of all others, yet there was still room for a new work, that might at once retain his excellencies, and supply his deficiencies.

As to the natural history of Insects, it has not been so long or so greatly cultivated as other parts of this science. Our own countryman Moufett is the first of any note that I have met with who has treated this subject with success. However, it was not till lately that it was reduced to a regular system, which might be, in a great measure, owing to the seeming insignificancy of the animals themselves, even though they were always looked upon as of great use in medicine; and upon that account only have been taken notice of by many medical writers. Thus Dioscorides has treated of their use in physic; and it must be owned, some of them have been well worth observation on this account. There were not wanting also those who long since had thoughts of reducing this kind of knowledge to a regular form; among whom was Mr. Ray, who was discouraged by the difficulty attending it: this study has been pursued of late, however, with diligence and success. Reaumur and Swammerdam have principally distinguished themselves on this account; and their respective treatises plainly show that they did not spend their labour in vain. Since their time, several authors have published their systems, among whom is Linnæus, whose method being generally esteemed, I have thought proper to adopt. He has classed them in a very regular manner, though he says but little of the insects themselves. However, I have endeavoured to supply that defect from other parts of his works, and from other authors who have written upon this subject; by which means, it is hoped, the curiosity of such as delight in these studies will be in some measure satisfied. Such of them as have been more generally admired, have been longest insisted upon, and particularly caterpillars and butterflies, relative to which, perhaps, there is the largest catalogue that has ever appeared in the English language.

Mr. Edwards and Mr. Buffon, one in the History of Birds, the other of Quadrupeds, have undoubtedly deserved highly of the public, as far as their labours have extended; but as they have hitherto cultivated but a small part in the wide field of natural history, a comprehensive system in this most pleasing science has been hitherto wanting. Nor is it a little surprising, when every other branch of literature has been of late cultivated with so much success among us, how this most interesting department should have been neglected. It has been long obvious that Aristotle was incomplete, and Pliny credulous; Aldrovandus too prolix, and Linnæus too short, to afford the proper entertainment; yet we have had no attempts to supply their defects, or to give a history of nature at once complete and concise, calculated at once to please and improve.

How far the author of the present performance has obviated the wants of the public in these respects, is left to the world to determine; this much, however, he may without vanity assert, that whether the system here presented be approved or not, he has left the science in a better state than he found it. He has consulted every author whom he imagined might give him new and authentic information, and painfully searched through heaps of lumber to detect falsehood; so that many parts of the following work have exhausted much labour in the execution, though they may discover little to the superficial observer.

Nor have I neglected any opportunity that offered of conversing upon these subjects with travellers, upon whose judgments and veracity I could rely. Thus comparing accurate narrations with what has been already written, and following either, as the circumstances or credibility of the witness led me to believe. But I have one advantage over almost all former naturalists; namely, that of having visited a variety of countries myself, and examined the productions of each upon the spot. Whatever America or the known parts of Africa have produced to excite curiosity, has been carefully observed by me, and compared with the accounts of others. By this I have made some improvements, that will appear in their place, and have been less liable to be imposed upon by the hearsay relations of credulity.

A complete, cheap, and commodious body of natural history being wanted in our language, it was these advantages which prompted me to this undertaking. Such, therefore, as choose to range in the delightful fields of nature, will, I flatter myself, here find a proper guide; and those who have a design to furnish a cabinet, will find copious instructions. With one of these volumes in his hand, a spectator may go through the largest museum, the British not excepted, see nature through all her varieties, and compare her usual operations with those wanton productions, in which she seems to sport with human sagacity. I have been sparing, however, in the description of the deviations from the usual course of production; first, because such are almost infinite, and the natural historian who should spend his time in describing deformed nature, would be as absurd as the statuary who should fix upon a deformed man from whom to take his model of perfection.

But I would not raise expectations in the reader which it may not be in my power to satisfy: he who takes up a book of science must not expect to acquire knowledge at the same easy rate that a reader of romance does entertainment. On the contrary, all sciences, and natural history among the rest, have a language and a manner of treatment peculiar to themselves; and he who attempts to dress them in borrowed or foreign ornaments, is every whit as uselessly employed as the German apothecary we are told of, who turned the whole dispensatory into verse. It will be sufficient for me, if the following system is found as pleasing as the nature of the subject will bear; neither obscured by unnecessary ostentation of science, nor lengthened out by an affected eagerness after needless embellishment.

The description of every object will be found as clear and concise as possible, the design not being to amuse the ear with well-turned periods, or the imagination with borrowed ornaments, but to impress the mind with the simplest views of nature. To answer this end more distinctly, a picture of such animals is given as we are least acquainted with. All that is intended by this is, only to guide the inquirer with more certainty to the object itself, as it is to be found in nature. I never would advise a student to apply to any science, either anatomy, physic, or natural history, by looking on pictures only; they may serve to direct him more readily to the objects intended, but he must by no means suppose himself possessed of adequate and distinct ideas, till he has viewed the things themselves, and not their representations.

Copper-plates, therefore, moderately well done, answer the learner's purpose every whit as well as those which cannot be purchased but at a vast expense: they serve to guide us to the archetypes of nature, and this is all that the finest picture should be permitted to do; for nature herself ought always to be examined by the learner before he has done.

* * * * * * * *

INTRODUCTION, ETC.

PART I.—OF QUADRUPEDS IN GENERAL, AND THEIR WAY OF LIVING.

WHEN we turn our eyes to that variety of beings endued with life, which share with us the globe we inhabit, we shall find that Quadrupeds demand the foremost place. The similitude between the structure of their bodies and our own; those instincts which they seem to enjoy in a superior degree to the other classes that live in air or water; their constant services to man, or the unceasing enmity they bear him, all render them the foremost objects of his curiosity, the most interesting part of animated nature.

In the first ages of the world it is probable, that all living creatures were nearer an equality than at present. Man, while yet savage himself, was but ill-qualified to civilise the forest. While yet naked, unarmed, and without shelter, every wild beast was a formidable rival, and the destruction of such was the first employment of heroes. But when he began to multiply, and arts to accumulate, he soon cleared the plains of its brute inhabitants; he soon established an empire over all the orders of animated nature: a part was taken under his protection and care, while the rest found a precarious refuge in the burning desert of the howling wilderness.

The most obvious and simple division, therefore, of Quadrupeds, is into the domestic and savage: by domestic I mean, such as man has taken into friendship, or reduced to obedience; by the savage, those who still preserve their natural independence and ferocity; who either oppose force by force, or find safety in swiftness or cunning.

The savage animal preserves at once his liberty and instinct, but man seems to have changed the very nature of domestic animals by cultivation and care. A domestic animal is a slave, which has few other desires, but those which man is willing to grant it. Humble, patient, resigned, and attentive, it fills up the duties assigned; ready for labour, and content with subsistence.

But not only its native liberty, its very figure is changed by the arts and industry of man: what an immense variety in the ordinary race of dogs, or horses; what a difference between the large English mastiff and the small Spanish lap-dog; yet the whole has been effected by the nature of the climate and food, seconded by the industry of man, in continuing the species without mixture.

As in external figure they bear evident marks of human cultivation, so is there also some difference in the internal structure of their bodies. The stomach of the domestic animal is not usually so large: for such receiving food at certain and expected intervals, and that but by little at a time, this intestine seems to contract to its contents, and fits the animal for the life it is obliged to lead.

Thus we, in some measure, see nature under a continual constraint, in those creatures we have taught to live about us; but it is otherwise when we come to examine the savage tenants of the forest or the wilderness; there every species preserves its characteristic form, and is strongly imprest with the instincts and appetites of nature. The more remote from the tyranny of mankind, the greater seems their sagacity: the beavers, in those distant

solitudes where men have rarely past, exert all the arts of architects and citizens; they build neater habitations than even the rational inhabitants of those countries can show, and obey a more regular discipline than ever man could boast; but as soon as man intrudes upon their society, their spirit of industry and wisdom ceases; they no longer exert their social arts, but become patient and dull, as if to fit them for a state of servitude.

But not only their industry but their courage also is repressed by the vicinity of man. The lion of the deserts of Nubia, that has been only taught to measure his strength with weaker animals, and accustomed to conquer, is possessed of amazing courage; instead of avoiding man, as other animals are found to do, he attacks whole caravans crossing the desert, and, when overpowered, retires still facing the enemy. But the lion of Morocco, which is a more populous country, seems to acknowledge a superiority, and is even scared away by the cries of women and children.

Wherever man approaches, the savage beasts retire; and it is thought, not without some share of reason, that many species of animals had once birth, which are now totally extinct. The elk, for instance, which we are certain was once a native of Europe, is now no longer, except in Canada. Those monstrous bones of the mammoth, as the Siberians call an animal which must have been at least four times as big as the elephant, which are dug up in that country, and which by no means belong to the whale, as has been falsely imagined, may serve to convince us, that there were once animals existing which have been totally extirpated. The histories of Aristotle and Pliny serve to confirm us in this opinion; for in them we find descriptions which have not their archetypes in the present state of nature.

It is in the forest therefore, and remote from man, that we must expect to find those varieties, instincts, and amazing instances of courage and cunning, which quadrupeds exert in a very high degree. Their various methods of procuring subsistence may well attract our admiration; and their peculiar conformation for the life in which they find greatest pleasure, is not less surprising. The rapacious animal is in every respect formed for war; yet the various kinds make their incursions in very different ways. The lion and tiger pursue their prey by the view alone, and for this purpose they have a most piercing sight. Others hunt by scent, while some lie in wait and seize whatever comes near them, or they are able to overpower.

The teeth of carnivorous animals differ in every respect from those which feed upon vegetables. In the latter, they seem entirely designed for gathering and comminuting their simple food; but in the rapacious kinds, for holding and tearing their prey. In the one, the teeth serve as grind-stones, in the other, as weapons of offence. In both, however, the surfaces of the grinding teeth are unequal, with cavities and risings, which fit each other when the jaws are brought into contact. These inequalities serve the better to grind and comminute their food, but they grow smoother with age; which is the reason why old animals take a longer time to chew their food than those in the vigour of life.

The legs and feet of quadrupeds are admirably suited to the motion and exercises of each animal. In some they are made for strength only, and to support a vast unwieldy body, as in the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the sea-horse, whose feet in some measure resemble pillars. Deer, hares, and other creatures that are remarkable for swiftness, have theirs slender, yet nervous. The feet of some serve for swimming, as the otter and beaver; the toes of these animals are joined together with membranes like those of geese and ducks, which is a sufficient demonstration that they are designed to live in water as well as on land: though the toes of the fore-feet of the beaver are not thus united, because they use them as hands. The feet of some are made for walking and digging, of which the mole is a remarkable instance;

and others for walking and flying, as the bat. The legs of some are weak, and of others stiff and strong, that they may traverse the ice with less danger. The common goat, whose natural habitation is on the rocks and mountains, has legs of this kind, and the hoof is hollow underneath, with sharp edges, so that when become domestic, it will walk as securely on the top of a house, as on level ground. Many are shod with rough and hard hoofs, of which some are whole, and others are cloven; some again have only a callous skin, and these are composed of toes which supply the place of hands, as in all of the monkey kind. Many have only short nails, for their more ready and safe running or walking; while others have sharp and strong talons, as the lion, and most ravenous beasts, to destroy their prey.

The heads of quadrupeds also differ greatly from each other; for in some they are square and large, suitable to their slow motion, food, and abode; in others, slender and sharp, the better to fit them for turning up the earth, of which a hog is an instance. Some quadrupeds have long necks, and not very strong, serving chiefly to carry their mouths to the ground, in order to feed; in others they are shorter, brawny, and strong, as in moles and hogs, thereby the better to turn up its surface; while in general the quadrupeds that feed upon grass are enabled to hold down their heads, by a strong tendonous ligament, that runs from the head to the middle of their back; by the help of which the head, though heavy, may be held down a long while, without any labour, pain, or uneasiness to the muscles of the neck.

The stomach is generally proportioned to the quality of the animal's food: those who live upon flesh and such nourishing substances, have it small and glandular, affording such juices as are best adapted to digest and macerate its contents. On the contrary, ruminating animals, or such as chew the cud, who feed entirely upon vegetables, have four stomachs, all which serve as so many laboratories to prepare and turn their simple food into proper nutriment. In Africa, however, where the plants afford greater nourishment than in our temperate climate, several animals which with us have four, are there found to have but two. But in all, the difference in the manner of living seems to arise from the internal conformation; and each animal lives upon food more or less nourishing in proportion to the size of its intestines, which are to digest it.

In general, whatever be the food, nature seems finely to have fitted the creature for procuring it, though never without a proper exertion of its strength or industry. Large animals of the forest, such as the elephant and lion, want swiftness, and a distinguishing scent for catching their prey, but have strength to overcome it; others who want strength, such as the wolf and the fox, make it up by their cunning; and those to whom nature has denied both strength and speed, as the hound and the jackall, follow by the smell, and at last overtake their prey by perseverance. Thus, each species seems only possessed of one talent in perfection, so that the power of destruction in one class may not be greater than the power to escape in another.

Few wild animals seek their prey in the day-time, but about night the whole forest echoes with a variety of different howlings. That of the lion resembles distant thunder; the tiger and leopard's notes are something more shrill, but yet more hideous; while the jackall, pursuing by his scent, barks somewhat like a dog, and hunts in a pack in the same manner. Nor is it uncommon for the strongest animals to follow where they hear this cry begun; and when the jackall has hunted down the prey, to come in and monopolise the spoil. It is this which has given rise to the report of that little animal's being the lion's provider; but, in fact, the jackall hunts for himself alone, and the lion is an unwelcome intruder upon the fruits of his industry.

This is a common method with larger animals; yet their most usual way is to hide and crouch near some path frequented by their prey, or some water where cattle come to drink, and with a bound seize them instantly. The lion is said to leap twenty feet at a spring, and, if we can credit Father Tachard, the tiger goes still farther. However, notwithstanding this surprising force, it would often happen that they might perish for want of food, had not nature endowed them with an amazing power of sustaining hunger for a long time; for, as their subsistence is precarious, their appetites are complying. When once they have seized their prey, they devour it in the most voracious manner, often bones and all, and then retire to their retreats, continuing inactive till the calls of hunger again excite their courage and industry. But as all their methods of pursuit are counteracted by their prey, with all the arts of evasion, in this manner they often continue to range without success, supporting a life of famine and fatigue for eight or ten days successively. Beasts of prey seldom devour each other, nor can anything but the greatest degree of hunger induce them to it. But, in such extremities, and when hunger makes them less delicate, the weakest affords its antagonist a disagreeable repast. What they chiefly seek after is the deer, or the ox, those harmless creatures which are made to embellish nature; of which when caught they first suck the blood, and then devour the carcass; between such there is cause of enmity. Yet there are antipathies among the rapacious kinds, which render them enemies to each other, even though no ways instigated to it by hunger. The elephant and the tiger, the dog and the wolf, are mortal foes, and never meet without certain death to the weaker side.

When at Siam, says Father Tachard, I had an opportunity of seeing a combat between three elephants and a tiger. The place of engagement was in a sort of railed amphitheatre, and the elephants were defended by a kind of armour which covered their heads, and a part of their trunk; but as if this were not sufficient, the tiger was also restrained by cords from making the first onset. When one of the elephants approached, he began the combat by giving his enemy three terrible blows with his trunk on the back, which stunned the other so much, that he continued for some time as if insensible; but the instant he was let loose, he flew at the elephant with an hideous howl, and attempted to seize him by the trunk; this the elephant artfully evaded by wrinkling in his trunk, and then receiving his antagonist upon his armour, he in the most dexterous manner flung him up into the air. This served entirely to intimidate the tiger, who durst no longer face him, but made many efforts to escape; now and then trying to fly up at the spectators, but the three elephants now beginning to press him, they struck him such terrible blows, that they would soon have dispatched him, had not the signal been given for finishing the combat.

But to have a more distinct idea of the life of a beast of prey, let us turn to one among the number; the wolf, for instance, and view him in his native deserts. With the most insatiable appetite for animal food, nature seems to have granted him the most various means of satisfying it. Possessed of strength, agility, and cunning, he seems fitted for finding, overcoming, and devouring his prey; yet, for all this, the wolf often dies of hunger, for he is the declared enemy of man. Being thus proscribed, he is obliged to frequent the most solitary part of the forest, where his prey too often escapes him, either by swiftness or cunning, so that he is most frequently indebted to hazard alone for subsistence. He remains lurking whole days in those places where the lesser animals most frequently pass, till at last becoming desperate through want, and courageous through necessity, he ventures forth to attack such animals as have taken refuge under the protection of man. He therefore falls in among the fold, destroys all he meets, kills merely from a pleasure in slaughter, and, if this succeed,

he returns again, till being wounded, or frighted by dogs or men, he ventures out only by night, ranges the fields, and destroys whatever he has strength to conquer. He has been often seen, when those sallies have proved unsuccessful, to return back to the woods and pursue the wild animals; not so much with the hope of overtaking them himself, as in expectation of their falling a prey to some other of his own species, with whom he may come in to divide the spoil. In short, when driven to the last extremity, he attacks even man himself, and grown quite furious, encounters inevitable destruction.

Such are the beasts of the forest, which are formed for a life of hostility, and, as we see, possessed of various methods to seize, conquer, and destroy. Nor are such as are their destined prey less sagacious in their efforts to escape destruction. Some find protection in holes in which nature has directed them to bury themselves; other seek safety by their swiftness, and such as are possessed of neither of these advantages, generally herd together, and endeavour to repel invasion with united force. The very sheep, which seems the most defenceless animal of all, will yet make resistance; the females falling into the centre, and the males with their horns forming a ring round them. Some animals that feed upon fruits, which are to be found only at one time of the year, have the sagacity to provide against winter; thus the badger, the hedgehog, and mole, fill their holes with several sorts of plants, which enable them to lie concealed during the hard frosts of the winter, contented with their prison, which affords them safety. These holes are constructed with so much art, that the builders seem endowed with an instinct almost approaching reason. In general there are two apertures, one by which to escape, when an enemy is in possession of the other. The doublings of the hare, and the various tricks of the fox to escape the hounds, are not less surprising. Some animals have the power of raising such an intolerable stench, that no dogs will follow them: many creatures which herd together, place a sentinel upon the watch, to give notice of an approaching enemy, and take this duty by turns. These are the efforts of instinct for safety, and they are in general sufficient to repel the hostilities of instinct only; but no arts the wretched animal can use are sufficient to repress the invasions of man. Wherever he has spread his dominion, terror seems to follow; there is then no longer society among the inferior tenants of the plain; all their cunning ceases; all their industry is at an end; the whole is then only subsistence, and human art, instead of improving brutal sagacity, only bounds, contracts, and constrains it.

The wild animal is subject to few alterations, till he comes under the dominion of man. In their native solitudes they live still in the same manner; they are not seen to wander from climate to climate; the forest where they have been bred seems to bound and satisfy their desires; they seldom leave it, and when they do, it is only because it can no longer afford security. Nor is it their fellow brutes, but man they in such cases seem to avoid. From the former their apprehensions are less, because their means of escape are greater. In their fellow brutes they have an enemy to whom their powers are equal; they can oppose fraud to their force, and swiftness to their sagacity; but what can be done against such an enemy as man, who finds them out though unseen, and though remote destroys them!

We have observed, that among animals of the same kind there is little variety, except what is produced by the art of man; but we would have this observation extend only to animals of the same climate. As in the human species, many alterations arise from the heat or cold, and other peculiarities of the region they inhabit, so among brute animals the climate marks them with its influence, and in a few successions they entirely conform to the nature of their situation. In general it may be remarked, that the colder the country, the longer and warmer is the fur of each

animal, to defend it from the inclemency of the season. Thus the fox and the wolf, which in temperate climates have but short hair, have it much longer in the frozen regions, near the north pole. Those dogs which with us have long hair, when carried into the hot tropical climates, in a few years cast their thick covering, and assume one more fitted to the place. The elephant and rhinoceros, which live in the hottest countries, have no hair at all; while the beaver and the ermine, which are found in greatest plenty in the cold regions, are remarkable for the warmth and the fineness of their furs. There is one exception to this general rule, in the quadrupeds of Syria, which, though a hot country, are remarkable for the length and fineness of their hair; the Syrian cat, sheep, and other animals affording sufficient quantity to be manufactured into that stuff called camblet, so common over all Europe.

The quantity of food in any country, or its nutriment, adapted to each peculiar species, serves also to make a variety in the size of the respective animal. Thus the beasts which feed in the valley are much larger than those which glean a scanty subsistence on the mountains; such as live in those hot countries where the plants are much larger and more succulent than with us, are equally remarkable for their bulk. If Africa has been remarked to a proverb by antiquity, for its monstrous serpents, it is no less remarkable for its lions, its elephants, and leopards also. Their dispositions, too, seem to partake of the rigours of the climate; and being bred in the extreme of heat or cold, they show a peculiar ferocity, that neither the force of man can conquer, nor his adulations allay.

The same physical causes which have rendered the men of those wretched climates barbarous and unsocial, seem to extend their influence even to brutes. For ever where the men are most savage, the brutes are most fierce; the reasoning powers on one hand being less, while the active powers on the other being greater, the forces on both sides seem almost levelled to an equality, and in those regions brutes and men seem to struggle for divided dominion. All the attempts which have hitherto been made to tame the savage animals brought home from the pole or the equator, have proved ineffectual; while young the lion, and even the leopard, are harmless and gentle, but they acquire all their natural ferocity with age; catch at the hand that feeds them, and as they grow up become more dangerous and more cruel. A person who showed wild beasts about the country, some years ago, had confined a young mastiff and a wolf cub from Senegal in the same room. While young they played together, and seemed much delighted with each other's company; but as the wolf grew older, he began to acquire new fierceness, and they often had slight quarrels about their food, which was given them together. It always began upon the wolf's side, who, though there was much more than both he and the mastiff could possibly consume, yet still kept the mastiff away, and watched over the remainder. This ill-matched society therefore every day became more turbulent and bloody, till it ended in the death of the dog, whom the wolf caught at an unguarded moment, and tore in pieces.

Thus we find, that even among carnivorous animals, there are different dispositions, some generous and valiant, others cruel and cowardly: some animals are rapacious merely to satisfy their hunger, but the tiger, hyæna, and the panther, destroy whatever they meet, slay without distinction, and are cruel without necessity.

It has been observed, that the extensive deserts of Africa, lying between the tropics, produce the largest and fiercest animals, yet in the same latitudes in America the animals are in no wise so terrible. It may, indeed, be remarked in general, that all the quadrupeds of that new world are less than those of the old; even such as are carried from hence to breed there are often found to degenerate, but are never seen to improve. If with respect

to size we should compare the animals of the new and the old world, we shall find the one bear no manner of proportion to the other. The Asiatic elephant, for instance, often grows to above fifteen feet high, while the tapurette, which is the largest native of America, is not bigger than a calf of a year old. The lama, which some also call the American camel, is still less; nor is the bison, though really bulky, by any means large to appearance. Their beasts of prey also are quite divested of that courage which is so often fatal to man in Africa, or Asia. They have no lions, nor properly speaking either leopard or tiger. Travellers, however, have affixed those names to such ravenous animals as are there found most to resemble those of the ancient continent. However, the cougar, the jaquar, and the jaquarette among them, are despicable in comparison of the tiger, the leopard, and the panther of Asia. The tiger of Bengal has been known to measure twelve feet in length, without including the tail; while the cougar, or American tiger, as some affect to call it, seldom exceeds three. All the animals therefore in the southern parts of America are different from those in the southern parts of the ancient continent; nor does there appear to be any common to both, but those, which being able to bear the rigours of the north, have travelled from one continent to the other. Thus the bear, the wolf, the rein-deer, the stag, and the beaver, are known as well by the inhabitants of Canada as Russia; while the lion, the leopard, and the tiger, which are natives of the south with us, are utterly unknown in southern America.

But if the quadrupeds of America be smaller than those of the ancient continent, they are in much greater abundance; for it is a rule that obtains through nature, that the smallest animals multiply in the greatest proportion. The goat, imported from Europe to southern America, in a few generations becomes much less, but then it becomes more prolific, and instead of one kid at a time, or two at the most, generally produces five, six, and sometimes more. The wisdom of Providence in making formidable animals unprolific is obvious; had the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the lion the same degree of fecundity with the rabbit or rat, all the arts of man would soon be unequal to the contest, and we should soon perceive them become the tyrants of those who affect to call themselves the masters of the creation.[1] Final causes are obvious, but as the great Bacon says, "Investigatio causarum finalium sterilis est, et veluti virgo Deo dedicata, nil parit;" such in fact produce no discoveries; it is for the efficient cause we should inquire; and yet such is the darkness of the subject, that we must be contented, in the present instance, only with the former. Upon anatomical inspection, the matrix of smaller creatures is evidently fitted to produce many at a time, while that of larger quadrupeds is adapted for the gestation of one alone, or of two at the most. As large animals require proportional supplies from nature, Providence seems unwilling to give new life, where it has denied the necessary means of subsisting.

In consequence of this pre-established order, the larger creatures, which bring forth but few at a time, seldom produce their species till they have acquired, or almost acquired, their full growth. On the other hand, those which bring forth many, engender before they have arrived at half their natural size. The horse and the bull come almost to their acme before reproduction; the hog and the rabbit scarcely leave the teat before they become parents themselves. The large animals also go with young in proportion to their size. The mare continues eleven months with foal; the cow nine; the wolf five; and the bitch nine weeks. In all, however, the young are produced by the female without hæmorrhage, and mostly without pain, the intermediate litters being ever most fruitful.

[1] "The reasons of this fecundity are not so easily assigned as the Creator's motives for this difference."—GOLDSMITH.

Whatever be the natural disposition of animals at other times, they all acquire new courage and fierceness in defence of their young. Even the mildest, if wild, will then resist and threaten the invader; but such as have force, and subsist by rapine, are at such times terrible indeed. The lioness seems more hardy than even the lion himself; she attacks men and beasts indiscriminately, and when she has overcome carries them reeking to her young, whom she accustoms betimes to slaughter. We are told by some travellers, but with what truth I will not take upon me to determine, that the hunters who find her cubs, and carry them off, have no other method to escape her pursuit, but by dropping one at some distance from the den, which finding, she takes care to carry back, before she attempts to rescue the rest, and so the hunter escapes with a part.

The first aliment of all quadrupeds is milk, which is a liquor at once both nourishing and easily digested; this being in carnivorous animals in much less quantity than others, the female often carries home her prey alive, that its blood may supply the deficiencies of nature in herself.

But their care in the protection of their young is not greater than their sagacity in choosing such months for bringing forth, as afford the greatest quantity of provision, suitable to the age and appetite of each peculiar kind. In general they couple at such times as that the female shall bring forth in the mildest seasons, such as the latter end of spring, or the beginning of autumn. The wolf and the fox, for instance, couple in December, so that the time of gestation continuing five months, they may have their young in April. The mare, which goes eleven months, admits the horse in summer, and foals in the beginning of May. On the contrary, all those which lay up provisions for the winter, as the beaver and marmotte, couple in the latter end of autumn, so as to have their young about January, for which severe season they have already laid in the proper supplies. This provisional care in every species of quadrupeds, of bringing forth at the fittest seasons, may well excite human admiration; in man the business of procreation is not marked by seasons, but brutes seem to decline indeterminate copulation, as if conducted less by appetite than the future subsistence of their offspring.

Their choice of situations too may be remarked; for in most of the rapacious kinds, the female takes the utmost precautions to hide the place of her retreat from the male, who, when pressed with hunger, would be apt to devour her cubs. She seldom therefore strays far from the den, and never returns while the male is in view, nor visits him again till her young are out of danger, or capable of resistance. Such animals as are of tender constitutions, take the utmost care to provide the warmest lodging for their young; those, on the contrary, that are hardy, and are found to subsist in northern climates, are not so cautious in this particular. The rapacious kinds bring forth in the thickest woods; the ruminant, with the various species of lesser creatures, choose some place in the neighbourhood of man; some choose the hollow of a tree, and all the amphibious kinds bring up their young by the water, and accustom them betimes to either element. There are, however, some animals which leave their brood to chance alone, and their own early instinct for their preservation; I mean the oviparous kinds, or those which bring forth eggs, such as the tortoise, the lizard, and the crocodile. These take no farther care of their young than by burying their eggs in the sand, and the heat of the sun alone brings them to perfection. As soon as hatched, without any other guide than instinct, they immediately make to the water, though not without having their numbers diminished in their passage by such birds as make them their peculiar food.

All the kinds of oviparous animals are covered with shells or scales; those of the viviparous, or such as bring forth their young alive, with hides and hair. The oviparous are much more fruitful; a tortoise or a crocodile laying not less than an hundred eggs at a time. These, as being more imperfectly

formed than animals of the viviparous kind, sooner arrive at a state of maturity; for in general it may be observed, that the more imperfect each animal is, the sooner it arrives at its greatest state of perfection. The lizard is capable of providing for itself as soon as hatched; the otter swims in quest of food at one day old; the dog takes longer time; the horse and the lion are more slow in their advances; while man, the most perfect work of nature, labours under the longest imbecility.

But while I divide animals into viviparous and oviparous, perhaps it may be observed, that a distinction is made where nature has made none, and that all creatures are produced in the same manner, equally proceeding from eggs. The generation of animals has excited curiosity in all ages, and the philosophers of every age have undertaken to explain the difficulty. Hippocrates has supposed fecundity to proceed from the mixture of the seminal liquor of both sexes, each of which equally contributes to the formation of the incipient animal. Aristotle, on the other hand, would have the seminal liquor in the male alone to contribute to this grand effect, while the female only supplied the proper nourishment for its support. Such were the opinions of these two great men, and they continued to be adopted by physicians or schoolmen for a long succession of ages, with blind veneration, till Steno and Hervey, guided by anatomical inspection, perceived in every viviparous animal two glandular bodies near the womb, resembling that cluster of small eggs which is found in fowls; and from the analogy between both, they gave these also the name of ovaria. However, as they seemed detached from the womb, it was objected at first that such could contribute no way to the formation of the fœtus; but upon more minute inspection, Fallopius, the great anatomist, perceived two tubular vessels depending from the womb, which, like the horns of a snail, had a power of erecting themselves, embracing the ovaria, and receiving the eggs in order to be fecundated by the seminal liquor. This discovery soon altered the opinion of philosophers; and as the followers of Aristotle ascribed the rudiments of the fœtus to the male, the followers of Hervey gave it entirely to the female. This last opinion, therefore, was established in the schools a long time without much controversy, till Leuwenhoeck discovered that the seminal liquor in the male had numberless living creatures, each of which might be considered as a miniature of the future animal. The business of generation was now, therefore, given back to the male a second time, though not without long controversy, and some abuse. Succeeding speculators, willing to compound the matter, were of opinion, that the seminal animal might enter the egg predisposed for its reception; and thus both sexes might conspire in the formation. The subject offered infinite scope for conjecture. M. Buffon loved to speculate, and he was unwilling to let slip so fair an opportunity of speculation. He therefore broached a new theory; he found by microscopical inspection, that the seminal liquor, both of males and females, equally abounded with the moving beings, first taken notice of by Leuwenhoeck. These he takes not to be real animals, but living substances, which have the property of making a part in all organised bodies, without being organised themselves. All animals, he continues to observe, as well as vegetables, are composed of these living unorganised substances, a part of which are taken up for the animal's own support and growth, and the superfluity thrown off in the seminal liquor of both sexes, for the reproduction of other animals of the same species.

This hypothesis, as well as all the rest, is embarrassed with unsurmountable objections, and only serves to show that too minute a pursuit of nature leads to uncertainty; in such cases, every last opinion serves to overturn the preceding, while itself only waits to be overturned by some succeeding speculation more pleasing, because more new. Happily for mankind, the most intricate inquiries are generally the most useless. Modest nature has concealed

her secret operations from rash presumption; it may suffice man to be certain, that she always acts with uniformity and success. Though we cannot discover how animals are generated, we know that every species is still transmitted down without mixture, and that the same characteristic marks which distinguished them in the times of Aristotle and Pliny, divide them to this day. Creatures of different kinds may be brought to produce between them, indeed, an animal partaking something of each, yet different from either, but here the confusion ends; for this new being, this monster of nature, is incapable of continuing the breed, and is marked with perpetual sterility. Nor does this arise from the figure, for there is more difference between the mastiff and lap-dog, with respect to external shape, than between the horse and the ass; yet the animal produced between the two former is prolific, while the mule, which is begotten by the latter, continues unalterably barren.

But though nature has provided that every species of animals should be thus kept distinct, yet we have many reasons to believe, as has been observed before, that she has not been so solicitous for the preservation of them all. We have already taken notice of the mammoth, which is computed to have been at least five times as big as the elephant, and if so, might consequently require the produce of an immense tract for its subsistence. How so huge a body, therefore, could be supported upon earth, or if the bones once belonged to an inhabitant of the deep, how they came buried at such an immense distance as they are found from the sea, are questions that ignorance may ask, but sagacity never resolve; the use, and not the cause of things, is all allowed us here. 'Tis sufficient for us that everything we see is good, and that all those good things have been granted for our enjoyment. A mind willing to employ itself in vain conjectures can never want subjects upon which to expatiate; thus for instance, whether brutes have souls? whether they reason? whether they have memory? or are only mere machines? these are topics that may employ the speculative, but that can never recompense the inquiry. They are questions concerning which we may form doubts, and ask questions, but can never have them resolved, till brutes themselves find language to inform us, and farther enlighten our philosophy.

Part II.—Of Birds in General.

After quadrupeds, Birds hold the foremost rank in nature. Though they are incapable of the same docility with terrestrial animals, and are less imitative of human perfections, yet they far surpass fishes and insects, both in the structure of their bodies, and their sagacity. As in mechanics the most curious machines are generally the most complicated, so it is in anatomy: the body of man presents the greatest variety upon dissection, quadrupeds, less perfectly formed, discover it in their simplicity of conformation; the mechanism of birds is still less complex; fishes have yet fewer organs than they; while insects, more imperfectly than all, seem to unite the boundaries between animal and vegetable nature. Of man, the most perfect animal, there are but two or three species; of quadrupeds, the kinds are very numerous; in birds they are still greater; and in insects most of all.

Quadrupeds have some distant resemblance, in their internal structure, with man; but that of birds is entirely dissimilar. This animal seems wholly formed to inhabit the empty regions of air, in order that no part of nature might be left untenanted. Their wings, which are their principal instruments of flight, are formed for this purpose with the greatest exactness, and placed at that part of their body, which best serves to poise the whole,

and support it, in a fluid that at first seems so much lighter than itself. The quills are at once stiff and hollow, which gives them the advantage of strength and lightness; the webs are broad on one side and more narrow on the other, both which contribute to the progressive motion of the bird, and the closeness of the wing. Thus each feather takes up a large surface but with inconsiderable gravity, so that when the wing is expanded, the animal becomes specifically lighter than air. The smaller feathers with which it is clothed, are disposed one over another in the exactest order, so as to lie closer in proportion to the rapidity of the flight. That part of them which is next the skin is furnished with a soft and warm down, and that next the air with a web on each side of the shaft, each single beard of which is itself a feather. All birds that fly much, have their wings placed in the most proper part to balance their bodies in the air; those which have as much occasion for swimming as flying have their wings placed more forward, and those that are obliged to seek their food by diving, have their legs set more backward, and their wings still more forward than either of the preceding.

But as this lightness of the feathers might frequently be impeded by a shower of rain, or any other accidental moisture, by which means the bird might become an easy prey to every invader, nature has provided an expedient whereby their feathers are as impenetrable to the water, as by their structure they are to the air. All birds in general have a receptacle replenished with oil, something in the shape of a teat, and situated at the extremity of their bodies. This teat has several orifices, and when the bird perceives its feathers to be dry, or expects the approach of rain, it squeezes this teat with the bill, and strains from thence a part of the contained oil; after which, having drawn its bill successively over the greatest part of its feathers, they thus acquire a new lustre, and become impenetrable to the heaviest rains, for the water rolls off in large drops. Such poultry, however, as live for the most part under cover, are not furnished with so large a stock of this fluid as those birds that reside in the open air. The feathers of a hen, for instance, are pervious to every shower; whereas, on the contrary, swans, geese, ducks, and all such as nature has directed to live upon the water, have their feathers dressed with oil from the very first day of their leaving the shell. Thus their stock of this fluid is equal to their necessity of its consumption. Their very flesh contracts a flavour from it, which renders it in some so very rancid as to be utterly unfit for food; however, though it injures the flesh, it improves the feathers for all the domestic purposes to which they are generally converted.

Every part of their mechanism, as was before observed, seems adapted for the improvement of their flight; their bones are extremely light and thin, and their muscles feeble, except the large pectoral muscle, by means of which they move their wings with such ease and rapidity. This very strong muscle fills up all that space on each side of the breast-bone, which, though small in quadrupeds, is in these large, broad, and externally of a very great surface; by means of this a bird can move its wings with a degree of strength, which, when compared to the animal's size, is almost incredible. No machines that human art can contrive are capable of giving such force to so light an apparatus; and for this reason alone the art of flying must remain one of those perfections which man may desire but can never attain; since, as he increases the force of his machine he must increase its weight also: the tail of birds serves to counterbalance the head and neck, guides their flight instead of a rudder, and greatly assists them either in their ascent, or when descending.

In these particulars birds differ from quadrupeds; yet of the former as well as the latter some live upon the flesh of animals, others upon vegetables, some wholly upon land, and others upon water. This diversity arises in some measure from the peculiar formation of each kind, and not

unfrequently from the climate and soil. In all birds of the eagle, or rapacious kind, which live upon flesh, the beak, talons, and stomach are peculiarly formed. The œsophagus, or gullet, in such is found replete with glandulous bodies, which serve to dilute and macerate the prey as it passes into the stomach, which is always very large in proportion to the size of the bird, and generally wrapped round with fat, in order to increase its warmth and powers of digestion. The beaks of these not only serve them as instruments of subsistence, but also weapons of defence, being crooked at the end, and sometimes serrated at the edges. The talons are large and extremely tenacious, the muscles which contract the claw being infinitely stronger than those which expand it. Thus furnished for war, all of this kind spread terror wherever they approach. That variety of music which but a moment before enlivened the grove, at their appearance instantly ceases. All is silent, every order of lesser birds seek for safety either in flight or obscurity, and some are even found to seek protection from man, in order to avoid their less merciful pursuers. It succeeds, however, happily, that each order of carnivorous birds seeks for such as are nearly of their own size. The sparrow-hawk pursues the thrush, and the falcon the bustard: nature has provided that each species shall make war only on such as are furnished with the adequate means of escape; the smaller birds avoid their pursuers by the extreme agility rather than the swiftness of their flight, and for their own peculiar enemy they are more than a match, the sparrow-hawk seldom seizing any except by surprise.

But all their arts of escape would be vain against the extreme rapidity of the falcon, or the eagle, and they find safety only from their minuteness, as these are found to fly only at greater game. Their usual manner of taking their game is by mounting into the air, and, observing where it lies, to dart downward upon it with amazing swiftness, and strike it dead with the blow. Nature, however, has provided the bird they pursue with sufficient instinct to endeavour still to be uppermost, so that both generally in this contest are found to mount above the view, and the bird which is endowed with the strongest wing and the most rapid flight comes off with conquest or safety.

Granivorous birds, or such as live upon fruits, corn, and other vegetables, have their intestines differently formed from those of the rapacious kind. Their gullet dilates just above the breast-bone, and forms itself into a pouch, or bag, called the crop. This is replete with salivary glands, which serve to moisten and soften the grain and other food which it contains. These glands are very numerous, with longitudinal openings, which send forth a whitish and viscous substance. After the dry food of the bird has been macerated in the crop for a convenient time, it then passes into the abdomen, where, instead of a soft moist stomach, as in the rapacious kinds, the food is ground between two pair of muscles, commonly called the gizard, covered on the inside with a stony ridgy coat, and almost cartilaginous. These, rubbing against each other, are capable of bruising and comminuting the hardest substances, their action being often compared to those of the grinding teeth in man and other animals. Thus the organs of digestion in quadrupeds are in a manner reversed in birds. Beasts first grind theirs with their teeth, and it passes into the stomach, where it is macerated and softened; on the contrary, birds of this sort first macerate it in the crop, and then it is ground and comminuted in the stomach. They are also careful to pick up sand and gravel, and other hard substances, not in order to grind the food, as is commonly imagined, in the stomach, but to prevent the too violent action of the opposite muscles against each other.

Another variety in birds proceeds from the shape of their bills and toes, which are always adapted to the element on which they chiefly reside. Swans, geese, ducks, coots, and such other fowls as delight in the water, have their bills, necks, feet, and feathers wonderfully adapted to that kind

of life they are to lead. The bill in some is of an extraordinary length, to enable them to search for their peculiar food, which is found only at the bottom of pools, marshes, and muddy places; thus in woodcocks and snipes, which by some are supposed to seek for worms in moorish grounds, but others, with more likelihood, affirm their food to be a fat unctuous substance which they suck out of the earth. The bills of curlews, and many other sea-fowls, are very long, in order to enable them to hunt for worms on the sea-shore, and to seek after small fish and their spawn. But the most common form of the bill in aquatic fowls is the broad spoon-bill, as in ducks, geese, and swans, the mechanism of which is at once adapted to contain and take up a great quantity of water, which is always swallowed with their food, and to skim the surfaces of standing weeds, in pools, which is generally the food they most delight in. Nor should it be forgotten, that, in all these, there are nerves which run to the ends of their bills, somewhat like those which in man terminate at the ends of his fingers, and which guide and improve his sense of feeling.

Their legs and feet also are not less adapted to their peculiar way of living. Some have the leg very long, to enable them to wade in the water, and they are always bare of feathers a good way above the knee, the toes being separated so as the better to enable them to sink in the mud; but such as seek their food by swimming, have short legs and flat feet with webs between each toe, which in swimming they extend as fishes do their fins, and thus impel the water one way, to advance themselves in the opposite direction. Their necks also are generally long, so as to reach the bottom, and shovel up gravel and other substances which they swallow with their food.

The variety of methods which nature has taken to furnish the globe with creatures perfectly formed to indulge all their peculiar appetites, deserves our wonder; but wondering is not the way to grow wise. We shall find the generality of birds, though so well fitted for changing place with rapidity and ease, for the most part contented with the places where they were bred, and by no means exerting their desire in proportion to their endowments. The rook, if undisturbed, would never leave its native wood, the blackbird still frequents its accustomed hedge, and if ever they change, it is only from motives of famine or of fear. There are some sorts, however, called birds of passage, which remove to warmer or colder climates, as the air or their peculiar nourishment invites them. Thus the starling in Sweden, at the approach of winter, finding subsistence no longer in that kingdom, descends every year into Germany; and the hen chaffinches of the same country are seen every year to fly through Holland, in large flocks, to pass their winter in a milder climate. Others, with a more daring flight, traverse the ocean, and undertake voyages that might intimidate even human perseverance. Thus quails in the spring leave the burning heat of Africa for the milder sun of Europe, and when they have passed the summer with us, steer their flight back, to enjoy in Egypt the temperate air which they can no longer find with us. They often fly in such numbers, that to mariners at sea they appear to cover the skies like a cloud, and sometimes, wearied by the length of their flight, drop down upon deck, an easy prey to the spectators.

From some accounts published in the Philosophical Transactions, it would seem that swallows do not migrate in the same manner, but continue torpid all the winter; but I think the testimonies in favour of their migration are more cogent than those against it. All those who have sailed to the tropical climates, are convinced, by every day's experience, that they are seen flying in large flocks, in order to enjoy near the equator a warmer air. But not to enter into a discussion of little importance, wild ducks and cranes, at the approach of winter, generally go in search of milder climates, and

assemble together for that purpose at a certain time of the year. Nor does this seem to be the deliberation of a day; they sometimes assemble and part different ways, in order to meet a second time; however, at length, as if the migration were unanimously resolved upon, they rise all at once and decamp in a body. It is not unpleasing to observe the order of their flight. They generally range themselves into one large column, or sometimes forming two columns, joining in an angle like the letter V, while the fowl which makes the point seems to cleave the air to facilitate the passage of those which are to follow. But it continues this laborious employment only for a certain time; after which, falling back into the rear, another takes the place. The prodigious length of their passage is surprising, and how they support themselves in the flight; but the regularity of their motions is not less admirable, and that spirit of society with which they seem obedient to laws for the general welfare. Both young and old are always found at the place of general rendezvous, nor are they ever at a loss to take the direct road to their destined stations.

Thus there are some birds which may properly be called the inhabitants of every part of the earth; but in general every climate has birds peculiar to itself alone. The feathered inhabitants of the temperate zone chiefly excel in the music of their notes; those of the torrid zone in the bright and vivid colours of their plumage; the frigid zone, on the other hand, where the seas abound with fish, are stocked with fowls of the aquatic kind, in much greater variety than are to be found in our parts of Europe.

In general, every bird resorts to those climates where its food is found in plenty, and always takes care to hatch its young at those places, and in those seasons, where provisions are in the greatest abundance. The large birds, and those of the aquatic kind, choose places as remote as possible from man, as their food is different from that which is cultivated by human industry; some birds, which have only the serpent to fear, build their nests in such a manner as to have them depending at the end of a small bough, and the entrance from below; but the little birds, which live upon fruits and corn, are found in the greatest plenty in the most populous countries, and are too often unwelcome intruders upon the fruits of human labours. In making their nests, therefore, the little birds use every art to conceal them from man, while the great birds use every precaution to render theirs inaccessible to wild beasts, or vermin. The unerring instinct which guides every species in contriving the most proper habitation for hatching their young, demands our observation. In hot tropical climates nests of the same kind are made with less art, and of less warm materials, than in the temperate zone, for the sun in some measure assists the business of incubation. In general, however, they build them with great art, and line them with such substances as keep or communicate warmth to their eggs. Nothing can exceed their patience while hatching; neither the calls of hunger, nor the near approach of danger, could drive them from the nest; and though they have been found fat upon beginning to sit, yet before the incubation is over the female is usually wasted to a skeleton. The male ravens and crows, while the hens are sitting, take care to provide them with food; while other birds, such as pigeons and sparrows, take their turns, the male relieving the female at proper intervals. Sometimes, however, the eggs acquire a degree of heat too great for the purposes of hatching; in such cases, the hen leaves them to cool a little, and then returns with her usual perseverance and pleasure. When the young brood comes forth, nothing can exceed the industry and the seeming pride of the parents; the most timid becomes courageous in their defence, and provides them with food proper for their age or kind. Birds of the rapacious kind become at this season more than ordinarily ravenous, and those of the granivorous sorts discontinue their singing, entirely taken up in procuring subsistence for their young.

Of all birds the ostrich is the greatest, and the American humming-bird the least. In these the gradations of nature are strongly marked, for the ostrich in some respects approaches the nature of that class of animals immediately placed above him, namely quadrupeds, being covered with hair, and incapable of flying; while the humming bird, on the other hand, approaches that of insects. These extremities of the species, however, are rather objects of human curiosity than use; it is the middle orders of birds, which man has taken care to propagate and maintain; these largely administer to his necessities and pleasure, and some birds are even capable of attachment to the person that feeds them. How far they may be instructed by long assiduity, is obvious from a late instance of a canary bird, which was shown in London, and which had been taught to pick up the letters of the alphabet at the word of command. Upon the whole, however, they are inferior to quadrupeds in their sagacity; they are possessed of fewer of those powers, which look like reason, and seem, in all their actions, rather impelled by instinct than guided by choice.

PART III.—OF FISHES.

THE productions of nature, as they become less perfect, grow more numerous. When we consider what numberless sorts have hitherto escaped human curiosity, what a variety of Fishes are already known, and the amazing fecundity of which they are possessed, we are almost induced to wonder how the ocean finds room for its inhabitants. A single fish is capable of producing eight or ten millions of its kind in a season; but nature has happily obviated this hurtful increase, by making the subsistence of one species depend on the destruction of another. The same enmities that subsist among land animals prevail with equal fury in the waters, and with this aggravation, that by land the rapacious kinds seldom devour each other, but in the ocean it seems an universal warfare of each against each. The large devour the small even of their own species, and these, in their turn, become the tyrants of such as they are able to destroy.

Fishes in general may be divided into those that breathe through lungs, and have red blood circulating through their veins; and those that respire through the gills, and whose circulating juices are limpid and colourless. The first sort, which comprehends all of the cetaceous or whale kind, are possessed of a greater degree of heat than the element they inhabit, are frequently obliged to come to the surface of the water to respire fresh air, and, though they are properly inhabitants of the ocean, yet are capable of being suffocated in it. They use coition, bring forth their young alive, nourish them with their milk, and resemble quadrupeds as to their internal conformation. The latter sort, on the contrary, are as cold as the element in which they live, they breathe only in the water, they produce by spawn which is impregnated by the male, and are for the most part covered with scales. Between these there is yet an intermediate kind, which is called the cartilaginous. These breathe through the gills like the latter, and bring forth their young alive like the former. Instead of bones, their muscles are supported only by cartilages, or gristles, and from this conformation they continue to grow larger as they grow older; for, different from every other animal, their bones never acquire such a certain degree of hardness as to hinder their future growth.

The number of the cetaceous and cartilaginous kind, however, is but small when compared to the other kind already described, in which are to be found a greater quantity of small bones, which serve to strengthen and support the muscles. The bones of a single carp, for instance, amount to four thousand three hundred and eighty-six. These are the kinds generally

to be found in fresh water; these have been most frequently subject to human inspection, and from them our descriptions are more usually taken.

The shape of most fish is much alike, sharp at either end, and swelling in the middle, by which they are thus able to traverse the fluid they inhabit with greater ease. That peculiar shape which nature has granted most fishes we endeavour to imitate in such vessels as are designed to sail with the greatest swiftness; however, the progress of a machine moved forward in the water by human contrivance is nothing to the rapidity of an animal destined to reside there. The shark overtakes a ship in full sail with ease, plays round it, and abandons it at pleasure. The tail of all fish is extremely flexible, and furnished with muscles that take up near a third part of the whole body. In this lies their greatest strength, and by bending it to the right or left they repel the water behind, and advance with the desired swiftness. The motion of this is in some measure assisted by the fins, but their chief use is to poise the body, and at will to stop its motion. This is proved by experience; for when the fins are cut off, the fish reels to and fro, no longer able to keep its natural posture. These therefore only keep the fish steady; when it would turn to the right it moves the fins on the left side, when to the left it plays those on the right; the tail, however, is the grand instrument of progressive motion.

As all animals that live upon earth, or in the air, are furnished with a proper covering to keep off external injury, so all that live in the water are covered with a slimy glutinous matter, that, like a sheath, defends their bodies from the immediate contact of the surrounding fluid. Beneath this is generally found a coat consisting of strong scales, and under that, before we come to the muscular parts of the body, an oily substance, which supplies the requisite warmth and vigour.

When we examine a fish's scale through a microscope, it is found to consist of a number of concentrical circles, one within the other, in some measure resembling those which appear upon the transverse section of a tree, and, in fact, offering the same information. For, as in trees we can tell their age by the number of their circles, so in fishes we can tell theirs by the number of circles in every scale, reckoning one ring for every year of the animal's existence. M. Buffon, by this method, found a carp, whose scales he examined, to be not less than a hundred years old; a thing almost incredible, had we not several accounts in other authors, which tend to confirm its veracity.

That fish are extremely long-lived, appears from the nature of the element in which they breathe; in this they are not subject to those sudden changes which terrestrial animals hourly experience; theirs is an uniform existence, their movements without effort, and their life without labour; so that all their dangers and inconveniences arise not from the infirmities of nature, but each other's rapacity.

But though they are formed entirely for living in the water, yet still they are unable to subsist without air. If a pond, in which they are usually kept, be covered over with ice, a part of it must be broken to let in fresh air, otherwise the fish would die. All water containing a certain quantity of air, fish have an admirable contrivance in their gills, of separating that from their native element. The air thus inspired, probably assists in circulating their fluids, as with other animals; but there is one advantage which it manifestly grants them, namely, that of sinking or rising in the water, as pleasure or necessity incites; when they are inclined to rise, they dilate an air-bladder, with which nature has furnished them, and thus increasing their bulk, without adding to their weight, they become lighter than the surrounding fluid. On the contrary, when this air-bladder is contracted, their body contracts in proportion, and they sink. That this is the true use of the air-bladder, and that it is not, as some have supposed, only a

reservoir of air, for the fish to breathe from while it continues under water, has been shown by experiments: thus we see the fish breathe our atmosphere; but, what will appear still more extraordinary, they have been kept alive and fattened, after having been taken out of the water. Carp, when hung up in a cool cellar, in a small net, and covered with wet moss, their heads however being at liberty, may be fed and fattened with white bread steeped in milk; an experiment easily tried, and which has often been practised with success in Holland, as well as at home.

The eyes of fish are generally flat, which seems most suitable to the element in which they live. Their vision, however, is probably very indistinct, at least it appears so from the experiments I have been able to make upon their eyes, by fixing them in the apparatus of a camera obscura. They seem, likewise, to have but an obscure perception of sounds, and probably they receive this sensation, by the tremors of the element in which they live, operating rather upon their whole system, than by any mechanism adapted for that purpose. Their senses, therefore, seem no way exquisite, and their pleasures are almost entirely confined to the satisfaction they find in appeasing their hunger. It is this appetite alone which impels them to encounter every danger; their rapacity seems insatiable; even when taken out of the water, and expiring, they greedily swallow the very bait by which they were allured to their destruction.

As they are thus extremely voracious, nature seems to have supplied them with proper means for satisfying their appetite to the utmost extent of indulgence. They are all furnished with teeth, or some other contrivance which answers the same purpose. The maw is in general placed next the mouth, and though possessed of no sensible heat, yet is endued with a surprising faculty of digestion. Those of the voracious kind swallow not only others like themselves, but even prawns, crabs, and lobsters, shells and all, without experiencing any manner of inconvenience. This amazing faculty in their cold maw, serves evidently to prove, that heat is not the cause of digestion in the stomach of man, or other animals; the cause of that is perhaps inextricable, the operations of nature are past finding out, and doubts, instead of knowledge, rise upon every enquiry.

As fishes are thus formed for seizing and devouring each other, and as they are pressed by unceasing hunger, we may easily imagine that they lead a life of continued hostility, of violence, and evasion. It is natural to suppose that the smaller fry stand no chance in this unequal combat; their usual method of escaping, therefore, is by swimming into those shallows where the great ones are afraid or unable to pursue. Here they become invaders in turn, and live upon the spawn of larger fishes, which they find floating upon the surface of the water. The muscle, the oyster, and the scallop, lie in ambush at the bottom, with their shells open, and whatever animal inadvertently approaches into contact, they at once close their shells, and it becomes an easy prey. The flat fish, in general, watch on the mud, till the females of other kinds deposit their spawn in holes at the bottom, and upon their retiring, come forth to feast upon the spoil.

Nor is their pursuit, like that of terrestrial animals, confined to a single region, or to one effort; shoals of one species follow those of another, through vast tracts of the ocean, from the vicinity of the pole even down to the equator. Thus the cod, from the banks of Newfoundland, pursues the whiting, which flies before it even to the southern shores of Spain. Such a pursuit as this may probably be the cause of the annual return of herrings and pilchards to our own coasts, where they come in an abundance that to some may appear incredible; nothing being more common on the coasts of Cornwall, than to take five or six thousand hogsheads of pilchards at one single inclosure. This return of fish to the British coasts, is, however, of no very long continuance, for about a hundred and fifty years ago, the herring shoals were

found along the northern coasts of Germany; but those they have since forsaken, and in those places where the Germans once caught them in immense quantities, there are at present, without any visible reason, none to be found.

Thus we find another analogy between these and terrestrial animals. As in birds, so some sorts of these may be called fish of passage, and others indigenous. The herring first has its station towards the north of Scotland, from whence they take their way regularly every year, and at length arrive in the British Channel. Their voyage is performed with the utmost regularity. The time of their departure is fixed from the month of June to August, and they assemble always together, before they set out. There are never any stragglers from the general body, for when they have passed any place, there are none left remaining. It would be vain to assign the cause of these migrations. Whether it proceeds from the fear of pursuers, or from a desire of propagating their kind in greater security; whether they find pleasure in the change, or whether this long voyage is undertaken in quest of food, is a subject that might supply much conjecture, and little satisfaction. Certain it is, their numbers are astonishing; they satisfy, in their passage, the rapacity of all the voracious kinds, and when they arrive at their appointed stations, they there fall to the share of man, and make the food of the poor, for a certain season, throughout all Europe.

But this consumption, how great soever, only serves to counterbalance their surprising fecundity, which would, otherwise, overstock the element assigned them for their support. The number of eggs contained in the roe of a single cod, and computed by Leuwenhoeck, amounted to nine millions three hundred and forty-four thousand; which, if permitted in every individual to come to maturity, would rather obstruct than replenish nature. But two wise purposes are answered by this amazing increase; it preserves the species whatever may happen, and serves to furnish the surviving fish with a sustenance adapted to their conformation.

They seem all, except the cetaceous kind, entirely divested of those parental pleasures and solicitudes which so strongly mark the characters and conduct of the more perfect terrestrial animals. They do not use coition; for though the male sometimes seems to join bellies with the female, yet as he is unfurnished with the instruments of generation, his only end by such an action is to emit his impregnating fluid upon the eggs, which at that time fall from her. His attachment seems rather to the eggs, than the female; he pursues them often, as they float down along the stream, and carefully impregnates them one after the other. Sometimes the females dig holes in the bottoms of rivers and ponds, and there deposit their spawn, which are impregnated by the male as before.

All fish have a peculiar season to deposit their spawn. They in general choose the hottest months in summer, and prefer such waters as are somewhat tepified by the rays of the sun. They then leave the deepest parts of the ocean, which are always most cold, approach the coasts, or swim up the rivers of fresh water, which are warm by being shallow. When they have deposited their burthens, they then return to their old stations, and leave their spawn, when come to maturity, to shift for themselves. These at first escape by their minuteness and agility. They rise and sink much sooner than grown fish, and can swim in much shallower water. But with all these advantages, scarce one in a thousand survives the various dangers that surround it; the very male and female, that have given it life, are equally dangerous and formidable with the rest, for every fish is the declared enemy of all it is able to devour.

Some kinds of fishes are found to contain the parts of both sexes in one individual; thus there have been discovered hermaphrodite carps, breams, and roaches; but there is a kind of fish not yet taken notice of, which,

whether male or female, has the parts of generation double. These are the crustaceous kinds, such as lobsters and crabs, which differ from testaceous, or shell-fish, in this, that the crust, or coat, with which they are covered, may be bent inwards, or otherwise bruised, without breaking. Thus do these animals seem different from all other; for as we have our muscles supported by bones on the inside, these, on the contrary, have theirs without. As they are not designed for swimming, however, they have no air bladders, as other fish, but creep along the bottom, and devour whatever they seize, not excepting each other. They regularly once a-year, and about the beginning of May, cast their old shell, and nature supplies them with a new one. Some days before this necessary change, the animal ceases to take its usual food. Just before casting its shell it rubs its legs against each other, and uses other violent motions of the body. It then swells itself in an unusual manner, and by this the shell begins to divide at its junctures, between the body and the tail. After this, by the same operation, it disengages itself of every part, one after the other, each part of the joints bursting longitudinally, till the animal is quite at liberty. This operation, however, is so violent and painful, that many of them die under it; those which survive are feeble, and their naked muscles soft to the touch, being covered with a thin membrane, but in less than two days this membrane hardens in a surprising manner, and a new shell, as impenetrable as the former, supplies the place of that laid aside.

Such is the life of these animals in their own element; but with respect to the use they are of to man, their flesh serves him for aliment, their fat for oil, their skins for different purposes; of their sounds we make isinglass, and the stony concretions which were found in their bodies, were once thought to conduce to his health in medicine. Of fresh-water fish, those that have been fed in swift and rapid rivers are reckoned most wholesome; those which feed in ponds, or muddy stagnated lakes, are generally worst, as their flesh contracts a flavour from the place where they are bred. Luxury, however, has gone vast lengths in improving the flavour and fat of fish by castration; but it would ill become one who lays claim to humanity, to instruct gluttony in this vile art of torturing animals: the philosopher should ever stop when his labours begin to open new avenues to sensuality.

Those who have attempted accuracy in classing the productions of nature, have only embarrassed their works by their endeavours to arrange them methodically. To what order of beings the serpent, for instance, may be referred, whether to the fishes, the lizard, or the insects, is not yet settled among naturalists. The subject of their arrangement, however, is of no great importance, it being sufficient for the purposes of utility and information, if they are accurately described. Like fishes, they may be divided into viviparous and oviparous; of the former are all of the viper kinds, of the latter those of the common snake. The former, in our own country, contain a poison lodged under each fang of the upper jaw; the latter are no ways venomous. With us they grow to no great length; but in the warm latitudes of America they are sometimes seen from twelve to twenty-four feet long.

It would be vain to attempt assigning the uses of most of these noxious and formidable reptiles. Though the flesh of the viper has been converted to salutary purposes in medicine, yet in the countries where they abound, man is found to suffer more from their noxious qualities, than he is benefited by their medicinal virtues. Providence, however, in some measure, seems to secure him from the dangers of those which are most fatal: the rattle-snake, for instance, whose bite is mortal, warns him of its vicinity, by sounding its rattles: the most formidable avoid his approach, and seldom attack him without former provocation. In some countries the serpent kind are even rendered useful, and, like cats, employed for the purposes of

destroying domestic vermin. Whether Providence intended that all things should be for man's use, is a question we cannot resolve, as we are ignorant of the designs of Providence. It is sufficient for us to know, that by granting us such superior powers to all other animals, it has, in fact, rendered such of them as we think proper to employ, entirely subservient to all the purposes of our pleasures or necessities.

Part IV.—Of Insects.

Those animals, which by their size chiefly attract our attention, are but the smallest part of animated nature: the whole earth swarms with living beings; every plant, every grain and leaf, supports the life of thousands. Vegetables seem, at first sight, to be the parts of organised nature which are produced in the greatest abundance; but upon minuter inspection, we shall find each supporting numberless minute creatures who fill up the various gradations of youth, vigour, and old age, in the space of a few days' existence.

Vegetables are generally produced but once in a season; but among insects, especially of the smaller kinds, a single summer suffices for several generations. These, therefore, would multiply in a greater abundance than the plants on which they subsist, but that they are destroyed by other animals, and often by each other; the spider feeds on the fly; the birds upon the spiders; and they, in turn, make the food of man and every beast of prey.

Some insects as to their conformation are composed of several rings, joined together by a membrane, which is the usual form of the body in grubs, worms, and caterpillars. Unlike birds, who traverse the air with such rapidity, these humble animals, seemingly less favourites of nature, move forward but slowly. The whole body consists of a chain of annular muscles, whose orbicular fibres being contracted, render one of the rings that was before ample and dilated narrow and long. The fibres of these rings are found to be spiral, as are their motions in a great measure, so that by this means they can the better bore their passage into the earth. Their crawling motion may be explained by a wire wound round a walking-cane, which when slipped off, and attempted to be lengthened, has an elastic contraction of one ring to the other. In like manner the earthworm, having shot out or extended its body, lays hold upon some substance with its small feet, and so brings onward the hinder part of its body.

Caterpillars have feet both before and behind, which not only enable them to move forward by a sort of steps made by their fore and hinder parts, but also to climb up vegetables, and to stretch themselves out from the boughs and stalks to reach food at a distance. Behind, their broad palms are beset almost round with sharp small nails, to hold and grasp whatever they are upon; likewise before, their feet are sharp and crooked, by which they can lay hold of leaves, while their hinder parts are brought up thereto. Reptiles that have many feet may be observed to move them regularly one after another, and from one end of the body to another, in such a manner that their legs in walking make a sort of undulation; and by this means they move much swifter than one would imagine. The motion of snails is performed in a different manner; they have a broad skin along each side of the belly, which has an undulating motion, which, with the help of the slime that covers their bodies, they can move slowly forward, and adhere to every surface at pleasure.

The second sort of insects are flies of various kinds, whose bodies are covered by small plates not unlike our ancient armour, the pieces of which are lengthened by unfolding, and shortened by running over each other.

These lead a more luxurious life, transfer themselves from place to place with rapidity, and spend their little existence in feasting and propagating their kind.

The third sort are ants, spiders, and others, whose bodies are divided into two or three portions, joined by a sort of ligament. Of all the race of reptiles these seem to be endowed with the greatest share of sagacity. The wisdom of the ant, and its well-formed commonwealth, is too well known to be insisted on; but the spider, though it leads a solitary and rapacious life, seems endowed with even superior instincts. Its various artifices to ensnare its prey, and, when no longer able to supply a new web itself, the stratagems it lays to get possession of that belonging to another, are evidences of its cunning.

The minuteness of insects may render them contemptible in the eyes of the unthinking; but when we consider the art and mechanism in so minute a structure, the fluids circulating in vessels so small as to escape the sight, the beauty of their wings and covering, and the manner in which each is adapted for procuring its peculiar pleasures, we shall find how little difference there is between the great and the little things of this life, since the Maker of all has bestowed the same contrivance in the formation of the elephant and the ant.

The structure of the eye in insects is remarkably different from that of other creatures in several respects. It is defended by its own hardness against external injuries, and its cornea, or outer coat, is all over divided into lenticular facets, and through the microscope appears as a beautiful piece of lattice work. Each hole in this is of such a nature, that when looked through every object seems inverted. This mechanism alone supplies the place of the crystalline humour, which is not to be found in insects. Spiders have generally eight eyes, and flies may be said to have as many as there are perforations in the cornea. Other creatures are obliged to turn their eyes different ways to behold objects, but flies have them so contrived as to take in every object near them at once. In order to keep their eyes clean, they are provided with two antennæ, or feelers. Some, however, are of opinion, that they clean their eyes with their fore-legs as well as the feelers; nor is this conjecture ill-founded, when we consider, that in some sorts, particularly the flesh-fly, the feelers are too short for this purpose, and therefore their legs alone can supply the defect.

The mechanism in the feet of flies, and other insects, deserves also our notice. The amphibious insects, which are obliged to live by land as well as water, have their hindmost legs made with commodious flat joints, having gristles on each side serving for oars to swim with, and placed at the extremity of the limb; but nearer the body there are two stiff supporters to enable them to walk when they have occasion. In those insects whose motions are performed by leaping, such as the grasshopper and cricket, their thighs are strong and brawny; those, on the contrary, which use their claws in perforating the earth, have such parts made with strength and sharpness, as in the wild bee, and the beetle. There are even some animals that convey themselves by methods to us unknown. Insects, which are generated in stagnant waters, are often found in new pits and ponds, and sometimes on the tops of houses and steeples. Spiders with their webs have been known to soar to a considerable height, having been seen above the highest steeple of York Minster. How these animals have been thus capable of conveying themselves from place to place is a phenomenon for which we are unable to account. Some years ago, it was the method to give reasons for every appearance in nature, but as philosophy grows more mature it becomes more cautious and diffident, nor blushes in many instances to avow its ignorance.

Those insects which are provided with wings have tendons, which distend

and strengthen them; those which are provided with four, use the outermost rather as cases to defend the internal wings than as instruments in flying. When the insect is at rest, the inner wings are generally gathered up in the manner we close a fan, nor is it without some efforts that the little animal can unfold it. Those, however, whose wings are not cased in this manner, such as moths and butterflies, have them defended with feathers; for that beautiful variety of colours which we so much admire appears, though a microscope, to be nothing more than different coloured plumage, as artfully placed as in the wings of birds, but too minute to be discerned by the naked eye. Such insects as have but two wings have two little balls, or poisers, joined to the body under the hinder part of each wing, that serve to keep them steady, and in some measure counteract the changes of the air, which might at every variation carry them in its current. If one of these poisers be cut off the insect will soon fall to the ground; but if they are both cut, it will still fly, but yet in the direction of every breeze.

They are thus formed for motion, rather to provide sustenance than to avoid danger. As from their natural weakness they are the prey of every superior order of animals, they seem to find safety only in their minuteness or retirement; but even with every precaution they furnish out a repast to swallows and other birds, who, while to us they seem sporting in the air, are then employed in procuring their necessary subsistence. The insect itself, however, is at the same time in pursuit of some inferior order of insects; for there are the same hostilities among the smallest that there are amongst the largest animals.

Summer is the season of their pleasures; many of them never live above a single season, while others are found to continue but one day. Such, however, as are more long-lived, take the proper precautions to provide for their safety in winter, and fix upon the most convenient situations for spending that interval, and such as want food lay in the proper stores for subsistence. But the greatest number want no such necessary stock, for they sleep during the continuance of the winter. Some caterpillars, for instance, having fed during the summer, retire, at the approach of cold, to a place of safety, and there, by spinning a thread like a cobweb, hang themselves in some commodious place, covered with a factitious coat, which at once serves to keep them warm, and guard them from external injuries. Here they continue in this torpid state till the returning sun calls them to new life; they now expand new wings, and become butterflies, which seem scarce employed in any other manner than that of reproducing their kinds. Thus we see among insects those different offices of eating, sleeping, and generation, make different seasons in their lives. Were we to compare them with other animals we should find, that while those pursue such pleasures by frequent returns, these experience each but once in their lives, and die.

There are some insects, however, which lay up provisions for the winter, of which the bee and the foreign ant are remarkable instances. The wasp, the hornet, and the wild bee are not less assiduous in laying in a proper stock of food, and fitting up commodious apartments; but this is wholly for the sake of their young, for they forsake their nests in winter, leave their young furnished with every convenience, and retire themselves to other places, where, in all probability, they live without eating.

In general, all insects are equally careful for posterity, and find out proper places wherein to lay their eggs, that, when they are hatched and produce young ones, there may be sufficient food to maintain them; whether they choose trees, plants, or animal substances, still the pascent creature finds a bed which at once supplies food and protection. The plum and the pea each seem to give birth to insects peculiarly formed for residing in them. The pear and apple produce a white moth; on the oak leaf are hatched

several of beautiful colours, white, green, yellow, brown, and variegated. The manner in which those insects lay their eggs is sufficiently curious; they wound the leaf half through, and then deposit their eggs in the little cavity. As the insect increases, its nidus, or bed, increases also, so that we often see the leaves of trees with round swellings on the surface, upon opening of which we may discover numberless insects not yet come to maturity. On oak trees these nests appear like little buds, and are in fact only gems or buds, which are increased in thickness when they ought to have been pushed out in length. The insect thrusts one or more eggs into the very heart of the gem, which begins to be turgid in June, and but for this would have shot out in July. This egg soon becomes a maggot, that eats itself a small cell in the midst of the bud, the vegetation of which being thus obstructed, the sap designed to nourish it is diverted to the remaining parts of the bud, which are only scaly integuments that by this means grow large, and become a covering to the case in which the insect lies. But not only the oak, but the willow, and some other trees and plants, have knobs thus formed, which generally grow in or near the rib of the leaf. Among these cases formed by insects, the Aleppo galls may be reckoned as the most useful, the insects of which, when come to maturity, gnaw their way out, as may be seen by the little holes in every nut. But all these are formed by the ichneumon kinds of flies, namely, of those kinds which are vulgarly call the blue-bottle fly.

Those kinds, however, which do not wound the leaf, take great pains to lay their eggs on the surface, in the exactest and most curious manner. When thus deposited, they are always fastened thereto with a glue, and constantly at the same end. Those which lay them in the waters, place them in beautiful rows, and generally in a sizy substance, to prevent their being carried away with the motion of the water. Upon posts, and on the sides of windows in country villages, little round eggs have been seen resembling pearls, which produced small hairy caterpillars, and those like the rest are all laid in very regular order. The gnat, though so very small, is yet very curious in the manner of depositing her eggs, or spawn. It lays them on the water, but fixes them to some floating substance by means of a stalk, which prevents them from sinking. The eggs are contained in a sort of transparent jelly, and very neatly laid; when hatched by the warmth of the season, they sink to the bottom, where they become small maggots, stick to the stones, and provide themselves cases, or cells, which they creep into or go out of at pleasure, and thus continue till they take the usual change into that of a fly. Most of these insects are tinged with one principal colour, resembling either that of the leaves on which they subsist, or the branches to which they fasten; on these they march with great slowness, and by this artifice are confounded with what they subsist upon, so as to escape the birds, their rapacious and watchful enemies. Such is the manner with those insects which being hatched from eggs, are then transformed into caterpillars, which may be called their eating state; after that, wrapped round with a covering of their own fabrication, and thus turning into nymphæ, which may be called their sleeping state; and lastly, furnished with wings, and metamorphosed into butterflies, which is their generating state.

But there are numberless other insects which are brought forth alive, such as the spider, and the snail produced with a shell, which grows with its growth, and is never found to forsake it. These are never seen to change, but continue their growth: the spider, as it becomes older, has its legs longer, and if they be cut off, like those of the lobster they grow out afresh. The snail, as it becomes more old, acquires additional ringlets to its shell, and contains in itself both sexes. But there is an animal lately discovered, whose powers of generation are still more extraordinary than anything

hitherto taken notice of, and from the phenomena attending which, M. Buffon has ventured to affirm, that he still believes there may be such a thing as equivocal generation. The animal in question is called the polypus, a small reptile found on aquatic plants, and in muddy ditches. This surprising creature, though cut into ever so many parts, still continues to live in every division, and each, in less than three days, becomes in every respect a perfect polypus, like that which was at first divided. This I think may be justly esteemed the lowest of animated beings, and scarce to be ranked above the sensitive plant, except by being endowed with a locomotive faculty, or a power of moving from one leaf to another. It is thus that nature chooses to mix the kinds of being by imperceptible gradation, so that it becomes hard to determine where animals end, or vegetables begin. In this there are evident marks of her wisdom in filling up every chasm in the great scale of being, so that no possible existence may be wanting in her universal plan. Were we to ask, why these minute creatures, in general little regarded by man, except from the prejudice they are of to his labours, were formed in such great abundance, it would be no easy task to find a reply. For man's use they were not made, as they are allowed to be noxious to him; nor for the sustenance of other animals that may be of use to him, since the advantages of the latter cannot compensate for damage done by the former; perhaps the wisest answer would be, that every creature was formed for itself, and each allowed to seize as great a quantity of happiness from the universal stock, as was consistent with the universal plan; thus each was formed to make the happiness of each; the weak of the strong, and the strong of the weak, but still in proportion to every order, power of conquest, and enjoyment. Thus we shall find, that though man may be reciprocally useful to other animals, yet in some measure they were formed for his use, because he has been endowed with every power of rendering them subservient, and enjoying their submission.

PART V.—OF BOTANY IN GENERAL.

IF we consider the different methods in which the knowledge of Botany has been treated of late, we shall find that none of the sciences so much require abridgment. The science of Vegetables may properly enough be divided into three parts; namely, that of their arrangement in the Botanical nomenclature, their culture, and their properties. The last is the only one of real importance; the two former being subservient to it, and of no other benefit but as tending to make the latter more serviceable or more readily comprehended.

When the knowledge of Vegetables is once reduced into a science, it is requisite that their names and distribution should be the first thing delivered; but those who first attempted to learn the science from nature herself, knew the plant and its properties before they assigned it a name. We have been nourished with the fruits, we have been clad with the leaves or barks, and have built huts of the wood of trees, before we became solicitous as to their appellations; chance rather than sagacity first taught us the use of plants, and their names followed their known utility. Hence it is obvious, that those immense labours which some late botanists have undergone to give us a list of the names of plants, can tend but little towards the discovery of their properties.

One would be led to suppose from the repeated endeavours to systematise this science, that the naming of plants was all they thought students had to learn. There have been more attempts made, and time consumed in making catalogues of this nature, than if properly directed, would have discovered several new properties in the vegetable world, as yet unknown. There

have been numberless efforts made to impress distinct ideas of each plant, without giving the whole description; but every botanical system has hitherto failed in this particular, and nothing but a perfect description of each can give an adequate idea. For this reason, leaving such systems to the speculative, I have in the following work pursued the common method, and given a perfect account of every vegetable; its roots, leaves, stalks, height, flower, and seeds. Such complete descriptions are absolutely necessary to distinguish one object from another throughout every department of Natural History, but particularly in this, where the objects are so numerous. The deviations of nature are not to be reduced into systems: there are in plants no parts which are manifested in all the species; the flowers and the seeds which seem the most essential, and of consequence the most invariable, are not to be found similar in many of the same sorts, although our most boasted systems are wholly founded upon the similitude in the parts of fructification.

I hope therefore students will excuse me for not having adopted either the systems of Tournefort or Linnæus, in contradiction to nature and experience; my design being not to amuse the speculative, but to direct the industrious. Their attempts to reduce the names of plants into a system, have rendered the study more difficult and more subject to error, than it would nave been if the student had only used his sight for the distinguishing of plants, and his memory for registering them. The number also of vegetables which they have undertaken to register, is equally prejudicial to this useful study; not less than twenty thousand species have been classed, a multitude, the mere remembering of which would employ all that time which might be usefully spent in the investigation of their particular uses. Instead therefore of expatiating upon so large, yet barren, a field, I have only taken care to describe all such exotics as are useful to us, either in medicine or manufactures, and all indigenous plants that have been at any time in use, which though now obsolete may deserve one day an attention of which at present they are thought undeserving.[1]

Leaving therefore systematical arrangement, let us treat this subject in the manner of the ancients, as Pliny and Aristotle (if the work upon this subject ascribed to him be genuine) have handled it. Such as have been found already useful to mankind, we shall take particular care minutely to describe, and leave to posterity and chance to find out the uses of those now unnoticed.

In every vegetable production we may consider either the seed, the root, the leaf, the bark, the stalk, the pith, and the flower; all of which are necessary in carrying on the business of vegetation, and transmitting the species from season to season without interruption. But though the principles of vegetation reside in every part of the plant, yet we generally find greater proportions of oil in the more elaborate and exalted parts of vegetables, namely, the seed. This containing the rudiments of the future vegetable, it was necessary that it should be well stored with principles that would preserve the seed from putrefaction, and tend to promote vegetation. When the seed is sown, in a few days it imbibes so much moisture as to swell, so that it produces the radicle or incipient root, with some force, which, when shot into the ground, imbibes nourishment from thence, and what it receives becomes, in a short time, the chief supply of future growth. When the root is thus far grown, it supplies the plume with nourishment, till this, by expanding and growing thinner, turns to green leaves, which are of such importance to the incipient plant, that it perishes, and will not

[1] Such as would desire to be more fully convinced of the fertility of the botanical system, may consult a memoir written by M. Daubenton, the present keeper of the royal cabinet at Paris.—*Au Mot. Botanique Encyclop.* fol. vol. ii. p. 340.—GOLDSMITH.

thrive if they are pulled off. But when the plume is so far come to maturity, as to have branches and expanded leaves to draw up nourishment, these seminal leaves being no longer useful, perish; their perspiration being impeded by the newly produced leaves that overshadow them, and their sap being drawn away by the larger channels of the upper foliage.

As the plant advances in stature, the first, second, third, and fourth order of lateral branches shoot out, each lower order being larger than those immediately above them, not only on account of their having a longer time to grow, but because being inserted in large parts of the trunk, and nearer the root which is the grand supply, they are provided with greater plenty of sap, from whence we generally see trees tapering beautifully to the top.

Upon the discovery of the circulation of the blood in animals, botanists seemed willing to think, from the analogy there was between all the works of nature, that the same circulation must also have prevailed in vegetables; and some have actually undertaken to prove, that the sap first rises to the tops of trees by the pith, and then again descends to the root by the bark, with the swiftest motion. This was long a received opinion, till the learned Dr. Hales undertook by experiment to undeceive the public, and has led many to be of his opinion: When, says he, the sap has first passed through that thick and fine strainer, the bark of the root (which may be regarded as the stomach of vegetables in general, where the greatest part of the nourishment is prepared and taken in) there it is found in great quantities in the most lax part between the bark and the wood; early in the spring it begins to rise. But as this sap is imbibed from the earth in great quantities, its celerity, continues he, would be incredible if that quantity first ascended to the top of the tree, and then descended again before it were carried off by perspiration. The defect of circulation, however, in vegetables, he accounts for by the superior quantity of liquor carried off by perspiration than what is perspired by animals, having shown that a sun-flower, bulk for bulk, imbibes and perspires seventeen times more fresh liquor than a man, every twenty-four hours. So that though the sap ascends with great velocity in vegetables, from this great quantity of subtile fluid carried off by the leaves, yet there seems no reason for its descent in any such proportion, nor would it have sufficient time to supply the plant with nutrition, if it went round so briskly. Such was the opinion of this great naturalist. Mr. Duhamel, however, who has written since his time, has undertaken to prove the descent of the sap in vegetables, as well as its ascent, by making a circular incision on the barks of trees, and finding the swelling of the bark above the incision was greater than that below it, which equally answered if the plant and its pot were inverted, the roots being in air, the branches downward. However, this may be certain, that there is a constant flow of juices through every plant, the roots furnishing it in great quantities, while the leaves spreading an extended surface to the sun, have their moisture attracted in very large quantities, and when the influence of his beams no longer continue, they at night act as sponges, and imbibe the humidity of the air. Thus we see that the leaves are absolutely necessary in the work of vegetation; they, like young animals, are furnished with instruments to suck it from thence; and beside this, they separate and carry off the redundant watery fluid, which, by being long detained, would turn rancid, and become noxious to the plant.

But as the leaves are found to exhale moisture, so they are known to imbibe nourishment from the air. The acid and sulphureous spirit with which the air is fraught, is thence extracted by the leaves of plants, so that it is probable the most exalted and aromatic principles of vegetables are derived from this source, rather than from the grosser watery fluid of the sap. Leaves are found to perform in some measure the same office, for the support of vegetative life, that the lungs of animals do for the support of animal life; but as plants have not a power of contracting or dilating the

chest, their inspirations will depend wholly on the alternate changes of the air. Plants of the more rich and racy juices imbibe greater quantities of nutriment from the air, than the more vapid and succulent plants, which are found to abound more in sap. The vine, for instance, is known by experiment to draw but little watery nutriment from the earth by its roots, and therefore it imbibes greater quantities of dew, impregnated with air by night, from whence it derives its richness of flavour; and this may be the reason why plants in hot countries abound more with fine aromatic principles than northern vegetables; the former chiefly extracting their juices from the air by the leaf, the latter theirs from the earth by the root.

Nothing can exceed the regularity with which leaves are placed on every plant, and Bonetius has been at the pains of describing the different dispositions they assume; the alternate, the crossing, the vertical, the quincunx, and the spiral, are the divisions he makes of their arrangements. But the care which, when budding, nature seems to take of the young shoots, still deserves greater admiration, for the most tender parts are ever defended by those which have acquired a greater degree of strength. Besides this, the leaf, as may be easily seen, has two different surfaces, the upper which seems more smooth and polished, the lower in which the ribs are more prominent, and the colour of a paler green; the cause of this difference has not a little puzzled the botanists of every age; perhaps the upper polished surface, from its position being more liable to the external injuries of the air and rains, is thus formed rather to defend the lower part, in which probably the attractive powers may reside.

In this manner the leaves of trees contribute to improve the flavour of the fruits, and regulate the vegetation. When trees stand thick together in woods or groves, the lower branches, being shaded by those of neighbouring trees, can perspire little, and imbibe less, wherefore they perish: but the top branches being exposed to a free air, they perspire plentifully, and by this means drawing the sap to the top, they advance in height rather than extent: so that Dr. Hales compares a tree to a complicated engine, which hath as many different powers of attraction as it hath arms or branches, each drawing from their common fountain of life, the root. The younger the plant, the greater its power of attraction, while as it grows older the vessels of circulation become more rigid, and the parts to be produced more inflexible, till at last the parts, no longer capable from the rigidity of age, either of protrusion or dilatation, the plant acquires its greatest degree of hardness, but continues to vegetate no longer. So that in all we see the admirable contrivance of the Author of nature, in adapting different ways of conveying nourishment to the different circumstances of her productions. In the embryo state the quantity which the bud demands relative to its size is very great; when it is increased, though a much greater quantity of nourishment is then necessary, yet less suffices each particular part, so that nature produces no organised being, which it is not able to supply.

But the assiduity of nature in the protection of the growing plant is not greater than her care to preserve the seeds which are to propagate the future vegetable uninjured. The curious expansion of blossoms and flowers seems to be appointed by nature, not only to protect, but also to convey nourishment to the embryo seed. M. Vaillant even seems to regard flowers as the criterion which constitute the difference of sex in plants; he pretends that the leaves of flowers are nothing more than coverings, which serve to wrap up the organs of generation, with which all plants are furnished, they having not less than animals their different sexes.

Tournefort, whose name we have adopted, distinguishes five parts in flowers, namely, the petal, the stamen, the apex, the pistil, and calix, or cup; these parts, however, are not found united in all flowers, but some have one part, some another. To give the ignorant an idea of these, let us take the

carnation, a common flower, for an example, as containing them all. The leaves or petals of flowers are so called to distinguish them from the leaf of the plant. The petals are therefore the beautiful striped leaves that compose the flower of the carnation; the stamen is that small slender stalk, several of which are found growing in the midst of the petals; the apex is the little head with which every stamen is terminated; the pistil is that single eminence, in the midst of all, terminated by two or three crooked filaments; while the calix or cup is that exterior green part of the flower which encloses and supports the rest. Such flowers as have stamina with apexes at the end, in general have two little receptacles, containing a dust or farina, but produce no fruit, they are called male plants; such, on the contrary, as have only a pistil, which is succeeded by the fruit, are called female; those, on the other hand, which have both stamina and pistils, are called hermaphrodite plants, as uniting both sexes in one. In order to perform the business of fecundity, it has been supposed that the dust or farina, contained in the apex of the male flower, was scattered by the wind, or otherwise, upon the pistil of the female flowers, which was adapted with a proper apparatus for receiving it, and became by this means prolific. It has been also found by experience, that when the male and female flowers were separated by a high wall or otherwise, the latter continued barren and produced no seed; however, this whole theory has of late been strongly opposed by many eminent botanists, particularly the late Dr. Alston of Edinburgh, a man of extensive knowledge in such subjects, and of indefatigable industry.

The fruits in general serve to supply the seed with moisture, and may be compared to a chemical elaboratory, in which the oleaginous juices are prepared; those kernels in particular which are enclosed within a thick shell, and receive nourishment from the fruit expanded round it, have the vessels which supply this nut, running perpendicularly inward, but making convolutions round the edges of the shell, in order to prepare the oils in still greater perfection.

In all fruits Linnæus distinguishes the pericardium, or inner covering, in which the seed is lodged, the semen, or seed, and the receptaculum, or husk, as we call it, which is the part which supports the seed or the flower, or both together.

The pericardium he divides into eight kinds, to wit, 1. The capsula, or pod, which is composed of several elastic cells, which generally open of themselves when ripe, and which inclose the seed in one or more cells. 2. The conceptaculum, which only differs from the capsula, in that it is void of elasticity. 3. The siliqua. 4. The legumen. 5. The drupa. 6. The pomum. 7. The bacca. 8. The strobilus or cone. Such are the divisions this naturalist has thought proper to make in fruits; but if we examine nature, we shall find that these are perfectly arbitrary, and that to understand these minute distinctions, is more difficult than to become acquainted with her real productions.

But though fruits in general are the most inconsiderable agents in promoting the work of vegetation, being, as has been already observed, only destined for supplying the seed with proper moisture and nourishment; yet, with respect to man, they make the most useful and pleasing part of vegetable productions. Their general properties, as constituting a part of our food, may be considered as arising from their different degrees of maturity. In general, while unripe, they may be considered as astringent, and in some measure partaking of the qualities of the bark of their respective trees; when come to a sufficient degree of maturity, they cool and attenuate, but from too great a power, in these respects, they often bring on disorders that are fatal, particularly in warmer climates, where their juices are possessed of those qualities still more than with us. In our climates,

however, this seldom happens, and they probably do not make a sufficient part of our diet.

As many expedients have been tried among us for preserving fruit fresh all the year, I shall beg leave to give one communicated to the public by the Chevalier Southwell, and which has been used in France with success. Take of saltpetre one pound, of bole armenic two pounds, of common sand well freed from its earthy parts, four pounds, and mix all together; after this, let the fruit be gathered with the hand before it be thorough ripe, each fruit being handled only by the stalk; lay them regularly, and in order, in a large wide-mouthed glass vessel; then cover the top of the glass with an oiled paper, and carrying it into a dry place, set it in a box filled all round to about four inches thickness with the aforesaid preparations, so that no part of the glass vessel shall appear, being buried in a manner in the prepared nitre; and, at the end of the year such fruits may be taken out as beautiful as when they were first put in.

INTRODUCTION.[1]

EXPERIENCE every day convinces us, that no part of learning affords so much wisdom upon such easy terms as history. Our advances in most other studies are slow and disgusting, acquired with effort, and retained with difficulty; but in a well-written history, every step we proceed only serves to increase our ardour: we profit by the experience of others without sharing their toils or misfortunes; and in this part of knowledge in a more particular manner study is but relaxation.

Of all histories, however, that which, not confined to any particular reign or country, but which extends to the transactions of all mankind, is the most useful and entertaining. As in geography we can have no just idea of the situation of one country without knowing that of others; so in history, it is in some measure necessary to be acquainted with the whole thoroughly to comprehend a part. There is a constant, though sometimes concealed, concatenation in events, by which they produce each other, and without a knowledge of which they cannot be comprehended separately. The rise of one kingdom is often found owing to political defects in some other. The arts and learning of succeeding states take a tincture from those countries from whence they were originally derived. Some nations have been applauded for plans of government, which an acquaintance with general history would have shown were not their own; while others have been reproached for barbarities which were not natural to them, but the result of erroneous imitation.

Thus no one part of the general picture can be thoroughly conceived alone; but by taking in the whole of history at one view, we can trace every cause to its remotest source, observe how far every nation was indebted to its own efforts for its rise or decline, how far to accident or the particular circumstances of the countries around it. We may here trace the gradations of its improvement or decay, mark in what degree conquerors introduced refinement among those they subdued, or how far they conformed to the soil and put on barbarity. By such reflections as these, and by applying

[1] To "A General History of the World, from the Creation to the Present Time. By William Guthrie, Esq., John Gray, Esq., and others eminent in this branch of literature." 12 vols. 8vo. 1764.

the transactions of past times to our own, we may become more capable of regulating our private conduct, or directing that of others in society.

A knowledge of Universal History is therefore highly useful; nor is it less entertaining. Tacitus complains, that the transactions of a few reigns could not afford him a sufficient stock of materials to please or interest the reader; but here that objection is entirely removed. A History of the World presents the most striking events, with the greatest variety. In fact, what can be more entertaining than thus reviewing this vast theatre where we ourselves are performers, to converse with those who have been great or famous, to condemn the vices of tyrants without fearing their resentment, or praise the virtues of the good without conscious adulation, to constitute ourselves judges of the merit of even kings, and thus to anticipate what posterity will say of such as now hear only the voice of flattery? These are a part of the many advantages which Universal History has over all others, and which have encouraged so many writers to attempt compiling works of this kind, among the ancients as well as the moderns. Each of them seems to have been invited by the manifest utility of the design; yet it must be owned, that many of them have failed through the great and unforeseen difficulties of the undertaking.

Nor will the reader be surprised, if he considers how many obstructions an historian who embarks in a work of this nature has to interrupt his progress. The barrenness of events in the early periods of history, and their fertility in modern times, equally serve to increase his embarrassments. In recounting the transactions of remote antiquity, there is such a defect of materials, that the willingness of mankind to supply the chasm has given birth to falsehood, and invited conjecture. The farther we look back into those distant periods, all the objects seem to become more obscure, or are totally lost by a sort of perspective diminution. In this case, therefore, when the eye of truth could no longer discern clearly, fancy undertook to form the picture, and fables were invented where truths were wanting. So that were an historian to relate all that has been conjectured concerning the transactions before the flood, it would be found to compose by no means the smallest part of universal history; a composition equally voluminous, obscure, and disgusting.

In the work, therefore, which is here presented to the public, we have been very concise in relating these fictions and conjectures, which have been the result of idleness, fraud, or superstition. Nor yet would the task have been difficult to amaze the ignorant, as some have done before us, with obscure erudition and scholastic conjecture. The regions of conjectural erudition are wide and extensive; in them there is room for every new adventurer, and immense loads of neglected learning still remain to be carried from thence into our own language. There, as in those desolate and remote countries that are colonised by sickening states, every stranger who thinks proper may enter and cultivate; there is much room; but after much labour he will most probably find it an ungrateful soil.

Were we disposed to enter upon such a province, we might easily, for instance, with some rabbins, inquire whether Adam were a hundred cubits high, or of the ordinary stature; we might, with Hornius, examine whether he were a philosopher or a savage; or with Antoinette Bourignon, whether a man or an hermaphrodite. In delivering the history of the deluge, after having compiled the systems of our own countrymen, we might have improved upon our predecessors with those of Steno, Scheuchzer, and La Pluche; having mentioned the antiquities of Egypt, we might have made a digression on the Isiac table, ran round the circle of quotation, collected the opinions of Rudbeck, Fabricius, Herwart, Kircher, Witsius, and Pignorius, concerning this singular piece of antiquity; prove that they could make nothing of it; pathetically complain that the learned

authors of a late Universal History had taken none of these subjects under consideration, and at last leave the reader in pristine ignorance.

But surely men of real knowledge cannot, without a degree of sarcastic contempt, behold such pretences to erudition, such a quackery of learning, acquired by the easy art of quoting from quotations, by consulting books, but not from reading them. Pretenders in every science are ostentatious; but real learning, like real charity, chooses to do good unseen.

We have therefore declined enlarging on such disquisitions, not for want of materials, which offered themselves at every step of our progress, but because we thought them not worth discussing. Neither have we, for this reason, encumbered the beginning of our work with the various opinions of the heathen philosophers concerning the creation, which may be found in most of our systems of theology, and belong more properly to the divine than the historian. In fact, we are not fond of building up an edifice merely for the sake of pulling it down, or of arranging the opinions of men only to show their uncertainty; for in the present instance, to use the words of Lactantius, "horum omnium sententia quamvis sit incerta, eodem tamen spectat, ut providentiam unam esse consentiant, sive enim natura, sive æther, sive ratio, sive mens, sive fatalis necessitas, sive divina lex, idem est quod à nobis dicitur Deus;" so that most philosophers agree in the main—they allow one intelligent Creator, and are found to differ less in sense than expression.

Throughout this work therefore, not to make any vain or unnecessary displays of erudition, we acknowledge that the materials to which we have had recourse, are the same with those which other historians for several ages have employed before us, and which have been well known to the learned since the revival of letters. It would be unjust to make pretences to new discoveries of this kind; since neither we nor our predecessors in universal history, whatever the ignorant may suppose, have discovered any hidden stores already unexplored for compiling ancient history. Neither they nor we have found way to the libraries of Fez or Amara; all the merit of the compiler of ancient history in the present age, lies not in his discoveries of new assistance, but in his use and arrangement of that already known.

To deal candidly with the reader, there is little known of early antiquity but what is contained in the Scriptures, those sacred books to which the ignorant may, or ought to have, recourse as well as we. As for what remains of Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and such like, how well-soever the names may sound in the ear of ignorance, or come from the lips of vanity, the learned have, for several ages, forsaken them as sources from whence little or no information can be derived.

The little we have of them remaining is not less useless by mutilation than absurdity. Sanconiathon is without authority; and as for Manetho, what we have of his, according to Eusebius's account of him, is but a translation into the usual Greek character of monuments written in sacred characters, and preserved by the Egyptian Hierophantes; which monuments were themselves translated from a sacred language, which was extracted from a different sacred character, which was engraven on columns before the flood. The truth is, that long before the time of Manetho, the old Egyptian sacred character was unknown; for it is probable that it continually suffered innovation. As early as the times of Herodotus, those which were engraven on some of the pyramids were utterly unintelligible to the priests themselves; but long after, upon the invasion of Egypt by Alexander, the Grecians, who had at first received their learning from the Egyptians, returned the obligation, and brought philosophy back to Egypt very much improved; by which means the refined opinions of the conquerors began by degrees to mix themselves with Egyptian theology.

From this period, therefore, the ancient systems began to be neglected, and their new mixture of superstition and philosophy to be written in new

characters; so that at the times Manetho, Asclepiades, Palephates, Cheremon, and Hecateus, published their works, it is most probable that the ancient Egyptian learning was even unintelligible among the Egyptians. What credit, therefore, can be given to such forgeries, the most ordinary reader is left to judge; as for the learned, they have determined the point already.

All other monuments, therefore, of remote antiquity, except those contained in the sacred text, are obscure, mutilated, and trifling; nor is it, perhaps, any great loss to the present world, that such useless materials are thus fallen in the wreck of time. Man, while yet unreduced by laws, and struggling with the beasts of the forest for divided dominion, while yet savage and solitary, was scarcely an object whose actions were worth transmitting to posterity. The value of history arises from the necessary diversity of laws, arts, and customs among men, which inform the understanding, and produce an agreeable variety; but savage life is the same in every climate and every age, presenting the observer only with one uniform picture—a life of suspicion, indolence, improvidence, and rapacity. Besides, the nearer history comes home to the present times, the more it is our interest to be acquainted with it, the accounts of ancient ages being only useful as introductory to our own; wherefore it happens well that those parts of which we know the least, are the least necessary to be known.

Sensible, therefore, how liable we are to redundancy in the first part of our design, it has been our endeavour to unfold ancient history with all possible conciseness; and solicitous to improve the reader's stock of knowledge, we have been indifferent as to the display of our own. We have not stopt to discuss or confute all the absurd conjectures men of speculation have thrown in our way. We at first had even determined not to embarrass the page of truth with the names of those whose labours had only been calculated to encumber it with falsehood and vain speculation. However, we have thought proper, upon second thoughts, slightly to mention them and their opinions, quoting the author at the bottom of the page, so that the reader who is curious about such particularities, may know where to have recourse for fuller information.

But critical philology of this kind is pretty much and justly exploded in the present age: at the revival of letters, indeed, when all the stores of antiquity were as yet unexplored, the learned, as might naturally be expected, made greater use of their memory than their judgment, and exhausted their industry in examining opinions not yet well known. But all that could conduce to enlighten history has been since often examined, and placed in every point of view; it now only remains to show a skill rather in selecting than collecting, to discover a true veneration for the works of the ancients, not by compiling their sentiments, but by imitating their elegant simplicity.

As in the early part of history a want of real facts hath induced many to spin out the little that was known with conjecture, so in the modern department the superfluity of trifling anecdotes was equally apt to introduce confusion. In one case history has been rendered tedious from our want of knowing the truth; in the other, of knowing too much of truths not worth our notice. Every year that is added to the age of the world, serves to lengthen the page of its history; so that to give this branch of learning a just length in the circle of human pursuits, it is necessary to abridge several of the least important facts.

It is true we often, at present, see the annals of a single reign, or even the transactions of a single year, occupying folios: but can the writers of such tedious journals ever hope to reach posterity? or do they think that our descendants, whose attention will naturally be turned to their own concerns, can exhaust so much time in the examination of ours? Though a late elegant writer has said much in favour of abridgments, we neither

approve nor contend for them; but even such mutilated accounts are better than to have that short duration allotted us here below entirely taken up with minute details and uninteresting events. There are many other useful branches of knowledge as well as history to share our industry; but from the extent of some late works of this kind, one would be led to suppose that this study alone were recommended to fill up all the vacuities of life, and that to contemplate what others had done was all we had to do.

A plan of general history rendered too extensive, deters us from a study that is perhaps of all others the most useful, by rendering it too laborious; and instead of alluring our curiosity, excites our despair. A late work has appeared to us highly obnoxious in this respect. There have been already published of that performance not less than fifty-four volumes, and it still remains unfinished, and perhaps may continue to go on finishing while it continues to find purchasers, or till time itself can no longer furnish new materials. Already, as Livy hath expressed it upon a different occasion: "Eo creavit ut magnitudine laboret sua;" it is grown to such a size, as actually to seem sinking under the weight of its own corpulence.

In fact, where is the reader possessed of sufficient fortitude to undertake the painful task of travelling through such an immense track of compilation; particularly if through the greatest part of this journey he should find no landscapes to amuse, nor pleasing regions to invite, but a continued uniformity of dreary prospects, shapeless ruins, and fragments of mutilated antiquity? Writers are unpardonable who convert our amusement into labour, and divest knowledge of one of its most pleasing allurements. The ancients have represented history under the figure of a woman, easy, graceful, and inviting; but we have seen her in our days converted, like the virgin of Nabis, into an instrument of torture. But, in truth, such as read for profit and not for ostentation, seldom have anything to do with such voluminous productions, which are utterly unsuited to human talents and time: they are at first usually caught up by vanity, and admired by ignorance; from their weight they naturally descend into the lower shelves of a large library, and ever after keep their stations there in unmolested obscurity.

How far we have retrenched these excesses, and steered between the opposites of exuberance and abridgment, the judicious are left to determine. We here offer the public a history of mankind from the earliest account of time to the present age, in twelve volumes, which, upon mature deliberation, appeared to us the proper mean. For as some have lengthened similar undertakings to ten times that size, so others have comprised the whole in one-tenth of our compass. Thus, for instance, Turselinus, Puffendorf, Bossuet, and Holberg, have each reduced universal history into a single volume: but as the former are found fatiguing from their prolixity, so the latter are unsatisfactory from the necessary brevity to which they are confined.

It has been, therefore, our endeavour to give every fact its full scope, but at the same time to retrench all disgusting superfluity; to give every object the due proportion it ought to maintain in the general picture of mankind, without crowding the canvass: such a history should, in one respect, resemble a well formed dictionary of arts and sciences; both should serve as a complete library of science or history to every man, except in his own profession, in which more particular tracts or explanations may be wanted. We flatter ourselves, therefore, that this will be found both concise and perspicuous, though it must be candidly confessed, that we sate down less desirous of making a succinct history than a pleasing one; we sought after elegance alone, but accidentally found conciseness in our pursuit.

But to attain a just elegance order was requisite; it was necessary in so complex a subject to be very careful both of the method and the connexion.

This is a point in which all writers of general history have usually vied with their predecessors, every last attempt discovering the defects in the former; and indeed, to do justice, every last attempt seems to have been the best in this respect. Method, in very complex subjects, is one of those attainments which is gained only by the successive application of different talents to the same pursuit: it is mended by repeated effort, and refines as it flows; so that from the times of the first writer of this kind among the moderns that we remember, down to that of the late Universal History, published in fifty-four volumes, the distribution of the parts has gone on improving.

It would therefore be the height of injustice not to acknowledge our obligations to those writers last-mentioned, for their assistance in this particular. We have, however, laid hold of every opportunity that offered of improvement, particularly by proscribing such foreign matter as tended to lead the reader away from the principal subject. Uniformity in a work of this kind should be principally attended to: in a subject like this, consisting of heterogeneous parts that are at best feebly held together, we should never render the connexion still more feeble by the insinuation of new materials; or, to express it in a different manner, where there is already danger of embarrassment from multitude, the introduction of foreign members would but necessarily increase the tumult. We hope, therefore, that the reader will here see the revolutions of empires without confusion, and trace arts and laws from one kingdom to another, without losing his interest in the narrative of their other transactions.

To attain these ends with greater certainty of success, we have taken care in some measure to banish that late, and we may add, gothic practice of using a multiplicity of notes; a thing as much unknown to the ancient historians, as it is disgusting in the moderns. Balzac somewhere calls vain erudition the baggage of antiquity: might we in turn be permitted to make an apothegm, we should call notes the baggage of a bad writer. Scarcely any other reason has been assigned for this bad practice, but that if such were inserted into the body of the work, they might impede the rapidity of the narration. It is not easy, however, to conceive in what manner a reader is less interrupted, whose eye is invited down to the note at the bottom of the page, which was certainly placed there in order to be read, than he would be by a proper insertion of the same into the body of the work. Will they persuade us, that an animal will move with less care and swiftness who carries its load upon its back, than if he dragged it along at the tail? It certainly argues a defect of method, or a want of perspicuity, when an author is thus obliged to write notes upon his own works; and it may assuredly be said, that whoever undertakes to write a comment upon himself, will for ever remain without a rival his own commentator. We have therefore left off such excrescences, though not to any degree of affectation; as sometimes an acknowledged blemish may be admitted into works of skill, either to cover a greater defect, or to take a nearer course to beauty.

Having mentioned the danger of affectation, it may be proper to observe, that as this, of all defects, is most apt to insinuate itself into such a work, we have therefore been upon our guard against it. From the natural bias which every historian has to some favourite profession or science, he is apt to introduce phrases or topics drawn from thence upon every occasion, and thus not unfrequently tinctures a work otherwise valuable with absurdity. Ménage tells us of a chemist, who, writing a history, used upon every occasion the language of an adept, and brought all his allusions from the laboratory. Polybius, who was a soldier, has been reprehended for taking up too much time in the history of a siege or the description of a battle. Guicciardini, on the other hand, who was a secretary, has been tedious in disserting upon trifling treaties and dull negociations. In like manner,

we have known writers, who, being somewhat acquainted with oriental languages, have filled a long history with long Arabic names and uncouth spellings.

Were we disposed to the same affectations, it would have been easy enough, through the course of our work, to have written Mohammed for Mahomet, Tatar for Tartar, Wazir for Visier, or Timour for Tamerlane; we might even have outgone our predecessors, and have written Stamboul for Constantinople, or Ganga for Ganges, with true exotic propriety. But though we have the proper reverence for Arabic, and Malayan also, of which we profess our ignorance, we have thought it expedient to reject such peculiarities. For which reason, when we meet the name of an Arabian general at full length, we make no scruple of abridging his titles, or turning them into English. Thus, for instance, when an Arabian historian and his faithful copyists, in a late Universal History, assure us that Hâreth Ebn Talâtula led an army into the field, which by the temerity of Al Howaireth Ebn Nohaid Ebn Wahab Ebn Abd Ebn Kosa, was utterly defeated, we thought less ceremony might be used with such an indifferent general, and simply mention Howaireth's folly and his defeat. To be serious; innovation, in a work of this nature, should by no means be attempted; those names and spellings which have been used in our language from time immemorial, ought to continue unaltered; for, like states, they acquire a sort of *jus diuturne possessionis*, as the civilians express it, however unjust their original claims might have been. Yet, how far we have reformed these defects of style, without substituting errors of our own, we leave the public to determine; for few writers are judges of themselves in these particulars.

With respect to chronology and geography, the one of which fixes actions to time, while the other assigns them to place, we have followed the most approved methods among the moderns. All that was requisite in this was to preserve one system of each invariably, and permit such as chose to adopt the plans of others to rectify our deviations to their own standard. If actions and things are made to preserve their due distances of time and place mutually with respect to each other, it matters little as to the duration of them all with respect to eternity, or their situation with regard to the universe.

Thus much—perhaps some will think too much—we have thought proper to premise concerning a work which, however executed, has cost much labour and great expense. Had we for our judges the unbiassed and judicious alone, few words would have served, or even silence would have been our best address; but when it is considered that we have wrought for the public, that miscellaneous being, at variance within itself from the differing influence of pride, prejudice, or incapacity, a public already sated with attempts of this nature, and in a manner unwilling to find out merit till forced upon its notice, we hope to be pardoned for thus endeavouring to show where it is presumed we have had a superiority.

A History of the World to the present time, at once satisfactory and succinct, calculated rather for use than curiosity, to be read rather than consulted, seeking applause from the reader's feelings, not from his ignorance of learning, or affectation of being thought learned; a history that may be purchased at an easy expense, yet that omits nothing material, delivered in a style correct yet familiar, was wanting in our language; and, though sensible of our own insufficiency, this defect we have attempted to supply. Whatever reception the present age or posterity may give this work, we rest satisfied with our own endeavours to deserve a kind one. The completion of our design has for some years taken up all the time which we could spare from other occupations, of less importance indeed to the public, but probably more advantageous to ourselves. We are unwilling therefore to dismiss this subject without observing, that the labour of so

great a part of life should at least be examined with candour, and not carelessly confounded in that multiplicity of daily publications which, being conceived without effort, are produced without praise, and sink without censure.

Were he who now particularly entreats the reader's candid examination to mention the part he has had in this work himself, he is well convinced, and that without any affected modesty, that such a discovery would only show the superiority of his associates in this undertaking: but it is not from his friendship or his praise, but from their former labours in the learned world, that they are to expect their reward. Whatever be the fate of this History, their reputation is in no danger, but will still continue rising; for they have found by its gradual increase already, that the approbation of folly is loud and transient; that of wisdom still but lasting.

TO THE PUBLISHER.[1]

SIR,—I perceive by the tenor of your publications, that you chiefly aim at the improvement of youth: if the following letters are thought any way conducive to that purpose, you have my permission to print them.

The first fifty-one letters, ending with these words—*avenged them of their enemies*—were written by a nobleman to his son at the university. The rest are added, as you will easily perceive, by a much inferior hand; for they were drawn up by me. This I should not have attempted, but the design would otherwise have been defective. With regard to my letters, therefore, little else can be said, but that I have endeavoured, as much as was in my power, to imitate the original. As to his lordship's, I think it may be asserted, that they are written with more judgment, spirit, and accuracy, than any which have yet appeared upon this subject. I am conscious, indeed, that they have been, for some time, handed about in manuscript; but it is presumed that this will not make a publication of them less acceptable, even to those who are possessed of a written copy.

I have observed in the schools about town, that, when masters set their scholars to read the History of England, they seem at a loss in their choice of an historian. The more voluminous works of this kind are quite unsuited to a juvenile capacity; the shorter abridgments are chiefly a crowded collection of facts, totally dry and unentertaining. These letters may, probably, supply the defect; and I desire that the volumes may be sent, at my expense, to each of the schools mentioned in the inclosed paper.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TO THE PUBLIC.[2]

THE Editor cannot dismiss a new edition of this work, without expressing the pleasure he feels in its reception. It was at first ushered into the world

[1] To "An History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son. London: Printed for J. Newbery, at the Bible and Sun, St. Paul's Churchyard. 1764." 2 vols. 12mo., price 6*s.*, bound.

[2] To "The History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son. London: Printed for Carnan and Newbery, at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1770." 2 vols. 12mo.

with none of the usual methods of awakening curiosity, or biassing the judgment. Its author, as well as its editor, was, and still continues unknown. It appeared with very little splendour; scarce any expense was laid out in the publication, and that praise was studiously avoided, which was only to be caught by pursuing.

However, under all these disadvantages, the work has succeeded beyond the Editor's most sanguine expectations; if he may judge from the numbers which have been sold, and the commendations which have been given. Nor can it be a circumstance of small pleasure to him to think, that a performance, calculated chiefly to dispel the prejudice of party and soften the malevolence of faction, has had purchasers, at a time when almost every new publication that respects our history or constitution, tends to fix the one and inflame the other.

It is true that but very little of the merit is his own, and that he only applauds himself for triumphs which have been gained by another. However, he is willing to take to himself those advantages which are declined by the great personage who has only deserved them; for the poor often think themselves very fine in those clothes which are thrown aside by their betters.

But, to speak more particularly of my own part of the work, I am not a little proud in hearing that the conclusion is not entirely contemptible, and that it does not fall very far short of the beginning. It was my aim to observe the perspicuity and conciseness of the original, and as his lordship seems to have taken Tacitus for his model, so I took him for mine. It was, in fact, no easy matter, in such a variety of materials as our History affords, to reject trivial particulars, and yet preserve a concatenation of events; to crowd a multitude of facts into so small a compass, and yet not give the work the air of an index. In this all who have hitherto abridged our History have failed: how far the present work has succeeded, posterity must be left to judge.

The first part of these Letters, as we have formerly observed, were written for the instruction of a young man of quality, who was then at college: the Editor, therefore, is surprised with an objection usually made against them, that they are rather above the capacity of boys. If by boys be meant children, I grant it, the facts stript of all ornament may perhaps be most proper for them; but on the contrary, those who are rising up to manhood should be treated as men, and no works put into their hands but such as are capable of exercising their capacity, and which the most mature judgment would approve. I am well aware, that many schoolmasters will prefer any of those little Histories of England that are written by way of question and answer, and think their boys making great advances, while they are thus loading their memory without exercising their judgment; with these men no arguments will prevail; and I can only dismiss such, with wishing that the professors were as respectable as the profession.

Once more, therefore, I must assert, that though the book is written to men it will be a proper guide for the instruction of boys. "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*" is true, as well with regard to the books they should read as the examples they should see. In this, I flatter myself that they will find nothing here either to corrupt their morals or their style; no slavish tenets that abridge freedom and increase dependence; no enthusiastic rants that drive even virtue beyond the line of duty. Scarcely any opinions are hazarded merely from their elegance or singularity; truth only seems to have guided the pen; and it is remarkable, that many of the tenets in these Letters, that at first publication seemed paradoxical, have been since illustrated by one of the most elegant commentators upon our constitution.[1]

[1] Dr. Blackstone.—GOLDSMITH.

LETTERS FROM A NOBLEMAN TO HIS SON.[1]

LETTER I.

DEAR CHARLES,—The accounts I received from Mr. ——, your tutor at Oxford, of your conduct and capacity, give me equal pleasure, both as a father and as a man. I own myself happy in thinking that society will one day reap the advantage of your improved abilities; but I confess myself vain, when I reflect on the care I have taken, and the honour I shall perhaps obtain from assisting their cultivation. Yes, my Charles, self-interest thus mixes with almost every virtue; my paternal vanity is, perhaps, greater than my regard for society in the present instance; but you should consider that the bad pride themselves in their folly, but good minds are vain of their virtues.

I need scarcely repeat what I have so often observed, that your assiduity for a few years, in the early period of life, will give ease and happiness to the succeeding: a life spent in regularity and study, in college, will not only furnish the mind with proper materials, but fit it, by habit, for future felicity. Mathematics will teach you to think with closeness and precision, and the ancient poets will enlarge your imagination: from these two helps, and not from the subtleties of logic, or metaphysical speculations, the mind is at once strengthened and improved. Logic or metaphysics may give the theory of reasoning; but it is poetry and mathematics, though seemingly opposite, that practically improve and fit us for every rational inquiry.

These were the studies I recommended as principally conducive to your improvement, and your letters alone are sufficient instances of your complying with my advice. I confess my fears in giving any future instructions on such topics to one who seems better conversant with them than his instructor: I therefore must leave a subject where my superiority at least may be contested.

But after all, my child, these studies are at best but ornaments of the mind, designed rather to polish or to fit it for higher improvements, than as materials to be employed in guiding our conduct as individuals or members of society. There is a field that, in some measure, still lies untrodden before you, and from that alone true wisdom and real improvement can be expected: I mean history. From history, in a great measure, every advantage that improves the gentleman, or confirms the patriot, can be hoped for: it is that which must qualify you for becoming a proper member of the community; for filling that station in which you may hereafter be placed, with honour; and for giving, as well as deriving, new lustre to that illustrious assembly, to which, upon my decease, you have a right to be called.

Yet still, nothing can be more useless than history in the manner in which it is generally studied, where the memory is loaded with little more than dates, names, and events. Simply to repeat the transaction is by some thought sufficient for every purpose: and a youth having been once applauded for his readiness in this way fancies himself a perfect historian. But the true use of history does not consist in being able to settle a genealogy, in quoting the events of an obscure reign, or the true epoch of a contested birth: this knowledge of facts hardly deserves the name of science: true wisdom consists in tracing effects to their causes. To under-

[1] From the edition in 2 vols. 12mo. 1770 (*see* p. 424) compared with the first edition in 2 vols. 12mo. 1764.

stand history is to understand man, who is the subject. To study history is to weigh the motives, the opinions, the passions of mankind, in order to avoid a similitude of errors in ourselves, or profit by the wisdom of their example.

To study history in this manner may be begun at any age. Children can never be too soon treated as men. Those masters who allege the incapacity of tender years, only tacitly reproach their own: those who are incapable of teaching young minds to reason, pretend that it is impossible. The truth is, they are fonder of making their pupils talk well than think well; and much the greater number are better qualified to give praise to a ready memory than a sound judgment. The generality of mankind consider a multitude of facts as the real food of the mind, not as subjects proper to afford it exercise. From hence it proceeds that history, instead of teaching us to know ourselves, often only serves to raise our vanity, by the applause of the ignorant; or, what is more dangerous, by the self-delusion of untried vanity.

Assuming ignorance is, of all dispositions, the most ridiculous: for in the same proportion as the real man of wisdom is preferable to the unlettered rustic, so much is the rustic superior to him who without learning imagines himself learned. It were better that such a man had never read, for then he might have been conscious of his weakness; but the half-learned man, relying upon his strength, seldom perceives his wants till he finds his deception past a cure.

Your labours in history have hitherto been rather confined to the words, than the facts of your historical guides. You have read Xenophon or Livy, rather with a view of learning the dead languages in which they are written, than of profiting by the instructions which they afford. The time is now come for discontinuing the study of words for things; for exercising your judgment, and giving more room to reason than to fancy.

Above all things, I would advise you to consult the original historians in every relation. Abridgers, compilers, commentators, and critics, are in general only fit to fill the mind with unnecessary anecdotes, or lead its researches astray. In the immensity of various relations, your care must be to select such as deserve to be known, because they serve to instruct; the end of your labour should not be to know in what year fools or savages committed their extravagancies, but by what methods they emerged from barbarity. The same necessity there is for knowing the actions of the worthy part of princes, also compels us to endeavour to forget those of the ignorant and vulgar herd of kings, who seem only to slumber in a seat they were accidentally called to fill. In short, not the history of kings, but of men, should be your principal concern; and such a history is only to be acquired by consulting those originals who painted the times they lived in. Their successors, who pretended to methodise their histories, have almost universally deprived them of all their spirit, and given us rather a dry catalogue of names than an improving detail of events. In reality, history is precious or insignificant, not from the brilliancy of the events, the singularity of the adventures, or the greatness of the personages concerned, but from the skill, penetration, and judgment of the observer. Tacitus frequently complains of his wants of materials, of the littleness of his incidents, of the weakness and villainy of his actors; yet, even from such indifferent subjects, he has wrought out the most pleasing and the most instructive history that ever was written: it will therefore be entirely the work of your own judgment to convert the generality of historians to your benefit; they are, at present, but rude materials, and require a fine discernment to separate the useful from the unnecessary, and analyse their different principles.

Yet, mistake me not: I would not have history to consist of dry speculations

upon facts, told with phlegm, and pursued without interest and passion; nor would I have your reason fatigued continually in critical researches: all I require is, that the historian would give as much exercise to the judgment as the imagination. It is as much his duty to act the philosopher, or politician, in his narratives, as to collect materials for narration. Without a philosophical skill in discerning, his very narrative must be frequently false, fabulous and contradictory; without political sagacity, his characters must be ill drawn, and vice and virtue be distributed without discernment or candour.

What historian can render virtue so amiable as Xenophon? Who can interest the reader so much as Livy? Sallust is an instance of the most delicate exactness, and Tacitus of the most solid reflection: from a perfect acquaintance with these, the youthful student can acquire more knowledge of mankind, a more perfect acquaintance with antiquity, and a more just manner of thinking and expressing, than, perhaps, from any others of any age or country. Other ancient historians may be read to advance the study of ancient learning, but these should be the ground-work of all your researches. Without a previous acquaintance with these, you enter upon other writers improperly prepared; until these have placed you in a proper train of moralising the incidents, other historians may, perhaps, injure, but will not improve you. Let me therefore, at present, my dear Charles, entreat you to bestow the proper care upon those treasures of antiquity; and by your letters, every post, communicate to your father, and your friend, the result of your reflections upon them. I am at a loss whether I shall find more satisfaction in hearing your remarks, or communicating my own? However, in which soever of them I shall be employed, it will make my highest amusement. Amusement is all that I can now expect in life, for ambition has long forsaken me; and, perhaps, my child, after all, what your noble ancestor has observed is most true: *When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.*[1]

I am, my dear boy, your most tender friend and affectionate father,

* * * * * * * *

LETTER II.

DEAR CHARLES,—I entirely acquiesce in your sentiments, that universal history is a subject too extensive for human comprehension, and that he who would really reap the advantages of history must be contented to bound his views. Satisfied with being superficially acquainted with the transactions of many countries, the learner should place his principal attention only on a few.

Your remarks on the Greek and Roman republics far surpass my expectations; you have justly characterised them as the finest instances of political society that could be founded on the basis of a false religion. Where religion is imperfect, political society, and all laws enacted for its improvement, must be imperfect also. Religion is but philosophy refined; and no man could ever boast an excellence in politics, whose mind had not been previously opened and enlarged by the institutions of theology, an error in religion ever producing defects in legislation.

Forgive me, dear Charles, if I once more congratulate myself upon the

[1] "When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (of Poetry). The same sentiment has occurred thrice before in these volumes (*see* vol. i., p. 152, vol. ii., p. 465, and vol. iii., p. 65. Here then we have it for a *fourth* time.

pleasure I expect from your future eminence. You are now tinctured with universal history, and are thoroughly conversant with that of Greece and Rome; but there is another department of history still remaining, and that much more important than any I have yet mentioned: I mean the History of England. The history of this country is the proper study of an Englishman; however, it peculiarly concerns those who may, like you, one day have such an important character to support in its administration, and whose own name, perhaps, may find a place in the historic page. All who are enamoured of the liberty and the happiness which they peculiarly enjoy in this happy region, must surely be desirous of knowing the methods by which such advantages were acquired; the progressive steps from barbarity to social refinement, from society to the highest pitch of well constituted freedom. All Europe stands in astonishment at the wisdom of our constitution, and it would argue the highest degree of insensibility in a native of this country, and one, too, who from his birth enjoys peculiar privileges, to be ignorant of what others so much admire.

I shall not insist upon a principal use to which some apply the English history, I mean that of making it the topic of common conversation; yet, even from such a motive, though in itself trifling, no well-bred man can plead ignorance. Its greatest advantage, however, is, that a knowledge of the past enables the attentive mind to understand the present: our laws and customs, our liberties and abuse of liberty, can scarcely be understood without tracing them to their source, and history is the only channel by which we can arrive at what we so eagerly pursue.

But, were I to compare the history of our own country, in point of amusement, with that of others, I know of none, either ancient or modern, that can vie with it in this respect. In other histories, remote and extensive connexions interrupt the reader's interest, and destroy the simplicity of the plan. The history of Greece may be easily divided into seven histories, and into so many it has actually been divided: the history of Rome, from the time it begins to be authentic, is little else than an account of the then known world; but, in England, separated by its situation, from the continent, the reader may consider the whole narrative, with all its vicissitudes, in one point of view; it unites the philosopher's[1] definition of beauty, by being *variously uniform*.

The simplicity in a history of our own country is therefore excellent; but I can direct to few who have improved the materials it affords with a proper degree of assiduity or skill. The historians who have treated of this subject have in general written for a party; many with an open avowal of their abuse. Some, who have had talents for this undertaking, were unable to afford themselves sufficient leisure to polish their work into the degree of requisite perfection; while others who have laboured with sufficient assiduity, have been wofully deficient in point of sagacity, or proper skill in the choice of those facts they thought proper to relate. Whatever has been known, and not what was worth knowing, has been faithfully transcribed; so that the present accounts of the country resemble the ancient face of the soil: here an uncultivated forest, there a desolate wild; and in a very few places, a spot of earth adorned by art, and smiling with all the luxuriance of nature. To make history, like the soil, truly useful, the obstacles to improvement must be torn away, new assistances must be acquired from art; nor can the work be deemed properly finished, till the whole puts on simplicity, uniformity, and elegance. As the case is at present, we must read a library to acquire a knowledge of English history, and, after all, be contented to forget more than we remember.

The history of England may be divided, properly enough, into three

[1] Hutcheson.—GOLDSMITH.

periods; very different, indeed, with regard to their duration, but almost of equal importance. The first is from the commencement of our knowledge of the country to its conquest by the Normans; the second from the time of William the Conqueror to the alteration of the constitution by the beheading of Charles I.; the last contains the remaining period of our history. It will at once appear, that such a division is extremely unequal: the first department may be said to extend to a period of more than a thousand years; the second contains not less than seven hundred, while the remaining does not take up two. Chronologists, indeed, would divide it in a very different manner; however, I am rather inclined to this division, more by the peculiar use which may be made of each period, than the mere regularity of time. To consider the first part with accuracy, belongs properly to the philosopher; the second is the business of him who would understand our constitution, and is the proper study of a legislator; and the last, of such as would be acquainted with the connexions and relations in which we stand with regard to our neighbours of the continent, and our foreign and domestic trade; that is, in other words, to the merchant and politician.

There is scarce any other passion but that of curiosity, excited by a knowledge of the early part of our history. We may go through the accounts of that distant era with the same impartiality with which we consider the original inhabitants of any other country, as the customs of our British ancestors have scarcely any connexion with our own: but then, to some minds, it must be a pleasing disquisition to observe the human animal, by degrees divesting himself of his native ferocity, and acquiring the arts of happiness and peace; to trace the steps by which he leaves his precarious meal acquired by the chase, for a more certain but a more laborious repast, acquired first by pasturage, then by cultivation.

After the Conquest, the rude outlines of our present constitution began to be formed. Before the Norman invasion, there might be some customs resembling those at present in practice; but the only reason of their continuance was, because they had before been practised in common among the invaders. At this period, therefore, an Englishman becomes interested in the narrative; he perceives the rise and the reasons of several laws which now serve to restrain his conduct or preserve his property. The rights of our monarchs, the claims of foreign potentates, the ineffectual struggles for liberty, and the gradual encroachments of ambition, these highly interest him, as he in some measure owes to these transactions the happiness he enjoys.

But the last period is what is chiefly incumbent upon almost every man to be particularly conversant in. Every person residing here, has a share in the liberties of this kingdom; as the generality of the people are ultimately invested with the legislation. It is, therefore, every man's duty to know that constitution, which, by his birth-right, he is called to govern: a freeholder, in a free kingdom, should certainly be instructed in the original of that agreement by which he holds so precious a tenure.

These motives equally influence almost every rank of people; but how much more forcibly should they operate upon you, whose honours, whose trusts and possessions, are likely to be so considerable. Others may have their liberties to support; you must sustain your liberty, your property, and the dignity of your station. I shall, therefore, without further preface, in some future correspondence, communicate the result of my inquiries on this subject; a subject which, I own, has employed all the leisure I had to spare from, I will not say more important, but more necessary duties. I shall endeavour, at once, to supply the facts, and the necessary consequences that may be deduced from them. I shall separate all that can contribute nothing either to amusement or use, and leave such to dull compilers or systematic writers of history, whose only boast is, to leave nothing out.

A more thorough knowledge of the subject cannot be communicated without pain, nor acquired without study; perhaps too minute a skill in this, or any one subject, might disqualify the mind for other branches of science, equally demanding our care. Of whatever use it may be, I hope you will consider it as an instance of my regard, though it should fail to add to your opinion of my sagacity.

LETTER XVI.

I HAVE not hitherto said anything of the literature of the present period, having resolved to refer it to a separate letter, in which we may have a more perspicuous view of it, than if blended with the ordinary occurrences of the state. Though learning had never received fewer encouragements than in the present reign, yet it never flourished more. That spirit of philosophy which had been excited in former ages, still continued to operate with the greatest success, and produced the greatest men in every profession. Among the divines Atterbury and Clarke distinguished themselves. As a preacher Atterbury united all the graces of style with all the elegance of a just delivery; he was natural, polite, spirited; and his sermons may be ranked among the first of this period. Clarke, on the other hand, despising the graces of eloquence, only sought after conviction, with rigorous though phlegmatic exactness, and brought moral truths almost to mathematical precision. Yet neither he, Cudworth, nor any other divine, did such service to the reasoning world, as the great Mr. John Locke, who may be justly said to have reformed all our modes of thinking in metaphysical inquiry. Though the jargon of schools had been before him arraigned, yet several of their errors had still subsisted and were regarded as true. Locke, therefore, set himself to overturn their systems and refute their absurdities; these he effectually accomplished, for which reason his book, which when published, was of infinite service, it may be found less useful at present, when the doctrines it was calculated to refute are no longer subsisting.

Among the moral writers of this period, the Earl of Shaftesbury is not to be passed over, whose elegance in some measure recompenses for his want of solidity. The opinions of all latter writers upon moral subjects are only derived from the ancients. Morals are a subject on which the industry of men has been exercised in every age; and an infinite number of systems have been the result. That of Shaftesbury, in which he establishes a natural sense of moral beauty, was originally professed by Plato, and only adorned by the English philosopher. This seemed to be the age of speculation. Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, surpassed all his cotemporaries in subtlety of disquisition; but the mere efforts of reason, which are exerted rather to raise doubt than procure certainty, will never meet with much favour from so vain a being as man. Lord Bolingbroke had also some reputation for metaphysical inquiry; his friends extolled his sagacity on that head, and the public were willing enough to acquiesce in their opinion; his fame therefore might have continued to rise; or at least would have never sunk if he had never published. His works have appeared, and the public are no longer in their former sentiments. In mathematics and natural philosophy, the vein opened by Newton was prosecuted with success; Dr. Halley illustrated the theory of the tides, and increased the catalogue of the stars, while Gregory reduced astronomy to one comprehensive and regular system. Dr. Friend, in medicine, produced some ingenious theories, which, if they did not improve the art, at least showed his abilities and learning in his profession. Dr. Mead was equally elegant, and more successful; to him is owing the useful improvement of tapping in the dropsy at once by means of a swathe. But of all the other arts, poetry

in this age was carried to the greatest perfection. The language for some ages had been improving, but now it seemed entirely divested of its roughness and barbarity. Among the poets of this period we may place John Philips, author of several poems; but of none more admired than that humorous one, entitled *The Splendid Shilling*. He lived in obscurity, and died just above want. William Congreve deserves also particular notice; his comedies, some of which were but coolly received upon their first appearance, seemed to mend upon repetition; and he is, at present, justly allowed the foremost in that species of dramatic poesy. His wit is ever just and brilliant; his sentiments new and lively; and his elegance equal to his regularity. Next him Vanbrugh is placed, whose humour seems more natural, and characters more new; but he owes too many obligations to the French, entirely to pass for an original; and his total disregard to decency, in a great measure, impairs his merit. Farquhar is still more lively, and perhaps more entertaining than either; his pieces still continue the favourite performances of the stage, and bear frequent repetition without satiety; but he often mistakes pertness for wit,[1] and seldom strikes his characters with proper force or originality. However, he died very young; and it is remarkable that he continued to improve as he grew older; his last play, entitled *The Beaux Stratagem*, being the best of his productions. Addison, both as a poet and prose writer, deserves the highest regard and imitation. His *Campaign* and *Letter to Lord Halifax from Italy*, are masterpieces in the former, and his *Essays*, published in "The Spectator," are inimitable specimens of the latter. Whatever he treated of was handled with elegance and precision, and that virtue which was taught in his writings was enforced by his example. Steele was Addison's friend and admirer; his comedies are perfectly polite, chaste, and genteel; nor were his other works contemptible; he wrote on several subjects, and yet it is amazing in the multiplicity of his pursuits how he found leisure for the discussion of any; ever persecuted by creditors, whom his profuseness drew upon him, or pursuing impracticable schemes, suggested by ill-grounded ambition. Dean Swift was the professed antagonist of both Addison and him. He perceived that there was a spirit of romance mixed with all the works of the poets who preceded him; or, in other words, that they had drawn nature on the most pleasing side. There still therefore was a place left for him, who, careless of censure, should describe it just as it was with all its deformities; he therefore owes much of his fame, not so much to the greatness of his genius, as to the boldness of it. He was dry, sarcastic, and severe; and suited his style exactly to the turn of his thought, being concise and nervous. In this period also flourished many of subordinate fame. Prior was the first who adopted the French elegant easy manner of telling a story, but if what he has borrowed from that nation be taken from him, scarce anything will be left upon which he can lay claim to applause in poetry. Rowe was only outdone by Shakspeare and Otway as a tragic writer; he has fewer absurdities than either, and is perhaps as pathetic as they; but his flights are not so bold, nor his characters so strongly marked. Perhaps his coming later than the rest may have contributed to lessen the esteem he deserves. Garth had success as a poet; and for a time his fame was even greater than his desert. In his principal work, the *Dispensary*, his versification is negligent, and his plot is now become tedious; but whatever he may lose as a poet, it would be improper to rob him of the merit he deserves for having written the prose dedication and preface to the poem already mentioned, in which he has shown the truest wit with the most refined elegance. Parnell, though he has written but one poem, namely, the *Hermit*, yet has found a place among the English first-rate poets. Gay

[1] "What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ."—POPE "to Augustus."

likewise, by his *Fables* and *Pastorals*, has acquired an equal reputation. But of all who have added to the stock of English poetry, Pope perhaps deserves the first place. On him foreigners look as one of the most successful writers of his time, his versification is the most harmonious, and his correctness the most remarkable of all our poets. A noted cotemporary of his own calls the English the finest writers on moral topics, and Pope the noblest moral writer of all the English. Mr. Pope has somewhere named himself the last English muse; and, indeed, since his time, we have seen scarce any production that can justly lay claim to immortality; he carried the language to its highest perfection, and those who have attempted still farther to improve it, instead of ornament, have only caught finery.

Such was the learning of this period; it flourished without encouragement, and the English taste seemed to diffuse itself over all Europe. The French tragedies began to be written after the model of ours, our philosophy was adopted by all who pretended to reason for themselves. At present, however, when the learned of Europe are turned to the English writers for instruction, all spirit of learning has ceased amongst us. So little has been got by literature for more than an age, that none choose to turn to it for preferment. Church preferments, which were once given as the rewards of learning, have, for some time, deviated to the intriguing, venal, and base. All desire of novelty in thinking is suppressed amongst us, and our scholars, more pleased with security and ease than honour, coolly follow the reasonings of their predecessors, and walk round the circle of former discovery.

PREFACE.[1]

Dr. Fordyce's excellent Sermons for Young Women, in some measure gave rise to the following compilation. In that work, where he so judiciously points out all the defects of female conduct, to remedy them, and all the proper studies which they should pursue, with a view to improvement, Poetry is one to which he particularly would attach them. He only objects to the danger of pursuing this charming study through all the immoralities and false pictures of happiness with which it abounds, and thus becoming the martyr of innocent curiosity.

In the following compilation, care has been taken to select, not only such pieces as innocence may read without a blush, but such as will even tend to strengthen that innocence. In this little work, a lady may find the most exquisite pleasure, while she is at the same time learning the duties of life; and, while she courts only entertainment, be deceived into wisdom. Indeed, this would be too great a boast in the preface to any original work; but here it can be made with safety, as every poem in the following collection would singly have procured an author great reputation.

They are divided into Devotional, Moral, and Entertaining, thus comprehending the three great duties of life; that which we owe to God, to our neighbour, and to ourselves.

In the first part, it must be confessed, our English poets have not very

[1] To "Poems for Young Ladies, in three parts; Devotional, Moral, and Entertaining: the whole being a collection of the best pieces in our language.

External Graces all decay;
Their Power is quickly past;
A well-formed Mind extends their sway,
And bids each Beauty last.—*Anonym.*

London: Printed for J. Payne, in Pater-noster Row. 1767." 12mo., pp. 248.

much excelled. In that department, namely, the praise of our Maker, by which poetry began, and from which it deviated by time, we are most faultily deficient. There are one or two, however, particularly "The Deity," by Mr. Boyse;[1] a poem which, when it first came out, lay for some time neglected, till introduced to public notice by Mr. Hervey and Mr. Fielding. In it the reader will perceive many striking pictures, and perhaps glow with a part of that gratitude which seems to have inspired the writer.

In the moral part I am more copious,[2] from the same reason, because our language contains a large number of the kind. Voltaire, talking of our poets, gives them the preference in moral pieces to those of any other nation; and indeed no poets have better settled the bounds of duty, or more precisely determined the rules for conduct in life than ours. In this department, the fair reader will find the Muse has been solicitous to guide her, not with the allurements of a syren, but the integrity of a friend.

In the entertaining part, my greatest difficulty was what to reject. The materials lay in such plenty, that I was bewildered in my choice: in this case, then, I was solely determined by the tendency of the poem; and where I found one, however well executed, that seemed in the least tending to distort the judgment, or inflame the imagination, it was excluded without mercy. I have here and there, indeed, when one of particular beauty offered with a few blemishes, lopt off the defects; and thus, like the tyrant who fitted all strangers to the bed he had prepared for them, I have inserted some by first adapting them to my plan; we only differ in this, that he mutilated with a bad design, I from motives of a contrary nature.

It will be easier to condemn a compilation of this kind, than to prove its inutility. While young ladies are readers, and while their guardians are solicitous that they shall only read the best books, there can be no danger of a work of this kind being disagreeable. It offers, in a very small compass, the very flowers of our poetry, and that of a kind adapted to the sex supposed to be its readers. Poetry is an art which no young lady can, or ought to be, wholly ignorant of. The pleasure which it gives, and indeed the necessity of knowing enough of it to mix in modern conversation, will evince the usefulness of my design, which is to supply the highest and the most innocent entertainment at the smallest expense; as the poems in this collection, if sold singly, would amount to ten times the price of what I am able to afford the present.

[1] Samuel Boyse, born 1708, died 1749. The first edition of "The Deity" appeared 1740, and the third 1752. The following account of himself has escaped his biographers:—"I am, Sir, the only son of Mr. Boyse, of Dublin, a man whose character and writings are well known. My father died in 1728, in very involved circumstances, so that I had nothing left to trust to but a liberal education. In 1730 I removed to Edinburgh, where I published a collection of poems, with a translation of the Tablature of *Cebes*. After some years stay there, and many disappointments, I came in 1737 to London, where I have done several essays in the literary way (chiefly poetry), with but slender encouragement. Mr. Cave, for whose magazine I have done many things, and at whose desire I removed to this neighbourhood, has not used me so kindly as the sense he has expressed of my services gave me reason to expect. Learning, however it may be a consolation under affliction, is no security against the common calamities of life. I think myself capable of business in the literary way, but by my late necessities am unhappily reduced to an incapacity of going abroad to seek it."—BOYSE *to Dr. Birch*, Nov. 5, 1742. (*Birch MSS. in Brit. Mus.*)

[2] Goldsmith has included in this division his own "Edwin and Angelina."

PREFACE.[1]

My Bookseller having informed me that there was no collection of English Poetry among us, of any estimation, I thought a few hours spent in making a proper selection would not be ill bestowed. Compilations of this kind are chiefly designed for such as either want leisure, skill, or fortune, to choose for themselves; for persons whose professions turn them to different pursuits, or who, not yet arrived at sufficient maturity, require a guide to direct their application. To our youth, particularly, a publication of this sort may be useful; since, if compiled with any share of judgment, it may at once unite precept and example, show them what is beautiful, and inform them why it is so: I therefore offer this, to the best of my judgment, as the best collection that has yet appeared: though, as tastes are various, numbers will be of a very different opinion. Many, perhaps, may wish to see in it the poems of their favourite authors; others may wish that I had selected from works less generally read; and others still may wish that I had selected from their own. But my design was to give a useful, unaffected compilation; one that might tend to advance the reader's taste, and not impress him with exalted ideas of mine. Nothing so common, and yet so absurd, as affectation in criticism. The desire of being thought to have a more discerning taste than others, has often led writers to labour after error, and to be foremost in promoting deformity. In this compilation, I run but few risks of that kind: every poem here is well known, and possessed, or the public has been long mistaken, of peculiar merit; every poem has, as Aristotle expresses it, a beginning, a middle, and an end, in which, however trifling the rule may seem, most of the poetry in our language is deficient: I claim no merit in the choice, as it was obvious; for in all languages the best productions are most easily found. As to the short introductory criticisms to each poem, they are rather designed for boys than men; for it will be seen that I declined all refinement, satisfied with being obvious and sincere. In short, if this work be useful in schools, or amusing in the closet, the merit all belongs to others; I have nothing to boast, and at best can expect, not applause, but pardon.

Oliver Goldsmith.

INTRODUCTORY CRITICISMS.

VOL. I.

The Rape of the Lock.—This seems to be Mr. Pope's most finished production, and is, perhaps, the most perfect in our language. It exhibits stronger powers of imagination, more harmony of numbers, and a greater knowledge of the world, than any other of this poet's works; and it is probable, if our country were called upon to show a specimen of their genius to foreigners, this would be the work fixed upon.

The Hermit.—This poem is held in just esteem, the versification being chaste, and tolerably harmonious, and the story told with perspicuity and conciseness. It seems to have cost great labour, both to Mr. Pope, and Parnell himself, to bring it to this perfection. It may not be amiss to observe, that the fable is taken from one of Dr. Henry More's Dialogues.

[1] To "The Beauties of English Poesy, selected by Oliver Goldsmith. In two volumes. London: Printed for William Griffin, in Catharine Street in the Strand. 1776. [P. Gs. B.]" 12mo.

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.—I have heard a very judicious critic say, that he had an higher idea of Milton's style in poetry from the two following poems, than from his Paradise Lost. It is certain, the imagination shown in them is correct and strong. The introduction to both in irregular measure is borrowed from the Italians, and hurts an English ear.

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.—This is a very fine poem, but overloaded with epithet. The heroic measure, with alternate rhyme, is very properly adapted to the solemnity of the subject, as it is the slowest movement that our language admits of. The latter part of the poem is pathetic and interesting.

LONDON: *In Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal.*—This poem of Mr. Johnson's is the best imitation of the original that has appeared in our language; being possessed of all the force and satirical resentment of Juvenal. Imitation gives us a much truer idea of the ancients than even translation could do.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS: *In Imitation of Spenser.*—This poem is one of those happinesses in a which a poet excels himself, as there is nothing in all Shenstone which any way approaches it in merit; and though I dislike the imitations of our old English poets in general, yet, on this minute subject, the antiquity of the style produces a very ludicrous solemnity.

COOPER'S HILL.—This poem by Denham, though it may have been exceeded by later attempts in description, yet deserves the highest applause, as it far surpasses all that went before it: the concluding part, though a little too much crowded, is very masterly.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.—The harmony of numbers in this poem is very fine. It is rather drawn out to too tedious a length, although the passions vary with great judgment. It may be considered as superior to anything in the epistolary way; and the many translations which have been made of it into the modern languages, are in some measure a proof of this.

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. PHILIPS TO THE EARL OF DORSET.—The opening of this poem is incomparably fine. The latter part is tedious and trifling.

ADDISON'S LETTER FROM ITALY, TO CHARLES, LORD HALIFAX, 1701.—Few poems have done more honour to English genius than this. There is in it a strain of political thinking, that was, at that time, new in our poetry. Had the harmony of this been equal to that of Pope's versification, it would be incontestably the finest poem in our language; but there is a dryness in the numbers which greatly lessens the pleasure excited both by the poet's judgment and imagination.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC, BY JOHN DRYDEN.—This ode has been more applauded, perhaps, than it has been felt; however, it is a very fine one, and gives its beauties rather at a third or fourth, than at a first perusal.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY, BY ALEXANDER POPE.—This ode has by many been thought equal to the former. As it is a repetition of Dryden's manner, it is so far inferior to him. The whole hint of Orpheus, with many of the lines, have been taken from an obscure ode upon music, published in Tate's Miscellanies.[1]

[1] "Poems by several Hands and on several occasions. Collected by N. Tate, 1685." As the observation of Goldsmith has escaped the commentators of Pope, I shall give the passage he refers to:—

"Arm'd with his Harp alone, the Thracian Bard
Attempts the shades below:
None ask'd him whence he came, or how,
Or mutter'd what he was;
All stood at gaze, and the bold stroke once heard,

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK. In Six Pastorals.—These are Mr. Gay's principal performance. They were originally intended, I suppose, as a burlesque on those of Philips; but, perhaps, without designing it, he has hit the true spirit of pastoral poetry. In fact, he more resembles Theocritus than any other English pastoral writer whatsoever. There runs through the whole a strain of rustic pleasantry, which should ever distinguish this species of composition; but how far the antiquated expressions used here may contribute to the humour, I will not determine; for my own part, I could wish the simplicity were preserved, without recurring to such obsolete antiquity for the manner of expressing it.

MAC FLECKNOE.—The severity of this satire, and the excellence of its versification, give it a distinguished rank in this species of composition. At present, an ordinary reader would scarcely suppose that Shadwell, who is here meant by Mac Flecknoe, was worth being chastised; and that Dryden, descending to such game, was like an eagle stooping to catch flies. The truth however is, Shadwell at one time held divided reputation with this great poet. Every age produces its fashionable dunces, who, by following the transient topic or humour of the day, supply talkative ignorance with materials for conversation.

ON POETRY. A Rhapsody.—Here follows one of the best versified poems in our language, and the most masterly production of its author. The severity with which Walpole is here treated, was in consequence of that minister's having refused to provide for Swift in England, when applied to for that purpose, in the year 1725 (if I remember right). The severity of a poet, however, gave Walpole very little uneasiness. A man whose schemes, like this minister's, seldom extended beyond the exigency of the year, but little regarded the contempt of posterity.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.—This poem, as Mr. Pope tells us himself, cost much attention and labour; and, from the easiness that appears in it, one would be apt to think as much.

FROM THE DISPENSARY. Canto VI.—This sixth canto of the Dispensary, by Dr. Garth, has more merit than the whole preceding part of the poem, and, as I am told, in the first edition of this work, it is more correct than as here exhibited; but that edition I have not been able to find.[1] The praises bestowed on this poem are more than have been given to any other; but our approbation at present is cooler, for it owed part of its fame to party.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.—The following eclogues, written by Mr. Collins, are very pretty: the images, it must be owned, are not very local; for the pastoral subject could not well admit of it. The description of Asiatic magnificence and manners is a subject as yet unattempted amongst us, and, I believe, capable of furnishing a great variety of poetical imagery.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.—This is reckoned the best parody of Milton in our language: it has been an hundred times imitated without success. The truth is, the first thing in this way must preclude all future attempts; for

> Ev'n Hell had silence too,
> And yet made Holiday:
> The wheel stood still; none plied the sieve;
> The rolling stone was gathering moss,
> The vulture heeded not its prey;
> His powerful hand did not persuade, but drive;
> He left no room for thought: the sooty God
> Smooth'd his rough brow, and made the granting nod."
>
> *A Pindarique Essay upon Musick. By Mr. Wilson.*

[1] Goldsmith is here mistaken. The revised and enlarged edition of "The Dispensary" is a great improvement on the first edition. This was the opinion of Pope, from whose judgment in such matters it is seldom safe to differ.

nothing is so easy as to burlesque any man's manner, when we are once shewed the way.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO. *In Imitation of Six several Authors.*—Mr. Hawkins Browne, the author of these, as I am told, had no good original manner of his own, yet we see how well he succeeds when he turns an imitator; for the following are rather imitations than ridiculous parodies.

VOL. II.

A NIGHT PIECE ON DEATH. The great fault of this piece, written by Dr. Parnell, is, that it is in eight-syllable lines, very improper for the solemnity of the subject; otherwise, the poem is natural, and the reflections just.

A FAIRY TALE. By Dr. Parnell.—Never was the old manner of speaking more happily applied, or a tale better told, than this.

PALEMON AND LAVINIA.—Mr. Thomson, though in general a verbose and affected poet, has told this story with unusual simplicity. It is rather given here for being much esteemed by the public, than by the editor.

THE BASTARD.—Almost all things written from the heart, as this certainly was, have some merit. The poet here describes sorrows and misfortunes which were by no means imaginary; and thus there runs a truth of thinking through this poem, without which it would be of little value, as Savage is, in other respects, but an indifferent poet.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON, ETC.—Mr. Moore was a poet that never had justice done him while living; there are few of the moderns have a more correct taste, or a more pleasing manner of expressing their thoughts. It was upon these Fables he chiefly founded his reputation; yet they are by no means his best production.

AN EPISTLE TO A LADY.—This little poem, by Mr. Nugent,[1] is very pleasing. The easiness of the poetry, and the justice of the thoughts constitute its principal beauty.

HANS CARVEL.—This bagatelle, for which, by the bye, Mr. Prior has got his greatest reputation, was a tale told in all the old Italian collections of jests, and borrowed from thence by Fontaine. It had been translated once or twice before into English, yet was never regarded till it fell into the hands of Mr. Prior. A strong instance how much everything is improved in the hands of a man of genius.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.—This poem is very fine, and, though in the same strain with the preceding,[2] is yet superior.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.—This elegy (by Mr. Tickell) is one of the finest in our language; there is so little new that can be said upon a death of a friend, after the complaints of Ovid and the Latin Italians in this way, that one is surprised to see so much novelty in this to strike us, and so much interest to affect.

COLIN AND LUCY. A Ballad.—Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and in this professed ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is, perhaps, the best in our language in this way.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.—This ode, by Dr. Smollett, does rather more honour to the author's feelings than his taste. The mechanical part, with regard to numbers and language, is not so perfect as so short a work as this requires; but the pathetic it contains, particularly in the last stanza but one, is exquisitely fine.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.—Our poetry was not quite harmonised in Waller's time; so that this, which would be now looked

[1] Beginning "Clarinda, dearly lov'd, attend." [2] "The Ladle," by Prior.

upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was, with respect to the times in which it was written, almost a prodigy of harmony. A modern reader will chiefly be struck with the strength of thinking, and the turn of the compliments bestowed upon the usurper. Everybody has heard the answer our poet made Charles II. who asked him how his poem upon Cromwell came to be finer than his panegyric upon himself? "Your Majesty," replies Waller, "knows that poets always succeed best in fiction."

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED, BY WALLER.—The French claim this as belonging to them. To whomsoever it belongs, the thought is finely turned.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.—These seem to be the best of the collection; from whence only the two first are taken. They are spoken of differently, either with exaggerated applause or contempt, as the reader's disposition is either turned to mirth or melancholy.

SATIRES.—Young's Satires were in higher reputation when published than they stand in at present. He seems fonder of dazzling than pleasing; of raising our admiration for his wit, than our dislike of the follies he ridicules.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.—These ballads of Mr. Shenstone are chiefly commended for the natural simplicity of the thoughts, and the harmony of the versification. However, they are not excellent in either.

PHŒBE. A Pastoral.—This, by Dr. Byrom, is a better effort than the preceding.

A SONG. "Despairing beside a clear stream."—This, by Mr. Rowe, is better than anything of the kind in our language.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.—This work, by the Duke of Buckingham, is enrolled among our great English productions. The precepts are sensible, the poetry not indifferent, but it has been praised more than it deserves.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.—This is thought one of Dr. Swift's correctest pieces; its chief merit, indeed, is the elegant ease with which a story, but ill-conceived in itself, is told.

ALMA; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.—What Prior meant by this poem I cannot understand: by the Greek motto to it,[1] one would think it was either to laugh at the subject or his reader. There are some parts of it very fine; and let them save the badness of the rest.

PREFACE.[2]

THERE are some subjects on which a writer must decline all attempts to acquire fame, satisfied with being obscurely useful. After such a number of Roman Histories, in all languages, ancient and modern, it would be but imposture to pretend new discoveries, or to expect to offer anything in a work of this kind, which has not been often anticipated by others. The facts which it relates have been a hundred times repeated, and every occurrence has been so variously considered, that learning can scarce find a new anecdote, or genius give novelty to the old.

[1] Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν.
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.—

[2] To "The Roman History; from the Foundation of the City of Rome to the Destruction of the Western Empire, by Dr. Goldsmith. In two volumes. London: Printed for S. Baker and G. Leigh, in York Street; T. Davies, in Russell Street, Covent Garden; and L. Davis, in Holborn. 1769." 2 vols. 8vo. This Preface is here reprinted from a careful collation of the first edition, with the reprint of it prefixed to the author's own *Abridgment* of his History. 12mo. 1772.

I hope, therefore, for the reader's indulgence, if, in the following attempt, it shall appear, that my only aim was to supply a concise, plain, and unaffected narrative of the rise and decline of a well-known empire; I was contented to make such a book as could not fail of being serviceable, though of all others, the most unlikely to promote the reputation of the writer. Instead, therefore, of pressing forward among the ambitious, I only claim the merit of knowing my own strength, and falling back among the hindmost ranks, with conscious inferiority.

I am not ignorant, however, that it would be no difficult task to pursue the same arts by which many dull men, every day, acquire a reputation in history: such might easily be attained, by fixing on some obscure period to write upon, where much seeming erudition might be displayed, almost unknown, because not worth remembering; and many maxims in politics might be advanced, entirely new, because altogether false. But I have pursued a contrary method, choosing the most noted period in history, and offering no remarks, but such as I thought strictly true.

The reasons of my choice were, that we had no history of this splendid period in our language, but what was either too voluminous for common use, or too meanly written to please. Catrou and Rouille's history, in six volumes, folio, translated into our language by Bundy, is entirely unsuited to the time and expense mankind usually choose to bestow upon this subject. Rollin and his continuator Crevier, making above thirty volumes octavo, seem to labour under the same imputation; as likewise Hooke, who has spent three quartos upon the Republic alone, the rest of his undertaking remaining unfinished. There only, therefore, remained the history by Echard, in five volumes octavo, whose plan and mine seemed to coincide; and, had his execution been equal to his design, it had precluded the present undertaking. But the truth is, it is so poorly written, the facts so crowded, the narration so spiritless, and the characters so indistinctly marked, that the most ardent curiosity must cool in the perusal; and the noblest transactions that ever warmed the human heart, as described by him, must cease to interest.

I have endeavoured, therefore, in the present work (or rather compilation) to obviate the inconveniences arising from the exuberance of the former, as well as from the unpleasantness of the latter. It was supposed, that two volumes might be made to comprise all that was requisite to be known, or pleasing to be read, by such as only examined history, to prepare them for more important studies. Too much time may be given even to laudable pursuits, and there is none more apt than this, to allure the student from the necessary branches of learning, and, if I may so express it, entirely to engross his industry. What is here offered, therefore, may be sufficient for all, but such as make history the peculiar business of their lives: to such, the most tedious narrative will seem but an abridgment, as they measure the merits of a work rather by the quantity than the quality of its contents. Others, however, who think more soberly, will agree, that in so extensive a field as that of the transactions of Rome, more judgment may be shown by selecting what is important, than by adding what is obscure. The history of this empire has been extended to six volumes folio; and I aver, that with very little learning, it might be increased to sixteen more; but what would this be, but to load the subject with unimportant facts, and so to weaken the narration, as that, like the empire it described, it must necessarily sink beneath the weight of its own acquisitions.

But while I thus have endeavoured to avoid prolixity, it was found no easy matter to prevent crowding the facts, and to give every narrative its proper play. In reality, no art can continue to avoid opposite defects; he who indulges in minute particularities will be often languid; and he who studies conciseness will as frequently be dry and unentertaining. As it was

my aim to comprise as much as possible in the smallest compass, it is feared the work will often be subject to the latter imputation; but it was impossible to furnish the public with a cheap Roman History in two volumes octavo, and at the same time to give all that warmth to the narrative, all those colourings to the description, which works of twenty times the bulk have room to exhibit. I shall be fully satisfied, therefore, if it furnishes an interest sufficient to allure the reader to the end; and this is a claim to which few abridgments can justly make pretensions.

To these objections there are some who may add, that I have rejected many of the modern improvements in Roman History, and that every character is left in full possession of that fame or infamy which is obtained from its contemporaries, or those who wrote immediately after. I acknowledge the charge, for it appears now too late to rejudge the virtues or the vices of those men, who were but very incompletely known even to their own historians. The Romans, perhaps, upon many occasions, formed wrong ideas of virtue; but they were by no means so ignorant or abandoned in general, as not to give their brightest characters the greatest share of their applause; and I do not know whether it be fair to try Pagan actions by the standard of Christian morality.

But whatever may be my execution of this work, I have very little doubts about the success of the undertaking: the subject is the noblest that ever employed human attention: and, instead of requiring a writer's aid, will even support him with its splendour. The Empire of the world, rising from the meanest origin, and growing great by a strict veneration for religion, and an implicit confidence in its commanders; continually changing the mode, but seldom the spirit of its government; being a constitution, in which the military power, whether under the name of citizens or soldiers, almost always prevailed; adopting all the improvements of other nations with the most indefatigable industry, and submitting to be taught by those whom it afterwards subdued. This is a picture that must affect us, however it be disposed; these materials must have their value, under the hand of the meanest workman.

ADVERTISEMENT.[1]

THE present Abridgement was suggested by the heads of some of our principal schools. It was thought that the substance of the Roman History, thrown into easy *narrative*, would excite the curiosity of youth much more agreeably than in the common dry mode of *Question and Answer;* calculated to turn into *task* a species of instruction meant certainly for *entertainment.*

PREFACE.[2]

FROM the favourable reception given to my "Abridgment of Roman History," published some time since, several friends, and others whose business leads them to consult the wants of the public, have been induced to suppose that an English History, written on the same plan, would be acceptable.

It was their opinion, that we still wanted a work of this kind, where the

[1] To "Dr Goldsmith's Roman History. Abridged by Himself for the use of Schools London: Printed for S. Baker and G. Leigh, in York Street; T. Davies, in Russell Street, Covent Garden; and L. Davis, in Holborn. 1772." 12mo. pp. 311.

[2] To the "History of England," 4 vols. 8vo. 1771.

narrative, though very concise, is not totally without interest, and the facts, though crowded, are yet distinctly seen.

The business of abridging the works of others has hitherto fallen to the lot of very dull men; and the art of blotting, which an eminent critic calls the most difficult of all others, has been usually practised by those who found themselves unable to write. Hence our abridgments are generally more tedious than the works from which they pretend to relieve us; and they have effectually embarrassed that road which they laboured to shorten.

As the present compiler starts with such humble competitors, it will scarcely be thought vanity in him if he boasts himself their superior. Of the many abridgments of our own history, hitherto published, none seems possessed of any share of merit or reputation; some have been written in dialogue, or merely in the stiffness of an index, and some to answer the purposes of a party. A very small share of taste, therefore, was sufficient to keep the compiler from the defects of the one, and a very small share of philosophy from the misrepresentations of the other.

It is not easy, however, to satisfy the different expectations of mankind in a work of this kind, calculated for every apprehension, and on which all are consequently capable of forming some judgment. Some may say that it is too long to pass under the denomination of an abridgment: and others, that it is too dry to be admitted as a history: it may be objected, that reflection is almost entirely banished to make room for facts, and yet, that many facts are wholly omitted, which might be necessary to be known. It must be confessed, that all those objections are partly true; for it is impossible in the same work at once to attain contrary advantages. The compiler, who is stinted in room, must often sacrifice interest to brevity; and, on the other hand, while he endeavours to amuse, must frequently transgress the limits to which his plan should confine him. Thus, all such as desire only amusement may be disgusted with his brevity; and such as seek for information, may object to his displacing facts for empty description.

To attain the greatest number of advantages with the fewest inconveniences, is all that can be attained in an abridgment, the name of which implies imperfection. It will be sufficient, therefore, to satisfy the writer's wishes, if the present work be found a plain, unaffected narrative of facts, with just ornament enough to keep attention awake, and with reflection barely sufficient to set the reader upon thinking. Very moderate abilities were equal to such an undertaking, and it is hoped the performance will satisfy such as take up books to be informed or amused, without much considering who the writer is, or envying any success he may have had in a former compilation.

As the present publication is designed for the benefit of those who intend to lay a foundation for future study, or desire to refresh their memories upon the old, or who think a moderate share of history sufficient for the purposes of life, recourse has been had only to those authors which are best known, and those facts only have been selected which are allowed on all hands to be true. Were an epitome of history the field for displaying erudition, the author could show that he has read many books which others have neglected, and that he also could advance many anecdotes which are at present very little known. But it must be remembered, that all these minute recoveries could be inserted only to the exclusion of more material facts, which it would be unpardonable to omit. He foregoes, therefore, the petty ambition of being thought a reader of forgotten books; his aim being not to add to our present stock of history, but to contract it.

The books which have been used in this abridgment are chiefly Rapin, Carte, Smollett, and Hume. They have each their peculiar admirers, in proportion as the reader is studious of historical antiquities, fond of minute

anecdote, a warm partisan, or a deliberate reasoner. Of these I have particularly taken Hume for my guide, as far as he goes; and it is but justice to say, that wherever I was obliged to abridge his work, I did it with reluctance, as I scarcely cut out a single line that did not contain a beauty.

But, though I must warmly subscribe to the learning, elegance, and depth of Mr. Hume's History, yet I cannot entirely acquiesce in his principles. With regard to religion, he seems desirous of playing a double part; of appearing to some readers as if he reverenced, and to others as if he ridiculed it. He seems sensible of the political necessity of religion in every state; but at the same time, he would everywhere insinuate, that it owes its authority to no higher an origin. Thus he weakens its influence, while he contends for its utility; and vainly hopes, that while free-thinkers shall applaud his scepticism, real believers will reverence him for his zeal.

In his opinions respecting government, perhaps also he may be sometimes reprehensible; but in a country like ours, where mutual contention contributes to the security of the constitution, it will be impossible for an historian who attempts to have any opinion, to satisfy all parties. It is not yet decided in politics, whether the diminution of kingly power in England tends to increase the happiness or the freedom of the people. For my own part, from seeing the bad effects of the tyranny of the great in those republican states that pretend to be free, I cannot help wishing that our monarchs may still be allowed to enjoy the power of controlling the encroachments of the great at home.

A king may easily be restrained from doing wrong, as he is but one man; but if a number of the great are permitted to divide all authority, who can punish them if they abuse it? Upon this principle therefore, and not from empty notions of divine or hereditary right, some may think I have leaned towards monarchy. But as, in the things I have hitherto written, I have neither allured the vanity of the great by flattery, nor satisfied the malignity of the vulgar by scandal, as I have endeavoured to get an honest reputation by liberal pursuits, it is hoped the reader will admit my impartiality.

PREFACE.[1]

NATURAL History, considered in its utmost extent, comprehends two objects. First, that of discovering, ascertaining, and naming all the various productions of nature. Secondly, that of describing the properties, manners, and relations which they bear to us, and to each other. The first, which is the most difficult part of this science, is systematical, dry, mechanical, and incomplete. The second is more amusing, exhibits new pictures to the imagination, and improves our relish for existence, by widening the prospect of Nature around us.

Both, however, are necessary to those who would understand this pleasing science in its utmost extent. The first care of every inquirer, no doubt, should be, to see, to visit, and examine every object, before he pretends to inspect its habitudes or its history. From seeing and observing the thing itself, he is most naturally led to speculate upon its uses, its delights, or its inconveniences.

Numberless obstructions, however, are found in this part of his pursuit,

[1] To "An History of the Earth, and Animated Nature, by Oliver Goldsmith. In eight volumes. London: Printed for J. Nourse, in the Strand, Bookseller to his Majesty. 1774." 8vo.

that frustrate his diligence and retard his curiosity. The objects in Nature are so many, and even those of the same kind are exhibited in such a variety of forms, that the inquirer finds himself lost in the exuberance before him, and like a man who attempts to count the stars unassisted by Art, his powers are all distracted in the barren superfluity.

To remedy this embarrassment, artificial systems have been devised, which, grouping into masses those parts of Nature more nearly resembling each other, refer the inquirer for the name of the single object he desires to know, to some one of those general distributions where it is to be found by further examination.

If, for instance, a man should in his walks meet with an animal, the name, and consequently the history of which he desires to know, he is taught by systematic writers of natural history to examine its most obvious qualities, whether a quadruped, a bird, a fish, or an insect. Having determined it, for explanation sake, to be an insect, he examines whether it has wings; if he finds it possessed of these, he is taught to examine whether it has two or four; if possessed of four, he is taught to observe whether the two upper wings are of a shelly hardness, and serve as cases to those under them; if he finds the wings composed in this manner, he is then taught to pronounce, that this insect is one of the beetle kind: of the beetle kind there are three different classes, distinguished from each other by their feelers; he examines the insect before him, and finds that the feelers are clavated or knobbed at the ends; of beetles, with feelers thus formed, there are ten kinds, and among those, he is taught to look for the precise name of that which is before him. If, for instance, the knob be divided at the ends, and the belly be streaked with white, it is no other than the Dor or the Maybug, an animal, the noxious qualities of which give it a very distinguished rank in the history of the insect creation. In this manner, a system of natural history may, in some measure, be compared to a dictionary of words. Both are solely intended to explain the names of things; but with this difference, that in the dictionary of words, we are led from the name of the thing to its definition, whereas, in the system of natural history, we are led from the definition to find out the name.

Such are the efforts of writers, who have composed their works with great labour and ingenuity, to direct the learner in his progress through Nature, and to inform him of the name of every animal, plant, or fossil substance that he happens to meet with; but it would be only deceiving the reader to conceal the truth, which is, that books alone can never teach him this art in perfection; and the solitary student can never succeed. Without a master, and a previous knowledge of many of the objects in Nature, his book will only serve to confound and disgust him. Few of the individual plants or animals that he may happen to meet with are in that precise state of health, or that exact period of vegetation, from whence their descriptions were taken. Perhaps he meets the plant only with leaves, but the systematic writer has described it in flower. Perhaps he meets the bird before it has moulted its first feathers, while the systematic description was made in its state of full perfection. He thus ranges without an instructor, confused and with sickening curiosity, from subject to subject, till at last he gives up the pursuit in the multiplicity of his disappointments.

Some practice, therefore, much instruction, and diligent reading, are requisite to make a ready and expert naturalist, who shall be able, even by the help of a system, to find out the name of every object he meets with. But when this tedious, though requisite part of study is attained, nothing but delight and variety attend the rest of his journey. Wherever he travels, like a man in a country where he has many friends, he meets with nothing but acquaintances and allurements in all the stages of his way. The mere uninformed spectator passes on in gloomy solitude, but the naturalist, in

every plant, in every insect, and every pebble, finds something to entertain his curiosity, and excite his speculation.

From hence it appears, that a system may be considered as a dictionary in the study of Nature. The ancients, however, who have all written most delightfully on this subject, seem entirely to have rejected those humble and mechanical helps of science. They contented themselves with seizing upon the great outlines of history; and passing over what was common, as not worth the detail, they only dwelt upon what was new, great, and surprising, and sometimes even warmed the imagination at the expense of truth. Such of the moderns as revived this science in Europe, undertook the task more methodically, though not in a manner so pleasing. Aldrovandus, Gesner, and Johnson, seemed desirous of uniting the entertaining and rich descriptions of the ancients, with the dry and systematic arrangement of which they were the first projectors. This attempt, however, was extremely imperfect, as the great variety of Nature was, as yet, but very inadequately known. Nevertheless, by attempting to carry on both objects at once; first, of directing us to the name of the thing, and then giving the detail of its history, they drew out their works into a tedious and unreasonable length; and thus mixing incompatible aims, they have left their labours rather to be occasionally consulted, than read with delight by posterity.

The later moderns, with that good sense which they have carried into every other part of science, have taken a different method in cultivating natural history. They have been content to give, not only the brevity, but also the dry and disgusting air of a dictionary to their systems. Ray, Klin, Brisson, and Linnæus, have had only one aim, that of pointing out the object in Nature, of discovering its name, and where it was to be found in those authors that treated of it in a more prolix and satisfactory manner. Thus, natural history, at present, is carried on in two distinct and separate channels, the one serving to lead us to the thing, the other conveying the history of the thing, as supposing it already known.

The following Natural History is written with only such an attention to system, as serves to remove the reader's embarrassments, and allure him to proceed. It can make no pretensions in directing him to the name of every object he meets with; that belongs to works of a very different kind, and written with very different aims. It will fully answer my design, if the reader, being already possessed of the name of any animal, shall find here a short, though satisfactory history of its habitudes, its subsistence, its manners, its friendships, and hostilities. My aim has been to carry on just as much method as was sufficient to shorten my descriptions by generalizing them, and never to follow order where the art of writing, which is but another name for good sense, informed me that it would only contribute to the reader's embarrassment.

Still, however, the reader will perceive, that I have formed a kind of system in the history of every part of Animated Nature, directing myself by the great obvious distinctions that she herself seems to have made, which, though too few to point exactly to the name, are yet sufficient to illuminate the subject, and remove the reader's perplexity. M. Buffon, indeed, who has brought greater talents to this part of learning than any other man, has almost entirely rejected method in classing quadrupeds. This, with great deference to such a character, appears to me running into the opposite extreme; and, as some moderns have of late spent much time, great pains, and some learning, all to very little purpose, in systematic arrangement, he seems so much disgusted by their trifling, but ostentatious efforts, that he describes his animals almost in the order they happen to come before him. This want of method seems to be a fault; but he can lose little by a criticism which every dull man can make, or by an error in arrangement, from which the dullest are the most usually free.

In other respects, as far as this able philosopher has gone, I have taken him for my guide. The warmth of his style, and the brilliancy of his imagination, are inimitable. Leaving him therefore, without a rival in these, and only availing myself of his information, I have been content to describe things in my own way; and though many of the materials are taken from him, yet I have added, retrenched, and altered, as I thought proper. It was my intention at one time, whenever I differed from him, to have mentioned it at the bottom of the page; but this occurred so often, that I soon found it would look like envy, and might, perhaps, convict me of those very errors which I was wanting to lay upon him. I have, therefore, as being every way his debtor, concealed my dissent, where my opinion was different; but wherever I borrow from him, I take care at the bottom of my page to express my obligations. But, though my obligations to this writer are many, they extend but to the smallest part of the work, as he has hitherto completed only the history of quadrupeds. I was, therefore, left to my own reading alone, to make out the history of birds, fishes, and insects, of which the arrangement was so difficult, and the necessary information so widely diffused, and so obscurely related when found, that it proved by much the most laborious part of the undertaking. Thus, having made use of M. Buffon's lights in the first part of this work, I may, with some share of confidence, recommend it to the public. But what shall I say to that part, where I have been entirely left without his assistance? As I would affect neither modesty nor confidence, it will be sufficient to say, that my reading upon this part of the subject has been very extensive; and that I have taxed my scanty circumstances in procuring books, which are on this subject, of all others, the most expensive. In consequence of this industry, I here offer a work to the public, of a kind which has never been attempted in ours, or in any other modern language that I know of. The ancients, indeed, and Pliny in particular, have anticipated me in the present manner of treating natural history. Like those historians who describe the events of a campaign, they have not condescended to give the private particulars of every individual that formed the army; they were content with characterising the generals, and describing their operations, while they left it to meaner hands to carry the muster-roll. I have followed their manner, rejecting the numerous fables which they adopted, and adding the improvements of the moderns, which are so numerous, that they actually make up the bulk of natural history.

The delight which I found in reading Pliny, first inspired me with the idea of a work of this nature. Having a taste rather classical than scientific, and having but little employed myself in turning over the dry labours of modern system-makers, my earliest intention was to translate this agreeable writer, and by the help of a commentary, to make my work as amusing as I could. Let us dignify natural history never so much with the grave appellation of *a useful science*, yet still we must confess, that it is the occupation of the idle and the speculative, more than of the busy and the ambitious part of mankind. My intention, therefore, was to treat what I then conceived to be an idle subject, in an idle manner; and not to hedge round plain and simple narratives with hard words, accumulated distinctions, ostentatious learning, and disquisitions that produced no conviction. Upon the appearance, however, of M. Buffon's work, I dropped my former plan, and adopted the present, being convinced by his manner, that the best imitation of the ancients was to write from our own feelings, and to imitate Nature.

It will be my chief pride, therefore, if this work may be found an innocent amusement for those who have nothing else to employ them, or who require a relaxation from labour. Professed naturalists will, no doubt, find it superficial; and yet I should hope, that even these will discover hints and remarks, gleaned from various reading, not wholly trite or elementary. I

would wish for their approbation. But my chief ambition is to drag up the obscure and gloomy learning of the cell to open inspection; to strip it from its garb of austerity, and to show the beauties of that form, which only the industrious and the inquisitive have been hitherto permitted to approach.[1]

[1] This is the last piece of prose for publication which Goldsmith wrote: and what sweet Virgilian prose it is.

END OF VOL. III.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

00097518

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 March, 2016